

SPECIAL  
PREVIEW EDITION  
**BASEBALL '91**

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OUR PICKS FOR THE NCAA FINAL FOUR

# SPORT

APRIL  
1991  
\$2.95

## BASEBALL PREVIEW

PREDICTIONS &  
ANALYSIS FOR  
EVERY MAJOR  
LEAGUE  
TEAM

**JOSE CANSECO &  
THE OAKLAND A's:  
THEY'RE BITTER . . .  
THEY'RE BETTER . . .  
AND THEY'RE GOING  
ALL THE WAY**

**DWIGHT GOODEN &  
THE NEW YORK METS:  
NL EAST CONTENDERS**

**RYNE SANDBERG &  
THE CHICAGO CUBS:  
LOOK OUT BUCS!**

### THE SPORT 1991 PICKS

#### AL WEST

1. OAKLAND
2. CHICAGO
3. TEXAS
4. SEATTLE
5. KANSAS CITY
6. CALIFORNIA
7. MINNESOTA

#### AL EAST

1. TORONTO
2. BOSTON
3. BALTIMORE
4. CLEVELAND
5. DETROIT
6. MILWAUKEE
7. NEW YORK

#### NL WEST

1. SAN FRANCISCO
2. CINCINNATI
3. LOS ANGELES
4. ATLANTA
5. SAN DIEGO
6. HOUSTON

#### NL EAST

1. PITTSBURGH
2. CHICAGO
3. NEW YORK
4. MONTREAL
5. PHILADELPHIA
6. ST. LOUIS





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# FIRST PITCH

Is it just us, or does the upcoming 1991 baseball season seem to hold out extra promise? We always get a little giddy around the SPORT offices this time of year, when they're mowing the grass in Florida and Arizona and the vets start snarling at the rooks in spring training. But this year there's a little extra spring in everybody's step and extra hope in the hearts of fans who've tasted a lot of disappointment in recent years.

It could be the absence of the familiar strike threat. Or have you forgotten how 1990 started, with that nervous feeling that maybe there wouldn't even be a season? This time there's none of that, and we can concentrate on baseball.

Another reason for the added zest going into the 1991 season is the re-humanization of the Oakland Athletics, courtesy of the Cincinnati Reds. Nobody is conceding the AL pennant to the A's, as has been done in the past. That doesn't mean they won't win it—indeed, we think they will. But it's going to be a wild ride no matter what happens.

That brings us to the best reason for optimism about the 1991 season: There are several good teams out there with a chance of taking it all. Nobody should be surprised if we see an all-Chicago World Series or another all-Bay Area Series or a repeat of last year's match-up. Neither Boston nor Toronto have gotten worse, but Baltimore is ready to catch either one in the AL East. The White Sox's noble run at the A's last

## PLAY BALL!



MICKEY PFEGER

year in the AL West can clearly be repeated this time with different results. It would be no major upset if any team in that division save the Twins snuck up to the top.

In the NL West, both San Francisco and Los Angeles have improved considerably on paper, and Cincinnati looks just as good; we're looking for a three-way race there. The NL East should offer a four-way contest among the Pirates, Cubs, Mets and Expos, with Philadelphia still rebuilding and St. Louis just beginning to.

One of the happier coincidences of the yearly sports calendar is the way the NCAA basketball tournament hits its famed Final Four and cham-

pionship game just before the baseball season begins. What we have as a result is a thundering climax followed by a nearly sacramental beginning.

No team is a shoo-in in the tournament these days—and that includes UNLV.

As Tom Kertes points out in his tournament preview in this issue, it's silly to ask *if* UNLV can be beaten. Any college team can sink in a single-elimination tournament. The more relevant questions are *how* it can be done and *who* can do it. Then the whole thing gets more interesting.

Of course, there's a lot more in the pages ahead, but we're not going to use this space to tell about every treat you have in store in this month's issue of SPORT. Better you dig right in. Then you can tell us what you think.

—Kelly Garrett,  
Editor

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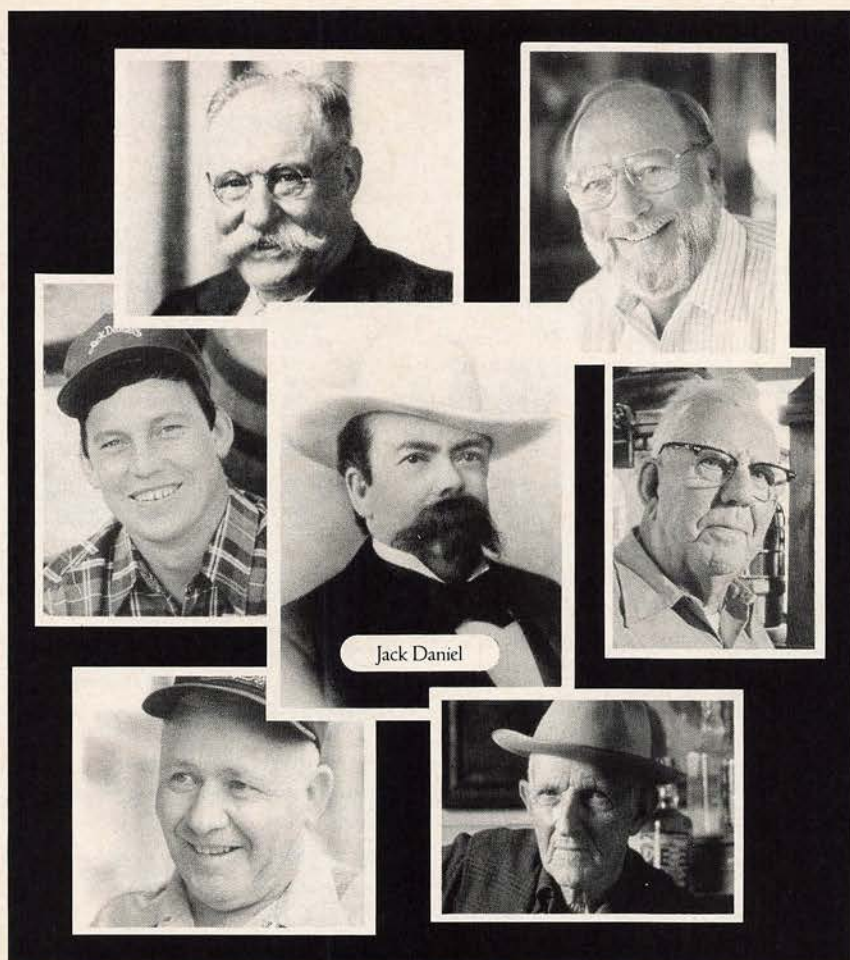
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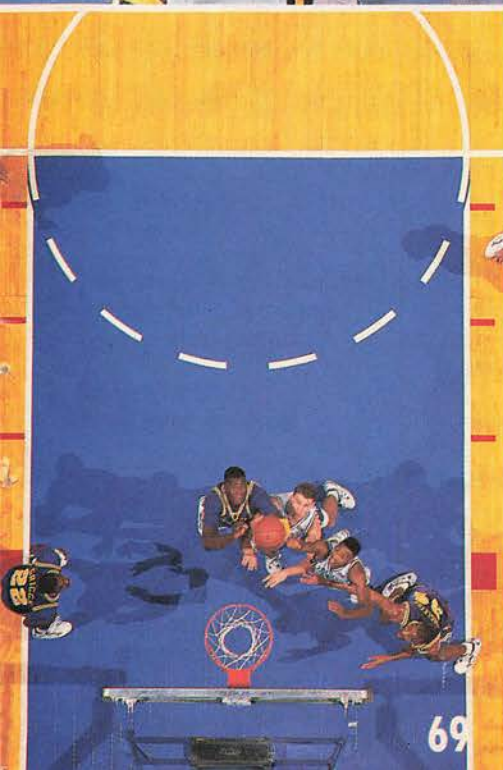
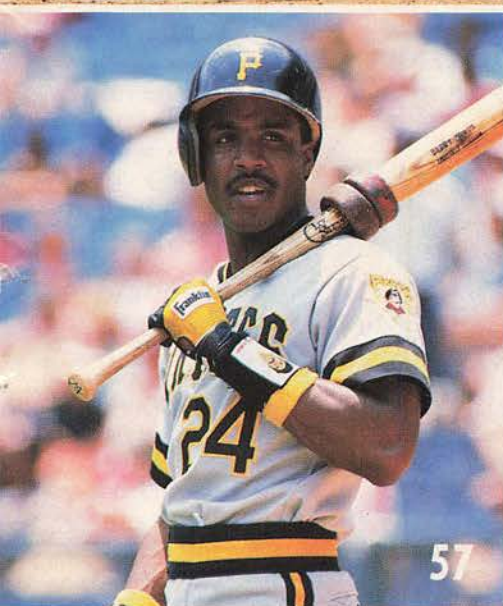
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# SPORT

APRIL 1991

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COVER: RYNE SANDBERG BY TOM DIPACE, DWIGHT GOODEN BY JOHN SWART/ALLSPORT USA, JOSE CANSECO BY TOM DIPACE



# SPORT MAIL

## DAZZLED

Congratulations on another great swimsuit issue ("The Dazzling Women of SPORT," February). Each model was simply delicious, and the beautiful scenery couldn't have complemented them any better. I shall cherish this edition of SPORT for a very long time.

Mark Coury  
Towson, Maryland

Swimsuit photography is an art form, and you guys are the new Rembrandt on the block. Even the suits were stunning.

Joel Bergoff  
Los Angeles,  
California

Bravo to SPORT's latest swimsuit issue! After indelibly imprinting the images in my mind, I did my patriotic duty by sending the entire issue to Saudi Arabia to help boost the spirits of our servicemen. I hope it didn't create any problems.

Michael Cavanaugh  
Gillespie, Illinois

I didn't think it was possible to outdo that "other" magazine. But the SPORT swimsuit issue was, to say the least, truly dazzling. I congratulate your crew and models in achieving that goal. Could you please print just one more photo of your cover girl, Brooke Morales?

Stephen Sullivan  
Wilmington, Delaware

*You got it.*

I picked up your swimsuit issue for one reason: Rowanne Brewer. She's a perfect 10 and kills the *Sports Illustrated* models in every category. If SPORT took a picture of Rowanne that didn't get published, could you please do so



GERALD FORSTER

now?

Jeff Prieto  
Clovis, California

*Your wish is our command.*

What a combination: Rowanne Brewer and your great magazine!

Mike Douglas  
Atlanta, Georgia

Tell Rowanne she has a floating fan club with about 600 guys.

J.K. Shuffield  
The USS Truxtun

"The Dazzling Women of SPORT" sure did brighten things up. All the models were stunning starlets, each with her own special sparkle. Thank you, SPORT.

Joseph Pastore  
Hampton Bays, New York

I just had to drop you a line praising your swimsuit issue, "The Dazzling Women of SPORT." I will not hide it

from my husband, and I will not be eternally jealous if my husband looks at the pictures. The photography is excellent, as are the swimsuits. I feel sorry for the women who feel they have to catch the mailman to divert the swimsuit issue from the eyes of their men. Too bad for them.

Mrs. Debbie Marson  
North Bay, Ontario

## FRAZZLED

I subscribed to your magazine because I was interested in sports, not scantily clad women.

Daniel Reed  
Elgin, Illinois



ALAN LEVENSON

Since it seems that you are intent on this yearly plunge into the world of fashion, I would like to suggest that you make the swimsuit layout a pullout section. That way, readers who are interested in sports can trash the trash. Nice interview with the Mick though ("Beers With... Mickey Mantle," February). I'm glad you didn't decide to photograph him in his briefs.

Mike Mehesy  
Fords, New Jersey

I don't know if I'm getting older or the swimsuits are getting smaller, but I found this year's swimsuit issue repulsive.

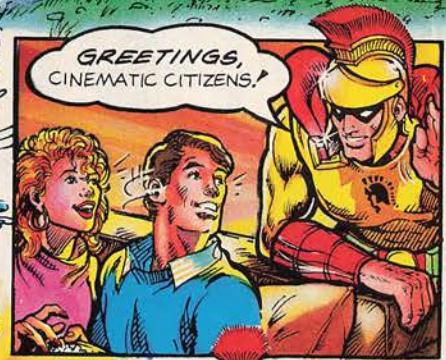
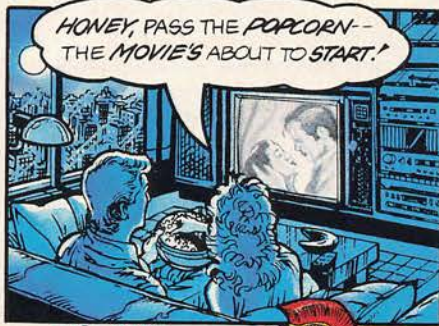
Dirk Koorstra  
Zeeland, Michigan

## BROTHERLY LOVE

I enjoyed Larry Platt's article on "Dale Murphy's Biggest Challenge" (SPORT Talk, February), but a few points upset me as a Phillies fan. The author calls us "less-than-faithful." Granted, we let the team know when it's not living up to expectations, but as



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# HOW MANY PAYDAYS ARE THERE IN A YEAR?

Murphy says, we come out because we care. Platt writes, "These are fans, after all, who once threw beer at Santa Claus." Wrong. *Some* fans threw beer at Santa. Finally, he claims that Murphy was asked to "carry a weak team." It's unfair to take pot shots at a rebuilding team. Stop blaming the fans for a player's numbers. Did it ever occur to Mr. Platt that maybe Murphy's just not as good as he used to be?

Jeffery C. Young  
Levittown, Pennsylvania

## SUPER BOWL VS. SOCCER

I applaud Dan Herbst's article on "Why the World Cup is More Exciting than the Super Bowl" in February's SPORT Talk. Hands down, soccer is far better than the old sit-around-and-wait-for-the-next-play sport. Herbst is correct in noting that most Americans don't understand the game of soccer. I'm sure they would enjoy it more if they did.

Andrew Poveromo  
Brigantine, New Jersey

Herbst's article angered everybody I showed it to. He's the only person who'd ever say something like "any soccer game is more exciting than the Super Bowl." All I can say is thank

God I live in America, the land where football is the sport to watch.

Spike Short  
Jacksonville, Florida

SPORT's continued efforts on behalf of soccer are much appreciated, but I'm afraid Dan Herbst falls into the same trap that the anti-soccer extremists wallow in. It's silly to compare soccer to American football in order to decide which is the better (or "more exciting") sport. They're totally different, and each requires to be judged on its own terms. If you watch soccer with a football mindset, you're not going to like it. And vice versa.

Bea Alonzo  
Los Angeles, California

Herbst misses the point. You don't have to choose between football and soccer, especially basing it on some ridiculous scores-per-minute formula. I like Beethoven *and* the Rolling Stones. Who cares which one packs more notes into a composition?

P.J. Merriweather  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

What a relief your SPORT Talk article was from the barrage of negative soccer media coverage that was so com-

## SPORT

## MAIL

mon throughout the United States during last year's World Cup. No other sport seems to take such a battering. Herbst's article was a refreshing change.

Dominic Feldman  
Glen Burnie, Maryland

How can anyone get excited about watching a bunch of guys run up and down a field, making nothing happen for two periods of regulation and a couple of scoreless overtimes, and then settle the issue by taking a few penalty kicks from pointblank range? If the World Cup were played in my back yard, I'd close my drapes so that I wouldn't have to see it.

Mike Corbett  
Alexandria, Virginia

## PEST CONTROL

Finally, the *other* Lemieux (Claude) gets some recognition for what he does better than anyone else in the NHL—get people mad ("Hockey's Nastiest Pests," January). And if Esa Tikkanen can shut down Mario Lemieux, Denis Savard *and* Wayne Gretzky, he's got to rank among the top five defensive wingers. In fact, after reading Steve Rosenbloom's article, I might even say that Chris Chelios is good for the game. And Theoren Fleury has an attitude the devil himself would be proud of. You left one man out though. Not only can Dave Poulin score, but he'll nag the living daylight out of you.

Charles Strickland  
Marlboro, Massachusetts

## HIS MICHAELNESS

Kelly Garrett's editorial on Michael Jordan in the January SPORT (First Pitch) was *magnifico*. MJ is unquestionably the best pro athlete on and off the court today—or any day. And he didn't get a free ride to his current lofty height. As you said, "he did it himself."

Trenton Roth  
Rock Island, Illinois

You said that "Bird and Magic wasted no time winning MVP awards. It took Michael several years to do it." Actually, Bird and Magic "wasted" five and eight years, respectively, be-



fore winning their first MVP awards. It took Michael only four years to do it.

Roger Winfrey  
Memphis, Tennessee

## TILT

Regarding college basketball conference ratings ("SPORT Ranks the College Conferences," February), let me go out on a limb and take a wild guess: Tom Kertes is from the East. How else do you explain his assignment of the Pac-10 to just sixth place among college conferences when the team he picked for next-to-last in that loop (Washington) beats the team he picked No. 1 (Arizona)? That sounds like top-to-bottom competitiveness to me. Then again, this is the same guy who ranked UCLA's Don MacLean (pictured) below Malik Sealy of St. John's. See the country, Tom.

Owen Smith  
Los Angeles, California

*Kertes was born in Eastern Europe (Hungary) and lives in New York—on the Upper East Side, actually. But he's not biased. Honest.*

## THE MICK

I'm writing in response to your "Beers With . . . Mickey Mantle" article in the February issue of SPORT. I was an usher in the press box at RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C., for the 1969 All-Star Game. I was fortunate enough to meet several baseball greats. While such legends as Sandy Koufax, Stan Musial and Tony Kubek were gracious and accommodating to sign autographs, Mickey Mantle refused my au-

tograph requests twice, and he wasn't busy either time. I was especially impressed with Koufax, who signed an autograph on the run as I escorted him to a TV room. Mantle was a gifted athlete, but he lacked something as a man.

Edward Mierke  
Alexandria, Virginia

## THE CLIPPERS

I loved your story on the Clippers ("Are You Ready for the Clippers?") in your January issue. I knew my years as a Clippers fan would be rewarded one day. It was great to *finally* see an in-depth article on the media-neglected Clippers. I just hope ticket prices aren't raised because of it!

Veronica Roberts  
Tracy, California

**Argue with us, applaud us, advise us. Address your letters to SPORT Mail, 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.**



NORM SCHINDLER

# NEVER ENOUGH

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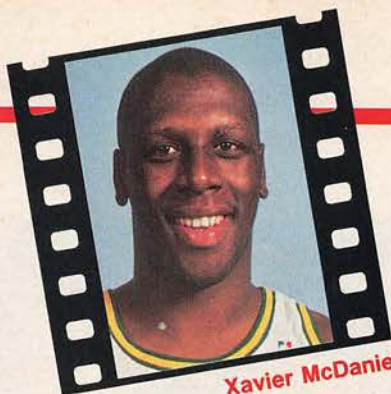
*PayDay is  
almost  
totally nuts!*

## THIS MONTH'S QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Wilfredo Benitez (Leonard knocked out Benitez in the 15th round) 2. Cleveland Cavaliers (for 41 games in the 1981-82 season) 3. C 4. D (The Bulls averaged 17,674 in the 1989-90 season) 5. 1986-87 (with a 14.6 average) 6. True (When three or more players are above the free-throw line on the weak side, a violation can be called) 7. D (King won it in 1989 and 1990) 8. C (Boston won 31 straight in 1985-86) 9. B (Douglass rushed for 968 yards in 1972; Cunningham fell 26 yards short of that in 1990) 10. B (Walton scored 44 points against Memphis State in 1973) 11. B (Carner entered this year with seven) 12. A 13. Boston University (in 1971 and '72)



# SPORT BEAT



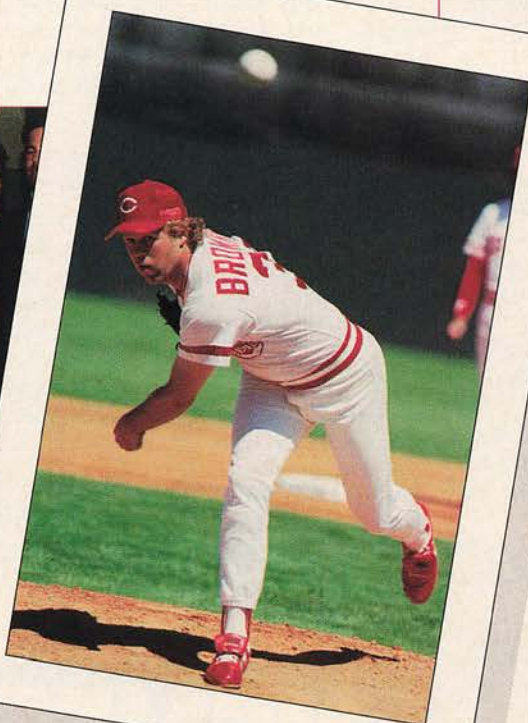
Xavier McDaniel



Shawon Dunston



Mickey Mantle and Rowanne Brewer



Tom Browning



Nolan Ryan



Joe Morgan



Mark Grace

Remember a few months ago in **SPORT** when **Mark Grace** of the Chicago Cubs said his team could have the best lineup in baseball? Well, they've gotten better, and **Tom Browning**, for one, isn't enthusiastic about going up against the new and improved Cubbies. "It doesn't even matter if it's in Wrigley Field or if the wind is blowing out," the Reds left-hander says. "Now that they've got **George Bell**, we're talking Murderers' Row. There's not a more devastating lineup in baseball." Besides Bell and Grace, the Cubs will bat **Shawon Dunston**, **Andre Dawson**, **Jerome Walton** and the inimitable **Ryne Sandberg**... So this has to be 43-year-old **Nolan Ryan**'s last year, right? Forget it. "He's got at least two more seasons left—maybe three," says Ryan's manager at Texas, **Bobby Valentine**. And what does Valentine think of his ace? Only that "the man is a living legend, the greatest, most amazing thing

I've ever seen in baseball."

Is it just us or do some of the in-season NBA trades seem like giveaways? **Armon Gilliam** and a backup center for **Mike Gminski**? And Phoenix sure seemed to help themselves to a bargain when they picked up **Xavier McDaniel** from the Seattle SuperSonics for **Eddie Johnson**. "Eddie Johnson was a helluva shooter," one scout told us. "But the Suns got the steal of the year in that deal."... If **Mickey Mantle** is grinning these days, maybe it's because he spent a good deal of the **SPORT** Magazine party he hosted flanked by **SPORT** swimsuit models **Rowanne Brewer**, **Amy Hunter** and **Nadine Hennelly** in his Manhattan restaurant, **Mickey Mantle's**... One thing about **Jack Clark**—he's not afraid to say what he thinks about anybody. But one anonymous Red Sox official is nervous about the team's newly signed slugger

for other reasons. "He's been on the disabled list in '80, '84, '85, '86, '88, and '90," he says. "That's scary."... But Red Sox manager **Joe Morgan** isn't nervous. In fact, he was positively glowing over Boston's recent signing of **Matt "Sigh" Young**, 8-18 with Seattle last year and 39-65 as a starter, 51-78 overall. Morgan can afford to glow; it wasn't his \$6.4 million that was spent to sign the mighty Young to a three-year contract... Thought you'd never see **Jimmy Connors** vs. **John McEnroe** again? The two men who revolutionized men's tennis and still consider themselves capable of winning championships will meet at least three times in Connors' "The Fire Still Burns" tour—in Denver on March 26, in Charlotte on March 27 and in Dallas on March 28. Other dates in other cities will be announced.

XAVIER MCDANIEL BY NBA PHOTOS; MICKEY MANTLE AND ROWANNE BREWER BY IRA GABRIEL; JOE MORGAN BY TOM DIPACE; TOM BROWNING BY BRUCE L. SCHWARTZMAN; SHAWON DUNSTON BY RON VESELY; NOLAN RYAN BY PETER TRAVERS; MARK GRACE BY RON VESELY



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# SPORT TALK

## COMEDY'S ON FIRST

It's a marriage of convenience made in heaven—baseball and comedians go together like Pete Rose and gambling, Babe Ruth and babes, Steinbrenner and Winfield. It's a relationship exhibited at Cooperstown in the form of Abbott and Costello's film comedy "Who's on First," and if stand-up comedians share nothing else, they usually share an affinity for baseball.

Similar challenges for ballplayers and comedians are an essential part of the equation, says Jerry Seinfeld.

"You have to be in a relaxed but aggressive state," he says. "There is an everydayness about comedy that is like baseball. You try to do the same thing every night, but if the timing of a joke is micro-seconds off..."

Well, it's sort of like a hitter's swing—you strike out.

The sport's intellectual side is crucial, especially because "comics have a lot of free time, and baseball stands up to a lot of scrutiny," says Jon Ross, to which Dennis

Wolfberg adds, "We tend to be obsessive-compulsive types, and baseball feeds that."

It's also a great way to work out lingering frustrations of childhood. Like Jeff Cesario. "In softball, I always played right field," he says. "Right field was also called 'wiener field.' It's the only position where you're in the game and on the bench at the same time."

Wolfberg didn't measure up either, at least not in his father's eyes. "The important thing is not winning or losing," he says of his dad's explanation.

"It's that no one finds out you're my son."

Wolfberg's teammates were equally inept, with an 0-20 record. "We played six innings or 200 runs, whichever came first,"

he

says.

"Some-

times the

other

team

stopped

scoring

out of

sheer ex-

haustion."

Matt Graham

says he was a

sickly child who played for a team

sponsored by a local pharmacy: "We

all had to wear childproof caps."

Graham also delves into topics that

go beyond Little League. "Doc Ellis

pitched a major-league no-hitter while

on acid," he says. "So did I. Of course,

he had witnesses, which kind of works

in his favor.... I pitched mine under

my bed."

The audience learns just what kind

of fanatic Graham is when he tells how

he broke up with his girlfriend: "I told

her, 'This relationship is not in the best

interests of baseball.'"

From personal sagas to big-league blunders, failure is a favorite theme. John Hayman especially misses the Mets' lean years. "The giveaway days are better," he says. "In 1986, the Mets gave away nothing. But eight years ago, they had sofa-bed night. They got so carried away I went to old-timers day... and got an old-timer. Art Shamsky is living with me."

And all comics, it seems, do "The Voice," impersonating either a well-known broadcaster (Harry Caray is a favorite target) or a syrupy-smooth generic game caller.

Jim Edwards, a former sportscaster,

is one of the best. Ed-

wards is the distracted an-

nouncer who goes

with the flow on

an eternal 3-2

count. "Here's

the pitch, long fly

ball, way back,

way out of

here... but foul.

Speaking of way

out there, I saw

"E.T." the other

night... boy, they

could use his split-finger

in this bullpen."

As each pitch is

fouled off, Edwards

segues from "E.T." to Co-

pernicus and ends up at

Toni Tenille, with a brief

mention of Mahatma Gan-

dhi, about whom he oozes,

"The Hindus must be real

glad they picked him up in

that deal; he's some kind of

leader. If I had to pick up a guy to

build a country around, it would be

him. His little brother—Bobby Gandhi—

never made it to the bigs."

Larry Miller is fascinated by another

group that takes baseball to absurd ex-

trems: the "lunatic fringe" that's up

all night phoning sports radio call-in

shows. "I'm on the roof with a rifle, but

before I open up... do you think the

Dodgers will trade for pitching? Don't

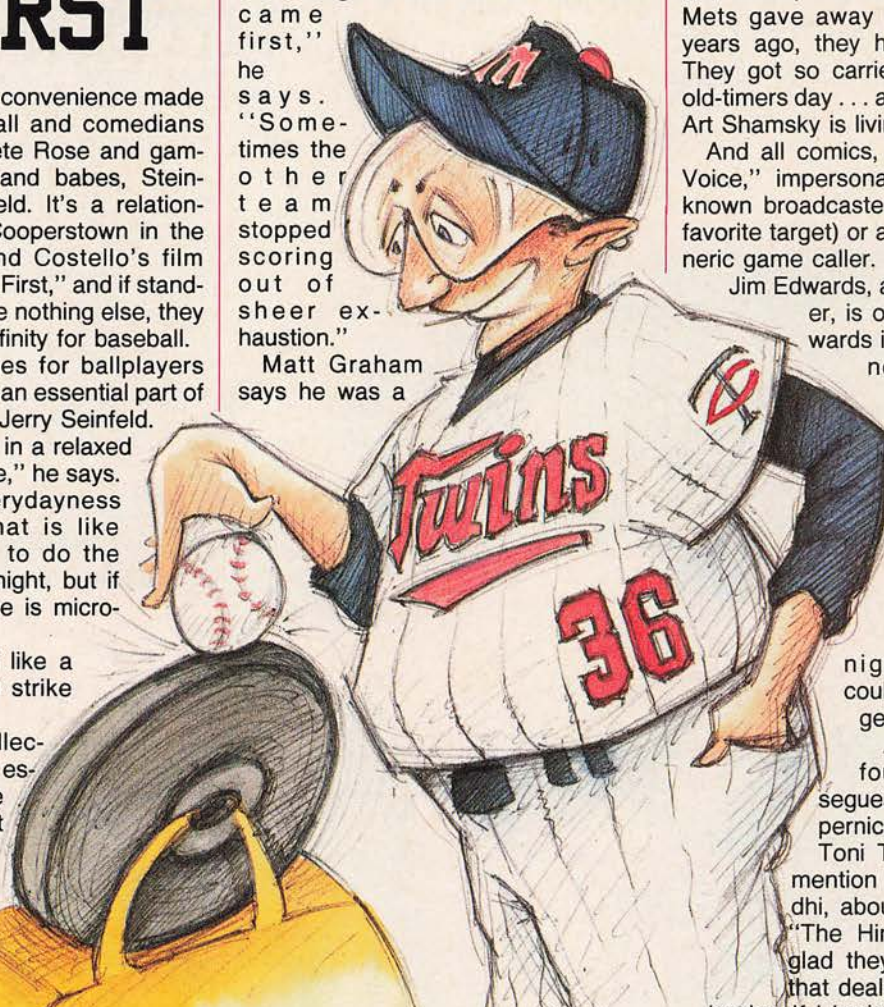
hang up! I can see you."

Sure, a little warped. But what the

heck, it gets a laugh, and that's all that

counts.

—Stuart Miller





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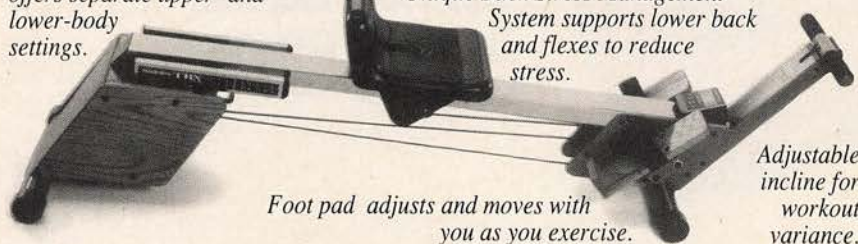
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## SPORT TALK

### WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE MANAGER?

It's the baseball players, of course, who score the runs and throw the pitches. But no matter what kind of talent a team has, it goes nowhere without a manager who knows how to use that talent. That inspired us to ask a variety of major-leaguers, "Which manager would you most like to play for, excluding your current manager?"

**DAVE STIEB—Toronto Blue Jays:** *The Oakland A's Tony La Russa.* "I like him because of the overall job he does with his ballclub. It's pretty obvious he's a good handler of pitchers."



**KIRBY PUCKETT—Minnesota Twins:** *La Russa.* "I played in All-Star games for him, and he treated me great. The guys on his ballclub know when they're going to play."

**CAL RIPKEN JR.—Baltimore Orioles:** *La Russa.* "I have a lot of respect for him. He's got the best-prepared team. I like that preparation aspect—it helps in winning."

**JULIO FRANCO—Texas Rangers:** *La Russa.* "He's aggressive and lets his guys play the game. And he's a great person."

**BRET SABERHAGEN—Kansas City Royals:** *La Russa.* "I heard nice things about him. He treats the families of his players well. His managerial skills speak for themselves."



**FRANK VIOLA—New York Mets:** *Jim Leyland, Pittsburgh Pirates.* "He's just got such good rapport with the players. That's important."

**JOHN FRANCO—New York Mets:** *Leyland.* "He looks like he communicates with his players and gets the best out of them. Jim sticks out a lot."

**DENNIS ECKERSLEY—Oakland Athletics:** *Frank Robinson, Baltimore Orioles.* "I played for Frank as a rookie [Cleveland, 1975]. He knows how to use his bullpen." —George Castle

KIRBY PUCKETT BY RON VESELY, BRET SABERHAGEN BY MITCHELL B. REBEL



# THREE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS WHO WERE NEVER KNOCKED OUT



GENE TUNNEY

Reigned from September 23, 1926, to June 11, 1930, and fought a total of 77 bouts, with two losses and a draw.



ROCKY MARCIANO

Reigned from September 23, 1952, to April 27, 1956, and was undefeated in 49 bouts.



EVANDER HOLYFIELD

Began his reign on October 25, 1990, and is unbeaten in 25 bouts.

## TALE OF THE TAPE

### ERIC DAVIS VS. MARGE SCHOTT

So could the Cincinnati Reds just sit back and enjoy their impressive World Series win over the Oakland Athletics last year? Nooooo. Marge Schott owns this team, remember? You know, the lady who wants to support our troops in the "Far East." Her star, Eric Davis, takes one for the team and ruptures his kidney in Game 4. Owner Schott forgets about the guy, makes him charter his own medical plane and has him pay for it. These feuds can spoil the Reds' chance to repeat. Better have it out immediately in the ring.

#### DAVIS

28
OUTFIELDER
30-30 PLAYER; ALL-STAR
TALENTED, INJURY-PRONE ATHLETE
"IF I WERE A DOG, I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN MORE CARE."
LEARN TO BARK
SCHOTTZIE
L.A. DODGER

#### SCHOTT

62
OWNER
TAKES REAL GOOD CARE OF DOG, SCHOTTZIE
MISERLY, MALAPROP-PRONE OWNER
"THIS HAS BROKEN MY HEART."
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## This Month's Dodge **SPORT** Word Puzzle Solved.

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Advantage: Dodge.





# VLADÉ DIVAC

**VITALS:** Sometime-starting NBA center for the Los Angeles Lakers; named to the 1990 All-Rookie team after averaging 8.5 points and 6.2 rebounds per game. Led the Yugoslavia Junior Olympic team to a gold-medal finish in the 1985 World University Games. Averaged 11.7 points and 6.5 rebounds in the 1988 Olympics as Yugoslavia took the silver medal. Born February 2, 1968, in Prijepolje, Yugoslavia. Married Snezana Orbovic on July 1, 1989, which was televised nationally in Yugoslavia for an hour.

**BEST MEMORY:** "Playing with the Lakers for the first time [in 1989]. I couldn't believe that I was playing for a team that I admired as a kid. I was actually playing in the Great Western Forum that once featured Kareem Abdul-Jabbar."

**WORST MEMORY:** "Coming to America and not knowing the English language. I really had problems communicating with people last year. But everything is going well right now. I admit that when I'm tired, I tend not to speak very well, and I can't think straight."

**CHANGES I WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE NBA:** "I have no problems with the league. The NBA is the best in the world. The only change I wanted to see is to start more games for the Lakers. Last year I was on the bench when the game started, but that's improving this season. I want to be one of the top 10 centers in the league and be a leader for the Lakers."

**BEST ADVICE I WOULD GIVE TO FOREIGNERS COMING TO THE UNITED STATES:** "Most people think that when you come to America, you don't have to work. It's like money will be in your hands once you hit American soil. However, you have to work hard to be successful in this country. If you are lazy, you are going to have a tough life."

**BIGGEST WIMPS IN THE NBA:** "The Detroit Pistons. They really play dirty. I don't like when they go out of their way to hurt people. It's not fair. We are all looking to do the same job—win ball games."

**BEST FRIENDS ON THE LAKERS:** "Mychal Thompson and A.C. Green. When I came into the league, I didn't know how to play against many of the players in the NBA. Those two went out of their way to teach me how to play against our opponents."

**YUGOSLAVIAN BASKETBALL FAILED TO TEACH ME:** "How to be quick in the NBA. Playing Yugoslavian basketball seems to be a totally different sport compared to America. The game in my country is very slow. There isn't a fast-break scheme at all. I had to learn to be more mobile in the NBA."

**I WAS OUT OF SHAPE GOING INTO THE 1990-91 SEASON BECAUSE:** "I was traveling around the world all summer. Coming to America for the first time, I wanted to see as much as I could and enjoy my experiences. However, I should have been exercising during the off-season."

**THE BEST THING ABOUT LOS ANGELES IS:** "The weather. It's always sunny and warm. I never liked the cold winters in Yugoslavia. I also like the money I'm making in Los Angeles. Yugoslavia is a poor country, and I would have never made any cash there."

**THE WORST THING ABOUT LOS ANGELES IS:** "The traffic. It is terrible here. If I'm on the freeway for a long period of time, I turn around and go back home. I cancel my plans for that particular day."

**I WOULD MOST LIKE TO MEET:** "Mick Jagger. He was my favorite singer when I was a little kid. I would like to ask him how he's able to write all those good songs like 'Start Me Up' and 'Satisfaction.'"

**I LIKED FORMER YUGOSLAVIAN PRESIDENT JOSIP BROZ TITO BECAUSE:** "When he was in charge, I was able to go to any country I wanted. It seemed that everybody in Yugoslavia had money and were living a good life. When Tito died, the country's economy went down hill, and you were not as free to leave the country."

**I SOMETIMES DISLIKED TITO BECAUSE:** "He took money from the United States without paying it back. But we lived great because of it."

**BEST DESCRIPTION OF MAGIC JOHNSON:** "He's the greatest player in the NBA. He really likes to help people. For example, when I first came to Los Angeles, he helped me get acquainted with the city."  
—William Ladson

## THE MAN WHO WOULD BEAT TYSON

"Mike definitely backed out the first time because he thought I could beat him, and he wanted an easy fight," says Donovan "Razor" Ruddock in his sonorous Jamaican clip.

Ruddock is referring to a bout that was scheduled to have taken place in October, 1989, with then heavyweight champion Mike Tyson. "Iron" Mike withdrew, doctor's note in hand, excusing him from doing battle because he was having problems with stomach cramps.

"It's the same with all of these guys," says Ruddock, a talented boxer/puncher who is currently the No. 2 heavyweight contender and the first Tyson opponent since his loss to James "Buster" Douglas to be given any real chance of defeating the former champion. "Mike Tyson and Donald Trump and Saddam Hussein and George Bush. It's about power and ego. They never want to let go of what they've got."

Ruddock's war plan for conquering Tyson on March 18 at The Mirage in Las Vegas includes "working off of the jab, setting up the left uppercut. I know what it takes for Tyson and I've got it. Whatever way he fights, he's in big

trouble. If he tries to wing punches at me like he did at Alex Stewart, I'll catch him and knock him out. If he tries to box, I'm the better boxer. Either way, it's not going the distance."

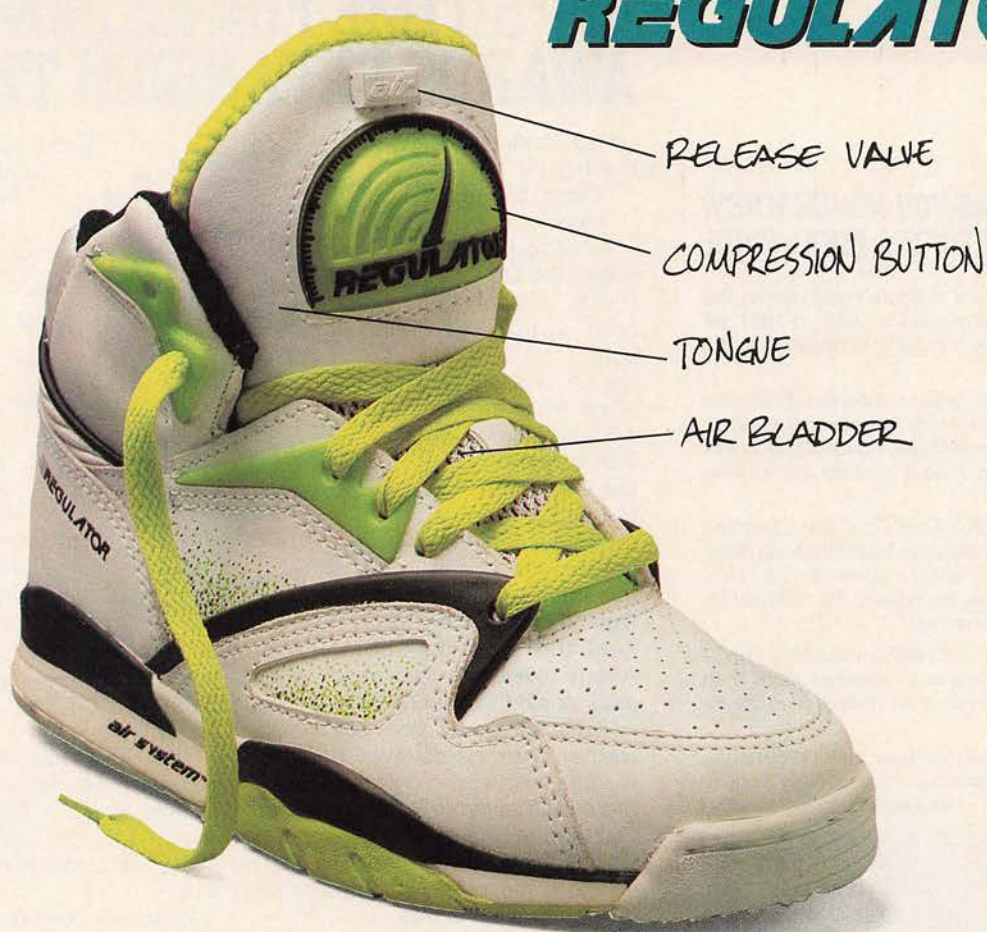
—Davis Miller

### Razor Ruddock





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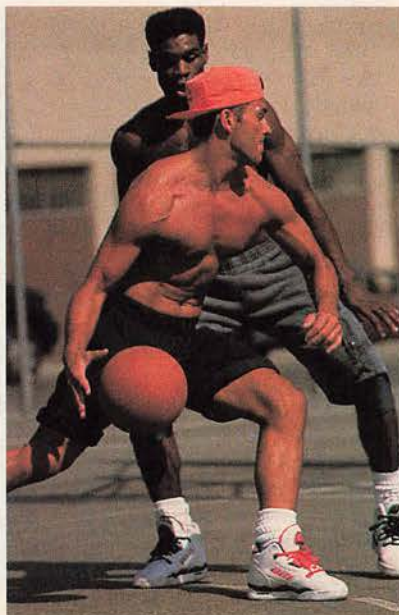


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## TEN THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT THE NCAA FINAL FOUR

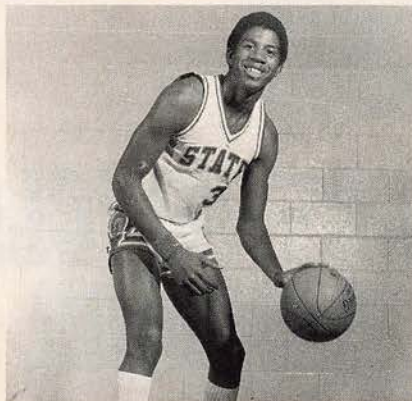
**1.** Only eight schools competed in the first NCAA tournament in 1939. In 1991, 64 teams will have a chance to advance to the Final Four.

**2.** In 1940, Indiana received \$750 plus expenses for winning the national championship. Fifty years later, Nevada-Las Vegas received more than \$1 million for winning the title.

**3.** The NCAA Final Four didn't become the premier collegiate basketball competition until 1951, when a point-shaving scandal in New York discredited the National Invitational Tournament.

**4.** Jacksonville (1970) and UNLV (1977) are the only teams to average more than 100 points per game and advance to the Final Four.

**5.** City College of New York (1950) is the only school from the state of New York to win the NCAA championship.



Magic Johnson

**6.** Magic Johnson, Bill Russell, Henry Bibby and Billy Thompson are the only players to win NCAA and NBA championships in consecutive years.

**7.** Kentucky coach Adolph Rupp refused to recruit black players until his team was beaten, 72-65, by a predominantly black team from Texas Western (now UTEP) in the 1966 championship game.

**8.** Tim Stoddard, former relief ace for the Baltimore Orioles, scored eight points to help North Carolina State beat Marquette, 76-64, in the 1974 championship game.

**9.** Starting in 1964, UCLA coach John Wooden won 10 championships in 12 seasons, and UCLA was undefeated in four of those years.

**10.** St. Joseph's (1961), Villanova (1971), Western Kentucky (1971), UCLA (1980) and Memphis State are the only schools to reach the Final Four and later be declared ineligible because of NCAA violations. —William Ladson

# IT'S TIME FOR EXPANSION: AWARDS EXPANSION THAT IS

Hail Cecil Fielder, the big hit but an even bigger miss.

A recount shows the Detroit wide body struck out 183 times. Record books will credit him with only 182, but Cecil whiffed once more, six weeks after the season—becoming the American League's first 50-homer man—denied the Most Valuable Player Award (excluding two years when pairs of sluggers topped the mark).

We don't dance over Cecil's snub. Rather, we rejoice over the rare wisdom of voters who properly interpreted the award in bestowing it on Oakland's Rickey Henderson, as well as the lucid dominance of Barry Bonds to move the National League version beyond doubt.

What we're really ecstatic about, however, is how Fielder's misfortune brought into focus something we've long needed—the revision of baseball's awards system.

For 60 years, or since the creation of the MVP awards, panels of voters from the Baseball Writers Association of America have vacillated over whether to honor those who put up big numbers or those who put their teams on top. And even after the 1956 inception of the Cy Young Awards, inane voters have occasionally decoded the initials as standing for Most Valuable Pitcher.

And where do relievers fit into this picture anyway?

Mr. Commissioner, put franchise expansion on the back burner. What we need now is awards expansion.

It's high time the game added the

Babe Ruth Award to its hardware collection. And while you're at it, establish the Hoyt Wilhelm Trophy.

The Babe Ruth Award would honor the Player of the Year, someone with Fielder-esque production regardless of team performance. And subtitle the award, "For outstanding

achievement in the field of statistics." Know how many MVPs the Babe earned? Zilch. His prime predated the award.

The Hoyt Wilhelm Trophy would recognize the top reliever. The case for that award is easy. In 1956, no team had more than 35 saves. In 1990, eight relievers did so in the AL alone.

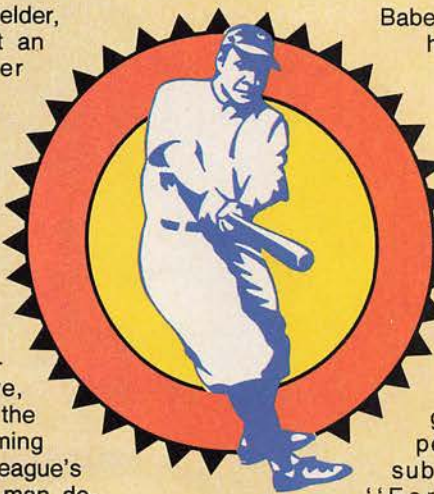
Relievers have revolutionized the record books. The least baseball can do is return the favor and revolutionize its award system.

With those two innovations in place, voters can stop choosing MVPs with nice, but wasted, numbers. Like Robin Yount of the '89 Milwaukee Brewers (81-81). Or Andre Dawson of the '87 Chicago Cubs (76-85, last place in the NL East).

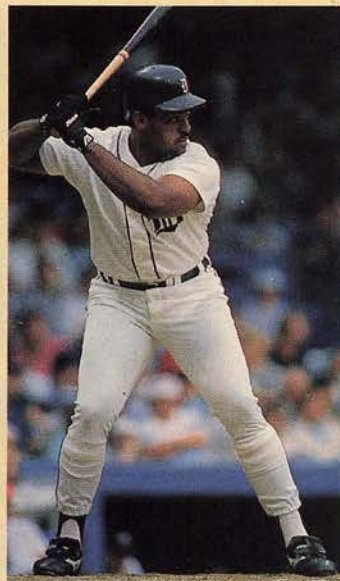
The only ammunition Dawson or Fielder backers have is "But look how much worse they would have done *without* him!" Nah. The real MVP is the guy who puts his team over the top. Even if you don't buy that, you know stats aren't the bottom line. Ask Kirk Gibson.

One final dictate: Under no condition should pitchers get MVPs. At least not until everyday players become eligible for Cy Youngs.

—Tom Singer



KEVIN CONRAN



Cecil Fielder



Stereotypes about baseball stadiums die hard, and among the oldest is the claim that Fenway Park and Wrigley Field are hitters' parks and home run heavens. The small scale of the venues is the oft-cited conventional wisdom, but that's only half the story.

The Cubs, after all, hit more than a hundred homers only once from 1931 to '49, a period during which they won four pennants. And the Red Sox? They hit more homers on the road in three of the last five seasons, and last year, opponents slugged only .44.

Problem is, you can't see the ball sometimes because of the angle of the sun at Wrigley and the background at Fenway.

"You have glare,"

## FENWAY & WRIGLEY: HITTERS' PARKS?

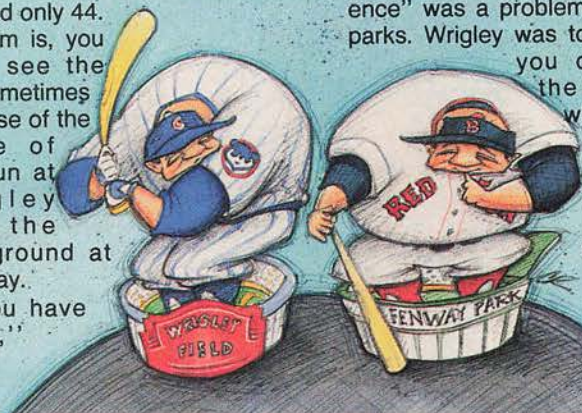
day." The Cardinals' Pedro Guerrero concurs. "I never hit good in Wrigley Field.... It's the sun," he says.

At Fenway, says the White Sox's Scott Fletcher, "the pitchers are throwing the ball out of the center-field bleachers." The ball gets lost in a background of fans.

Complaints about the stadiums are nothing new. Mets broadcaster Ralph Kiner, the NL's top slugger in the late '40s, said that "fan interference" was a problem at both ballparks. Wrigley was tough because

you couldn't see the ball against white shirts on fans in the center-field bleachers. He got the bleachers removed.

—George Castle



CHRIS ROBERTSON

When the batter's box became a boxing ring for Lenny Dykstra of the Phillies and ex-Dodgers catcher Rick Dempsey during a memorable 1990 game, it wasn't much of a surprise to major-league players.

You see, Dempsey does a lot of chattering behind the plate—chattering designed to upset the hitter. To psych him out. Obviously, Dempsey's strategy got a little out of hand with Dykstra.

Yet this practice that was so common in the days before agents, arbitration and \$20 million contracts, has, relatively speaking, almost disappeared. Dempsey and Tony Pena of the Red Sox are just about the last of the breed.

"The game's changed in so many ways," says Jerry Coleman, a former New York Yankee now announcing Padres games. "Shoot, when I played, the catcher never stopped blabbing. They'd say

## CATCHER'S CHATTER

things like, 'Your mother must've been pretty ugly if you look like her.' They'd say terrible things about you and your family."

And the umpires never said a word to discourage it.

It's a good thing the Pirates' Andy Van Slyke didn't play in Coleman's era. "I'd slug them [catchers] right in the mouth," he says.

Catchers are more subtle today with their chatter.

"If you say anything, it's as the hitter walks to the plate," says Pittsburgh's Mike LaValiere. "You might say, 'This guy's good for a double play.' It plants something negative in their head."

But if you're gonna say something,

why not wait until the pitch is on its way to home plate?

"Because it's just not professional," says LaValiere.

—Rick Weinberg



BOB MYERS

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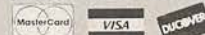
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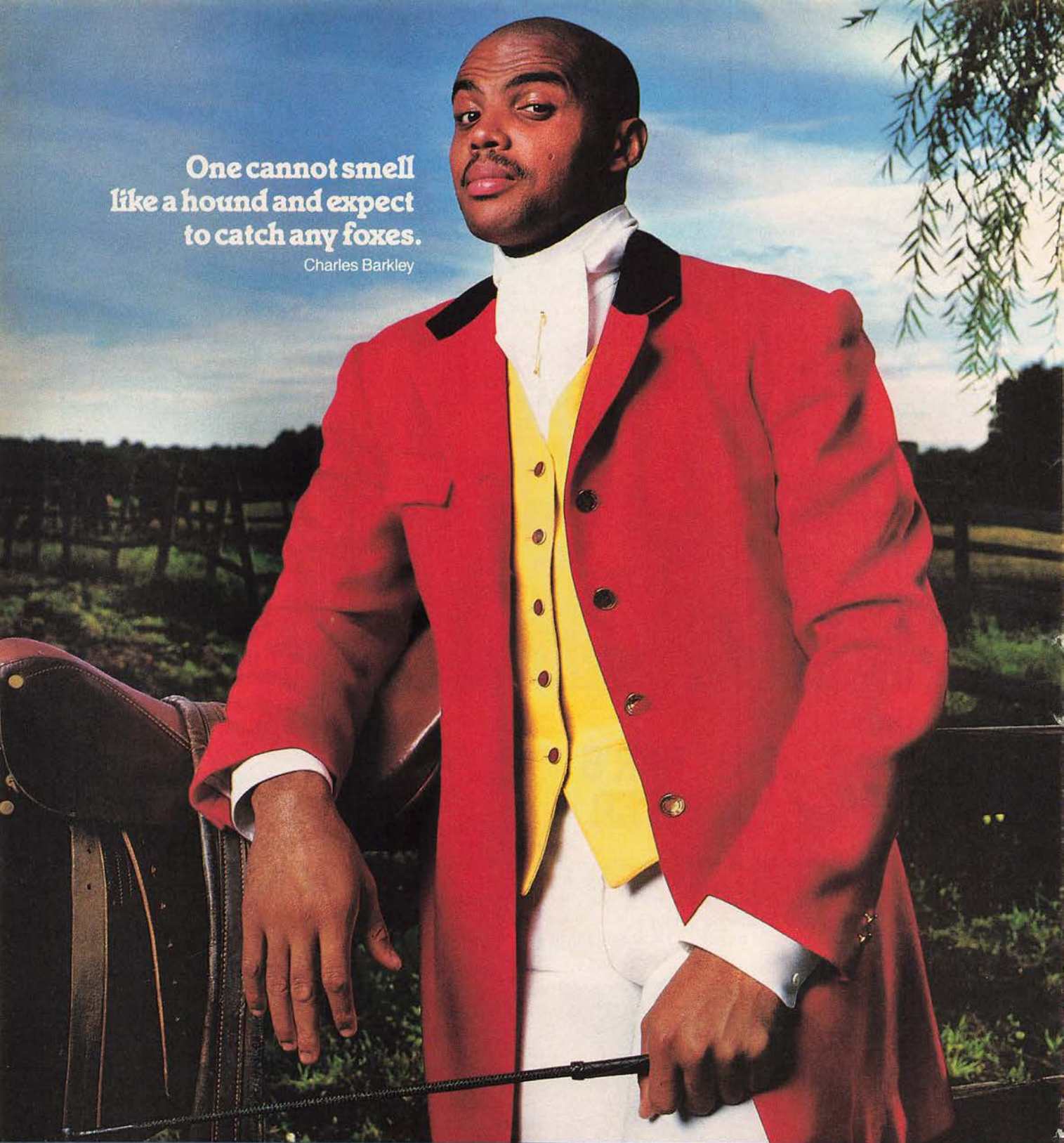
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**I**t's a little before midnight in the bar of Chicago's plush Drake Hotel. It's Thursday night, and things are slow. So is Bernie Nicholls. His Rangers dropped a game to the Blackhawks, a 4-3 affair that appeared close only because the guys from the Right Coast scored two desperate goals in the last minute of play. Not a particularly good showing by the Blueshirts, so there won't be much "Broadway Bernie" brashness tonight.

Well, at least not as much as there could be.

You see, with Bernie Nicholls, you ask a question, you get an answer. An honest answer, and the hell with diplomacy. Bernie's got this rep for giving answers that make your jaw go slack, your shoulders jump up to your ears and your pen go from zero to 60 in nothing flat. Most times, he doesn't mean it the way it comes out. But, boy, the way it comes out....

Then he's got to answer for his answer. For instance, when the Rangers were preparing to host Los Angeles last season in what would be his second game against the Kings since being traded a year ago January, Nicholls said, "Don't make me sound cocky or arrogant, but I think I've done for this team what Wayne did for L.A. last year."

So in one sentence, one honest sentence, Nicholls has placed himself on a level with Wayne Gretzky, a guy who does more than walk on water—he skates on the damn stuff. And so Bernie has to have an answer for his answer.

"That was out of context," Nicholls says before beginning an assault on the Drake Hotel's inventory of mixed nuts. "What I meant was, teams have to be aware of me. I'd draw the [opponent's] checking line. [The Rangers] only had one scoring line, Kelly's [Kisio]. But if I'm

there, they get more opportunities, like we did when Wayne came."

Really, he's right—forget the blasphemous way he first said it. After all, if you're the Philadelphia Flyers and you

know you can't play run-'n'-gun hockey, in whose face are you going to rub leather: Nicholls' or Kisio's? See?

Funny thing, though, that Nicholls should make the comparison of how much he's helped the other Rangers forwards, since he benefited most from the attention other teams paid Gretzky when The Great One went south. After all, if you're the Vancouver Canucks and you can't play run-'n'-gun hockey, in whose face are you going to rub leather: Gretzky's or Nicholls'?

Thing is, Nicholls produced big-time for the Kings. We're talking 70 goals and 150 points in 1988-89—a career year for him, a career, period, for a lot of guys. But less than a year after that, Nicholls was a Ranger, traded for wingers Tomas Sandstrom and Tony Granato. The stunning deal came down to two hockey metaphors: Gretzky was a helicopter (he needed wings), and the Rangers were doughnuts (they needed a center). Later, Bernie.

Considering the potential the Rangers gave up, Nicholls had better do more than compare himself to Gretzky—he'd better *be* Gretzky, or what's going to happen if the season ends with Sandstrom and Granato each with 100 points and Bernie wallowing around 80?

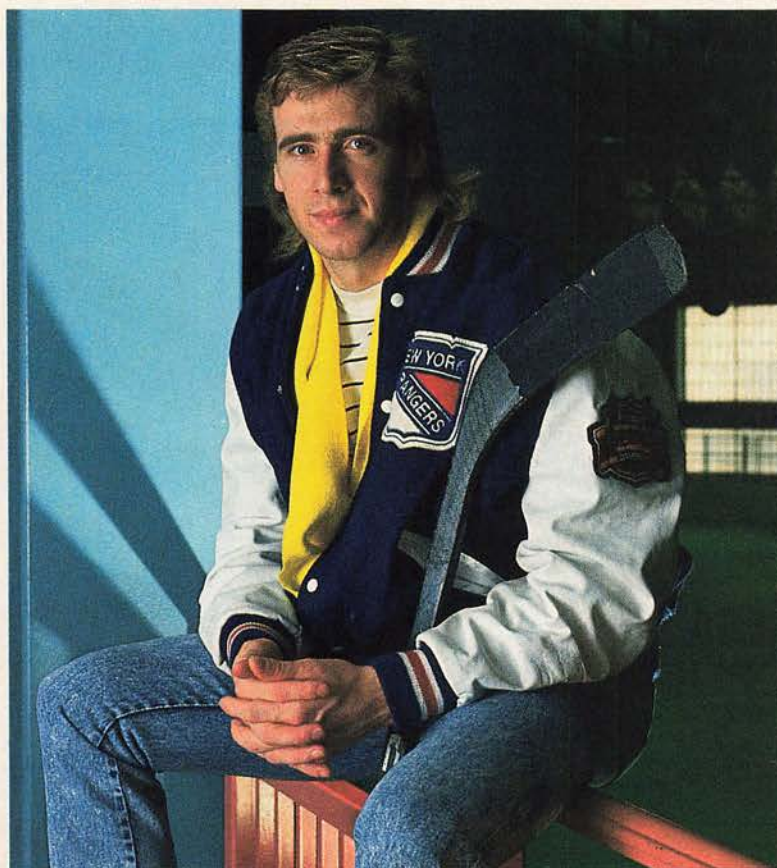
"That's very possible," Nicholls says without hesitation. "The circumstances are totally different. I'm on a defensive team. They're on an offensive team, playing with the greatest player in hockey. If these guys don't score a hundred points apiece, you know, then, they didn't have a good year."

Pretty slick, don't you think, the way Nicholls deftly drops the pressure to the guys on the Left Coast? And he does it with this inflection in his voice, an incredulity, as if to say, "How

## "I THINK I'VE DONE FOR THIS TEAM WHAT WAYNE DID FOR L.A."

By Steve Rosenbloom

# BEERS WITH... BERNIE NICHOLLS





could anyone think it any different?" Thing is, he's right—again. But so, too, should Nicholls have a productive year. He's averaged around 100 points for every 80 games he's played, doing some of his best work for some pathetic Kings teams. He can do what you'd expect a star to do—key a power play, kill penalties, score clutch goals—and he's got the ability to work in traffic, a critical asset when you go from the Smythe Division autobahn to the Patrick Division grid-

**"There's no pressure in L.A., no expectations at all. That was the bad thing about playing there .... It was all showtime."**

lock. So back atcha, pal: Just what kind of hero should you have?

"I hope to have a hundred-point season," he says between fistfuls of those addictive nuts. "Me scoring a hundred points in the Patrick Division would be tougher—big-time tougher—than me scoring a hundred points in the Smythe Division. It's gonna be tough for me to put the numbers on the board that they're gonna. But I've already done it in that division. *They* didn't do it in this division."

If Sandstrom and Granato don't hit 100 points, no big deal. Oh, hockey types around North America—maybe even including Kings management—will certainly take notice. But you won't hear much from the beautiful people who can afford tickets to a Kings game. Most of them are suits, anyway, and if they can drop Gretzky's name at the next power lunch in Beverly Hills, hey, it's enough.

See, if Granato and Sandstrom don't fill Bernie's skates, it wouldn't be like Darryl Strawberry not driving in 100 runs for the Dodgers this year. This is hockey and this is L.A., and what'd the Lakers do last night? Of course, there are L.A. hockey fans who'd dispute that stereotype, but Nicholls isn't one of them.

"There's no pressure in L.A., no expectations at all," he says. "That was the bad thing about playing there. There wasn't enough pressure on us to play well. There were a few fans who understood the game and who were real dedi-

cated fans, but it was all showtime. A lot of the fans there now don't necessarily understand the game. Management doesn't put enough pressure on their guys to really do well. Rogie [Vachon, the general manager] comes in and gives you his great speech about how he's gonna trade you and him and him—bleep, who listens to him? He wouldn't intimidate his kids. Everybody knows he doesn't do nothing there."

More nuts. And a raw nerve. Vachon is a nice enough guy, and he makes a splendid impression. Problem is, most people—players especially—think those are the only reasons he's still there. If something big comes up, then owner Bruce McNall—and Gretzky, everyone insists—will deal with it.

So we'll just lob this one in: Gee, Bernie, Rogie keeps saying *he* makes the trades there.

"There's a great trade for you," Nicholls says, seizing the subject. "They traded Hubie McDonough and Ken Baumgartner for Mikko Makela, then traded Makela for that kid from the minors [Mike Donnelly]. So the trade comes down to Bomber, Hubie McDonough and Mikko Makela for a guy from the minors. Some trades you just wonder about. They don't protect a guy like Doug Crossman. Try to figure that one out."

This type of trash-ing could go on a while. Seems to us, though, that Nicholls ought to be dumping on McNall, the guy who really traded him. Yet Nicholls has never lit into McNall. Says he can't.

"The way he's treated me as a person has been great," Nicholls says. "If you ever won him a Stanley Cup, he'd buy everyone a house in Malibu ... and a Mercedes Benz."

Nicholls, as ingenious off the ice as he is street smart on it, admits he loved the way McNall turned the Kings locker room into "Lifestyles of the Rich

and Forechecking."

"It's great when he brings stars down," a wide-eyed Nicholls says, alternately dropping names and salted nuts. "You had the Boss in the locker room. Sylvester Stallone. I got pictures hanging up in my home that are great. Movie stars. Sean Penn's in the room. Tom Hanks is always there. You know, you got Sly strutting around after a playoff game. That's pretty cool."

Memo to Rangers GM Neil Smith: Have Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley stroll through the Garden locker room once in a while.

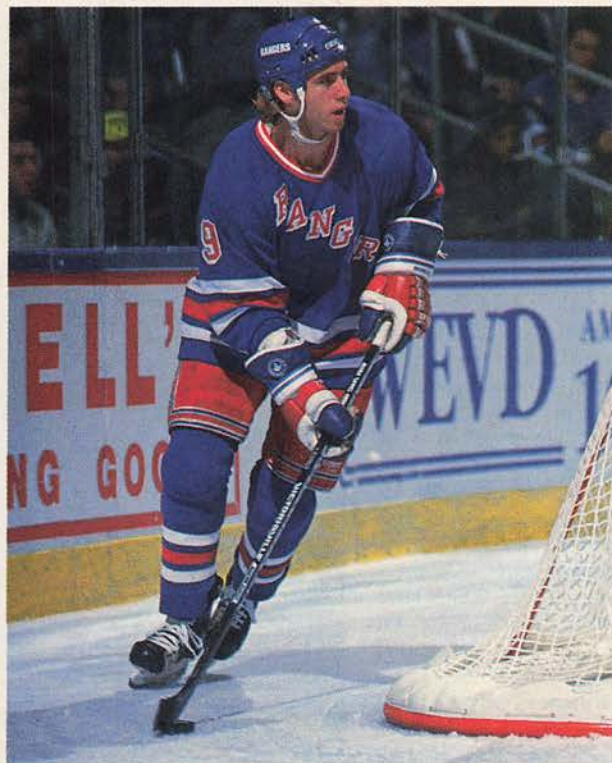
By now, our nut dish has been cleaned out more times than a tourist in New York, and it's late, even by Chicago standards. One more question. About baseball. See, Bernie used to show up at Dodger Stadium and take batting practice and ground balls. Maybe next summer he'll get to Shea and Yankee stadiums.

"I'd like to go to both places," he says. "I think you kind of want to go to Yankee Stadium on Opening Day or something."

Or when the Yankees are winning.

"Well," he shoots back, "you may never go then."

We'll just let him answer that answer in another story. ★





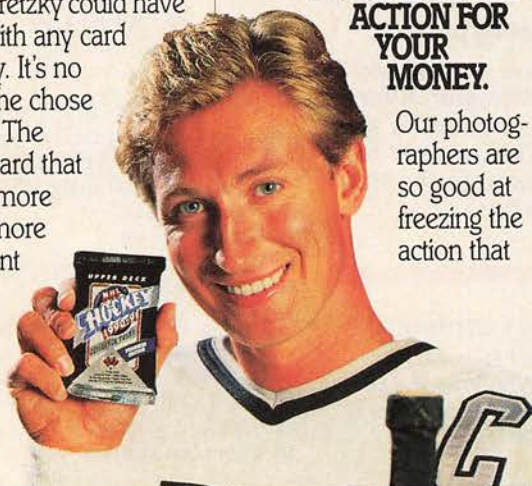
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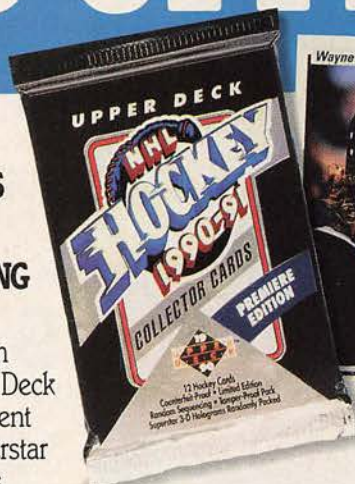
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# SPORT QUIZ

How's your sports IQ? The famous SPORT Quiz has been separating the savvy fan from the weekend wimp for decades. See how you do with these 13 questions. Then check the answers on page 9 for your score, and rate yourself as follows:

12-13 correct: Sports genius  
9-11 correct: Good fan  
6-8 correct: Working too hard  
3-5 correct: To the showers  
0-2 correct: Try knitting

**SPORT**  
MAGAZINE

**ANSWER THE SPORT STUMPER AND WIN A SPORT PIN.** No matter how you do on this month's quiz, we'll send you the SPORT pin pictured here if you send us the correct answer to the SPORT STUMPER given below. Send only your name, address and age to SPORT Quiz, 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Limit one per person, and all entries must be postmarked by March 15, 1991.

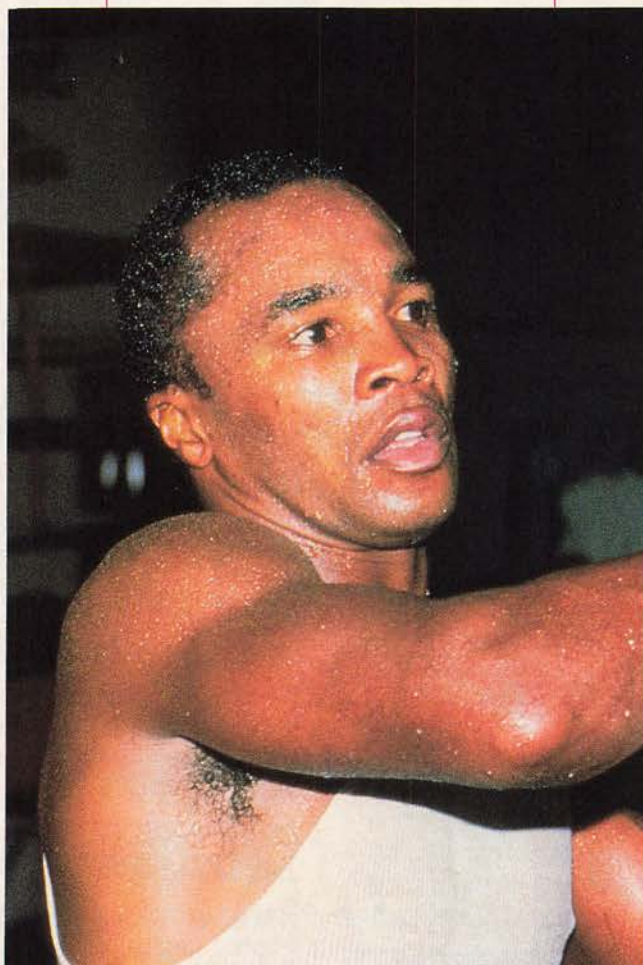
**1** Who did Sugar Ray Leonard (pictured) defeat to become the World Welterweight champion in 1979?

**2** For what NBA team besides the Detroit Pistons has Chuck Daly served as head coach?

**3** Jesse Owens, Muhammad Ali and Jim Thorpe were among the first athletes inducted into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame. In which city is the hall currently located?  
A. Atlanta  
B. New York City  
C. Colorado Springs  
D. Miami

**4** Name the NBA team that had the highest average attendance on the road in the 1989-90 season.  
A. Los Angeles Lakers  
B. San Antonio Spurs  
C. Detroit Pistons  
D. Chicago Bulls

**5** What year did Charles Barkley lead the NBA in rebounding?



KEN LEVINE/ALLSPORT USA

## STUMPER

Who became the undisputed heavyweight champion after WBA champ Muhammad Ali was stripped of his title in 1967 for refusing induction into the U.S. armed services?

## FEBRUARY 1991 STUMPER ANSWER

Maurice Richard (Who was the first NHL player to score 50 goals in a season?)

**MARCH 1991 STUMPER ANSWER**  
Ed Macauley and Cliff Hagan (Name the two players the Boston Celtics traded in order to secure the draft rights to Bill Russell.)

**6** A team can be whistled for an "illegal offense" violation in the NBA. True or false?

**7** From 1980 through 1990, only one LPGA player has won the U.S. Women's Open in back-to-back years. Who is she?  
A. Julie Inkster  
B. Nancy Lopez  
C. Amy Alcott  
D. Betsy King

**8** Going into the 1990-91 season, which NBA team held the record for most consecutive wins at home in a season?  
A. Philadelphia 76ers  
B. Portland Trail Blazers  
C. Boston Celtics  
D. Milwaukee Bucks

**9** Name the NFL quarterback who holds the record for most rushing yards in a season.  
A. John Elway  
B. Bobby Douglass  
C. Roger Staubach  
D. Randall Cunningham

**10** Name the college basketball player who holds the NCAA record for most points scored in a Division I championship game.  
A. Austin Carr

B. Bill Walton  
C. Glen Rice  
D. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

**11** Entering the 1991 season, which active LPGA player had won the most major championships?  
A. Nancy Lopez  
B. JoAnne Carner  
C. Beth Daniel  
D. Jan Stephenson

**12** Which CBA team won the 1990 championship?  
A. La Crosse Catbirds  
B. Rapid City Thrillers  
C. Rockford Lightning  
D. Columbus Horizon

**13** Going into this season, what was the last school to win consecutive NCAA Division I hockey titles?  
—William Ladson and Raymond Harper



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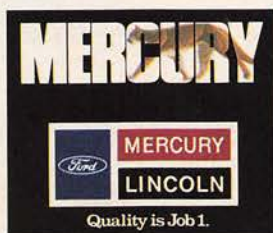



-CAR AND DRIVER, JANUARY 1991



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# THE SPORT 1991 BASEBALL PREVIEW

YOU THOUGHT A LITTLE  
FOUR-GAME LOSING  
STREAK WAS GONNA  
BURY OAKLAND FOREVER?

By Tom Singer (**AL West**), Mike Geffner  
(**AL East**), Kelly Garrett (**NL West**)  
Rick Weinberg (**NL East**)

Clockwise from upper left: Barry Bonds will spark Pittsburgh's repeat; Will Clark will put San Francisco back on top; Kelly Gruber will push Toronto to the summit; and Rickey Henderson will help Oakland gain redemption.



STEPHEN DUNN/ALLSPORT USA



ROBERT BECK/ALLSPORT USA



## THE SPORT PICKS

**AL WEST:**  
**OAKLAND**

**AL EAST:**  
**TORONTO**

**AL CHAMPION:**  
**OAKLAND**  
4 games to 2

**NL WEST:**  
**SAN FRANCISCO**

**NL EAST:**  
**PITTSBURGH**

**NL CHAMPION:**  
**PITTSBURGH**  
4 games to 3

**WORLD SERIES CHAMPION:**  
**OAKLAND**  
4 games to 2

### NL MVP

Our pick: **MATT WILLIAMS** (San Francisco). We also like: **ERIC DAVIS** (Cincinnati), **BARRY BONDS** (Pittsburgh) and **RYNE SANDBERG** (Chicago). The usual suspects: **DARRYL STRAWBERRY** (Los Angeles), **WILL CLARK** (San Francisco), **BOBBY BONILLA** (Pittsburgh) and **KEVIN MITCHELL** (San Francisco). And watch out for: **BARRY LARKIN** (Cincinnati) and **FRED McGRUFF** (San Diego).

### AL MVP

Our pick: **JOE CARTER** (Toronto). We also like: **JACK CLARK** (Boston), **RUBEN SIERRA** (Texas) and **MARK MCGWIRE** (Oakland). The usual suspects: **JOSE CANSECO** (Oakland), **RICKEY HENDERSON** (Oakland), **CAL RIPKEN JR.** (Baltimore), **KELLY GRUBER** (Toronto) and **EL-LIS BURKS** (Boston). And watch out for: **FRANK THOMAS** (Chicago), **TIM RAINES** (Chicago) and **KEN GRIFFEY JR.** (Seattle).

### NL CY YOUNG AWARD

Our pick: **RAMON MARTINEZ** (Los Angeles). We also like: **JOSE RIJO** (Cincinnati), **DOUG DRABEK** (Pittsburgh) and **MIKE HARKEY** (Chicago). The usual suspects: **DWIGHT GOODEN** (New York), **FRANK VIOLA** (New York) and **DAVID CONE** (New York). And watch out for: **DAVE RIGHETTI** (San Francisco) and **DENNIS MARTINEZ** (Montreal).

### AL CY YOUNG AWARD

Our pick: **DAVE STEWART** (Oakland). We also like: **ERIK HANSON** (Seattle), **NOLAN RYAN** (Texas), **ROGER CLEMENS** (Boston) and **CHUCK FINLEY** (California). The usual suspects: **DENNIS ECKERSLEY** (Oakland), **DAVE STIEB** (Toronto) and **BRET SABERHAGEN** (Kansas City). And watch out for: **BOBBY WITT** (Texas), **ALEX FERNANDEZ** (Chicago) and **MELIDO PEREZ** (Chicago).

### NL ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

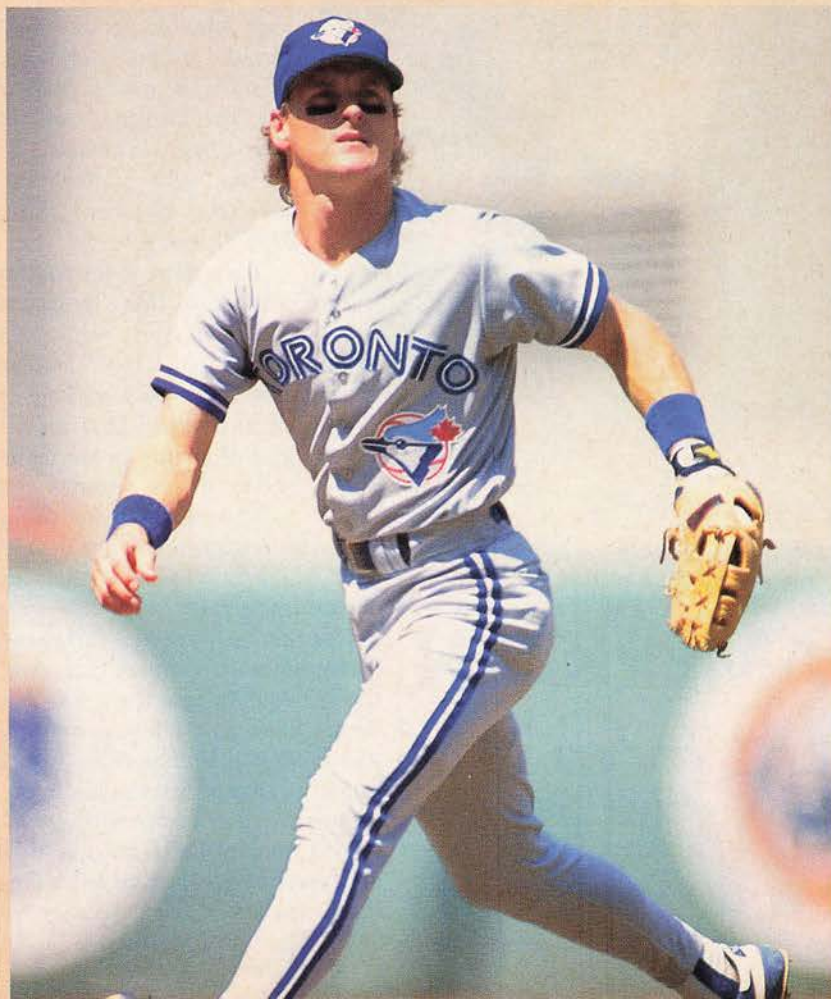
Our pick: **STEVE DECKER** (San Francisco). We also like: **JOSE OFFERMAN** (Los Angeles), **CHRIS HAMMOND** (Cincinnati) and **BERNARD GILKEY** (St. Louis). And watch out for: **DAVE HANSEN** (Los Angeles).

### AL ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Our Pick: **TIM NAEHRING** (Boston). We also like: **LUIS SOJO** (California) and **MO VAUGHN** (Boston). And watch out for: **TODD VAN POPPEL** (Oakland) and **LEO GOMEZ** (Baltimore).



BRYAN YABLONSKY



JON SOOHO/BERNSTEIN & ASSOC.



The definitive act of Oakland's defiant reign came in late August. All of the A's arrogance, aggression and pluck was captured in the front office's response to a minor injury and a major hunch.

When a Dave Henderson goes down, other teams might look to the bench or the waiver wire. Not the A's. They snapped up a National League batting champ, not concerned in the least about taking a short-term flyer on free agent-to-be Willie McGee. Aware of a left-handed bat shortage against anticipated playoff foe Boston, the A's then paid dearly for Harold Baines.

Thank you, Sandy Alderson. A picture may be worth a thousand words, but an example is worth a million.

Since mid-1986, Tony La Russa has fearlessly expressed who and what he needs, Alderson has brazenly acquired it, and La Russa's staff has ingeniously weaved it into the A's fabric. Concurrently, Oakland managed to retain its top prospects, trooping out a line of rookie jewels.

Simple stuff. The light went on immediately: In the 4½ years prior to La Russa's arrival, the A's were 327-404; in the 4½ years since, they are 432-295.

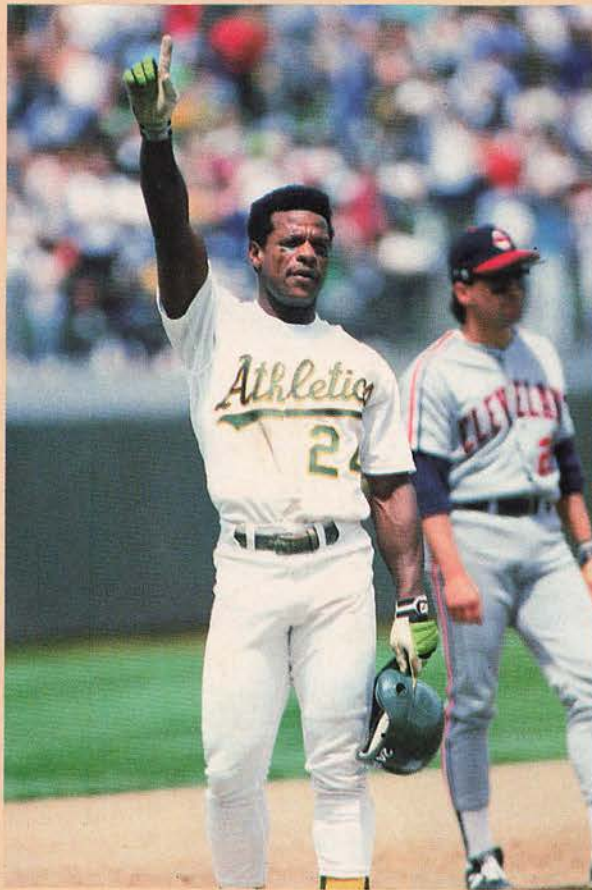
La Russa and Alderson, no less sentimental or loyal than the players, pick their spots. It is post-1989 and Dave Parker (22 homers, 97 RBIs), Storm Davis (19-7) and Tony Phillips (143 games) want to cash in their free agency elsewhere? Enjoy, guys. Is there another team that could've survived this exodus? Is there a baseball person—fan, writer, executive, mascot—who didn't call the A's fools for letting it happen?

All Oakland did was go from 99 victories to 103.

Same deal this winter. La Russa wasn't about to trivialize the importance of Bob Welch, maybe as reliant on the bullpen as had been Storm Davis but not as much of a fake. Rather than abet a circus, the A's sat back as Welch shopped the market,



# 1 OAKLAND ATHLETICS



Rickey Henderson's quest: Lou Brock's record and the Athletics' redemption.

# AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

and then they worked out his best deal. Likewise, they turned Dave Henderson from new-look into no-look free agent and were prepared to appease the other Henderson by reworking Rickey's contract. But no negotiating charades were staged for Willie Randolph and McGee, who both would've been unhappy reserves.

The AL West has been similarly dominated before. But the feat of these A's is far more commendable than that of their '70s predecessors or the Kansas City Royals, who took over in the latter half of that decade. While those outfits ruled a jelly division, Oakland now keeps pace with a fast, ever-improving crowd.

Keeping the wolves at bay—or out of the Bay Area—is going to get tougher. Mark McGwire and Mike Moore need to turn it back on. Walt Weiss has to find health. And two crucial strands supporting the A's get thinner with every successful chapter.

The odds are compounding against Dennis Eckersley, who has produced three straight untouchable seasons of relief, a profession known for the sudden, without-warning burnout. Eck thrives with control and a no-stress delivery. So did Dan Quisenberry.

Then there is the matter of this whole Jose Canseco persona. In fact, what *is* the matter with Jose? La Russa and Alderson have long tired of answering that question and of having to ask it themselves. It's a tenuous trade-off—production for indigestion—the A's may quickly decide to end, which may lead to their most daring trade yet.

Has there ever been a threepeating champion with so much incentive? If the A's had to lose the 1990 World Series, there is no doubt management was delighted that it came in a humiliating sweep. A true champion responds to such insult with pride-restoring anger. La Russa, a master motivator even when he has to make it up, has never had it so easy.

PAUL JASIEK



Whoever designated Chicago the Second City was being extremely generous. Or not thinking baseball. Historically, it has ranked far lower. Between them, the Cubs and White Sox have caused more trouble than Capone and Daley, and with fewer winners.

The American League portion of this unholy alliance gave the world the Black Sox, Bill Veeck, Hawk Harrelson as a GM and Minnie Minoso. So as the scene of all these crimes, original Comiskey Park, is measured for a wrecking ball and draws attention to lame-duck tenants last year, the White Sox illogically turn into Hale Hose, making them prime targets for the next Inquisition.

There was no satisfactory explanation for the Sox's rise and their dogged, confident pursuit of Oakland. Chicago, see, wanted a winner to unveil Revised Comiskey Park with proper fanfare. Well, maybe 1990 had been a signing bonus.

Old Comiskey is dead—a suitable condition, considering that its 81 seasons produced only three pennant winners, only two of which tried in the World Series, and only one of which actually won it. Do the Sox of such dreary history actually have a chance of having a pennant drive for the housewarming?

They are certainly giddy with the possibilities. In what was conceded as a mark-time year both at the box office and on the field, the White Sox doubled their attendance and debuted several young players of unlimited promise. The gate jumped from one million to two solely on walk-ups intrigued by the mystery winner. And kids such as Robin Ventura, Frank Thomas and Alex Fernandez did as good a selling job as the ticket agents.

While everyone was toasting this good fortune, owner Jerry Reinsdorf appeared to take a few sips too many. Even before the dream season ended, he canned Larry Himes, the farm-system-oriented GM who had made



## 2 CHICAGO WHITE SOX



Ozzie Guillen's new digs: Comiskey II, where new tenants Tim Raines and Cory Snyder will silence any fluke talk.

it happen.

Dispensing with any in-depth analysis, merely consider that infield cornermen Ventura and Thomas and right-hander Fernandez, who comprise the launching pad for the future, are the Sox's No. 1 draft choices of the last three years. Yet Reinsdorf booted Himes because he

couldn't get along with him around the water cooler.

How will the White Sox get along without him? Reinsdorf's action doubtless was influenced by prior awareness of the chance to hire a chip off Oakland's block. Ron Schueler had been Sandy Alderson's primary advance man. If Reinsdorf thought that Himes had completed the groundwork and time had come for the finishing touches, Schueler's first two moves didn't disappoint.

The trades for Tim Raines and Cory Snyder satisfied two needs: a more stable outfield, with more power and speed. Schueler's solution carried a cheap price tag of Eric King and Shawn Hillegas for Snyder, and Ivan Calderon and Barry Jones for Raines. While King had been 12-4, he was considered no higher than the fifth starter behind Jack McDowell, Greg Hibbard, Melido Perez and Fernandez. And with Charlie Hough around now, he would have been banished to the pen anyway. As for Calderon, they won't miss him. Not with Raines around.

With Bobby Thigpen around to vulture, complete-game chatter, of course, is irrelevant. Sure, many of Thigpen's record 57 saves were of a cheap variety, but few individuals have ever had as direct a bearing on a 94-win team. Torborg must be able to ink in 40 Thigpen saves at the outset to have any prayer of carry-over success in '91. An improved long-ball offense would help ensure getting the leads Thigpen could protect.

Little-ball impresarios such as Ozzie Guillen and Scott Fletcher don't figure to contribute much in this area, but Sosa (15 homers last year), Thomas (seven) and Snyder (14) have the potential for far more. Even here, the new park will have a role. Reposing across the street as, in essence, a mirror image of the old park, Comiskey II flip-flops those familiar wind patterns. How that will affect power alleys isn't yet known, though advance word is righty sluggers will benefit.



Texas is the oldest franchise never to have appeared in any postseason series. This isn't to say that the Rangers don't have any history. It's just the sort of past politicians try to hide prior to the big election.

As a matter of fact, this team was kicked out of Washington, D.C., 11 years after entering the league as the latter-day Senators, who exercised their own run-off election by electing to run off to suburban Dallas in 1972. There, as stable as sagebrush, the Rangers proceeded to stage a baseball clinic. Well, actually, a baseball asylum. Manager Frank Lucchesi was assaulted by infielder Lenny Randle; owner Brad Corbett's threshold for painful statements was even higher than his profile; and manager Doug Rader was profound and profane. Who else has gone through four managers (Lucchesi, Eddie Stanky, Connie Ryan, Billy Hunter) in a one-week stretch, as these guys did in 1977?

No wonder the team came to be known as the Texas Strangers—a misnomer. If anything, they were the Lone Rangers. For two erratic decades, they gained identity through one dominant individual, off or on the field. There was the Jeff Burroughs Era, the Billy Martin Era, the Ferguson Jenkins Era, the Charlie Hough Era and the eras of many other personalities whose orders may as well have been, "Keep 'em busy while the rest of us screw up."

Damn if the diversion, carried out the last two seasons by Ruben Sierra and then Nolan Ryan, hasn't worked. For much of Bobby Valentine's tenure, now in its seventh year, the Rangers have quietly polished the roster, department by department, like a top-secret racer being assembled piecemeal. The machine may be ready for the fast track.

Valentine and general manager Tom Grieve appear to think so. They've been popping sedatives and crossing off winter days ever since watching Cincinnati's no-frills pitching staff strangle Oakland in the World Series. The indefatigable



### 3 TEXAS RANGERS



**Nolan Ryan's contribution: The entire Texas pitching staff is better because of him.**

Ryan, the AL strikeout king, and an over-the-hump Bobby Witt give them, they believe, the ideal rotation to derail the A's over the longer stretch.

In today's out-of-whack American League, where even intradivisional foes get into each other's face only 13 times, matching up well with the

prey goes only so far. The basis for Texas' optimism—reflected by a virtually stand-pat winter—is much broader. While there once was constant shuffling of the help around the isolated headliners, recently there has been the Rangers' New Math. They have continued adding without significantly subtracting. The poster boy of this longer-range approach is Pete Incaviglia, believe it or not. Soon after Inky blew into town with the subtlety of a hurricane, the Rangers recoiled in horror from holes in his game and talked of quickly dealing on this problem.

But Grieve didn't. And guess who now is a senior hub of the batting order? A strong and versatile lineup has grown around Incaviglia and third baseman Steve Buechele, who also became a starter in 1986 and has since survived being on the brink of trade.

First came Sierra, then batting title contender Rafael Palmeiro and Julio Franco. Add 1990 All-Rookie short-stop Jeff Huson. Now comes highly touted rookie Juan Gonzalez. Similar deal with the pitching staff: Hough held down the fort until Ryan moved in as the resident mentor, Witt (12 straight victories on the way to 17-10) could get the hang of it and Kevin Brown (24-19 in two years) could make it a strong trio. Back them up with a recovered Jeff Russell and look out.

Texas behaved like a team on the verge of a breakout in 1990. For years, the Rangers were known for underachievement and overmanaging. But

there's been a method to Valentine's recent madness, best characterized by his madcap waving to the bullpen. Despite a bum elbow dropping Russell from 38 to 10 saves, Bobby V. orchestrated a 37-22 record in one-run games.

In a hypothetical scenario, we don't see Oakland coming through as well without Dennis Eckersley. By extension, that makes Texas a better team, one positioned to move if all of the A's little problems grow significantly.



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Jeff Smulyan's profession is listed as "communications." Revisionism, then, must be a hobby. But this guy's pretty good at it. In a little more than a year of owning the team, he almost has Seattle convinced that George Argyros never happened. Now if Smulyan could only add mass hypnotism to his talents and do something about Seattle itself.

You remember George A., baseball's reigning clown prince of the '80s. He cavorted about town like he owned it and talked big, with Peter Ueberroth as his echo. George had a mystic talent too: He made good players disappear—usually when they were about to make good money. He exported so many of them, Congress considered slapping him with a quota until Japan grabbed its attention.

Under Argyros, a developer who erected buildings and wrecked teams, the Mariners' castoffs included Dave Henderson, Mark Langston, Mike Moore, Danny Tartabull, Ivan Calderon and Bud Black. He treated a .500 team as if it were a contagious disease. So it isn't shocking, then, that the Mariners have yet to break even in any of their 14 AL seasons.

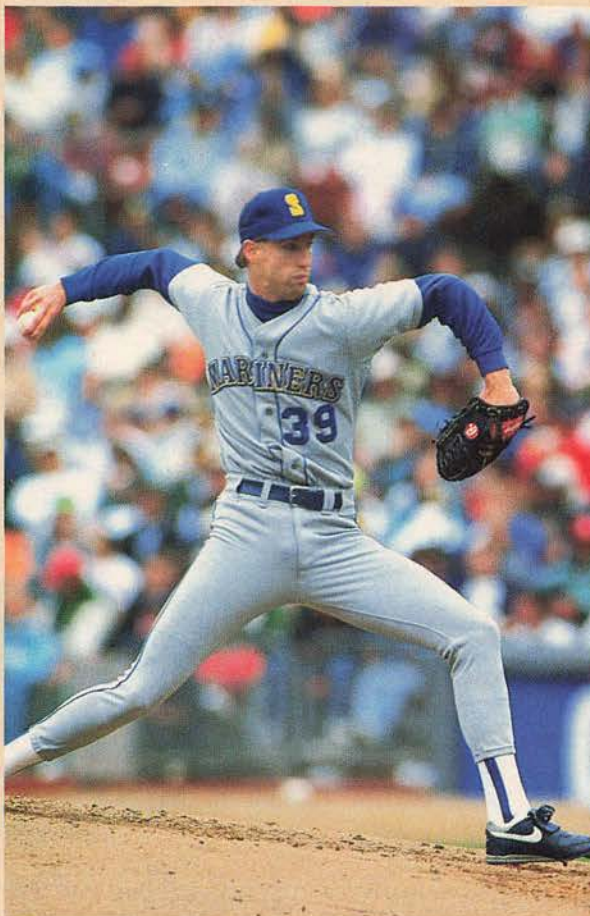
On the surface, a 77-85 record in Smulyan's first year wouldn't appear to suggest much headway. But—aha!—the Mariners had a record-long courtship with the .500 level, splitting the first 120 games, and suffered no losses of consequence after the season. Jeffrey Leonard's sneer and Matt Young's 8-18 record did depart, but to the drop of nary a tear.

The gang that thus returns is pitching rich and versatile enough to actually create a stir in the division. If it wasn't for one thing: its location. It's not the Kingdome, be it the ugliest concrete slab around, as much as the entire Northwest.

Baseball and Seattle is as good a fit as Roseanne Barr and a size 7. Seatlites can't get enthused about anything you can't catch with a hook or shoot with a rifle. When they do



## 4 SEATTLE MARINERS



**Erik Hanson's report card: The best pitcher ever developed by the still-improving Mariners.**

stumble to a game, they're lost without an "applause" sign.

The Mariners won't lack respect as visitors, however. Manager Jim Lefebvre's scheme is transparent: relying on a pitching staff that exceeded all post-Langston expectations, and supporting it with imaginative offense.

A team built around pitching defies the Kingdome, which may not be the bandbox it had been before walls were pushed back and raised but is still a place where left-field patrons are advised to bring armor. Yet the Mariners' direction is obvious: In 1990, they ranked third in the AL in ERA (3.69) and 10th in home runs (107).

The make-or-break shoulder is Scott Bankhead's. Idled by surgery last year, it is now needed to replace Young's. Lopsided record aside, Young had given Lefebvre 225 innings. The Mariners willingly gave that up after being convinced they won't be able to tell this Bankhead apart from the one who went 14-6 in '89.

Ahead of Bankhead, Seattle has a bona fide Big Three. And, hey, let's give Argyros credit for at least getting value in return for Langston: Lefty Randy Johnson and Brian Holman, two of the imports from Montreal, went 25-22 in '90. The ace, however, is Erik Hanson, coming off an 18-9 year and considered the best pitcher ever developed by this organization.

Seattle has just the right fireman to back up these starters: Mike Schooler, who has rung up 78 saves in 2½ seasons.

Lefebvre, an avowed devotee of the big game, wishes he had more of it. But he is smart enough to realize he has a better chance of outstinting opponents than outbashing them. Though rookie first baseman Tino Martinez should make up for Leonard's power input, Lefebvre feels more comfortable asking

for greater output from the legs of Harold Reynolds and Ken Griffey Jr. Greg Briley, Omar Vizquel and Henry Cotto can also steal in double figures.

The Go-Go Mariners? It has a familiar ring. But when fans raised that chant during Argyros' reign, they wanted the team to take it literally and just go. The franchise may not have turned a corner, but at least it has begun to turn some heads.



A few commissioners ago, this was a model, if monotonously dull, franchise. An ideal fit for the Midwest, which prefers its institutions predictable and homey. Starting with 1975, the Royals finished either first or second 10 out of 11 seasons. They were as close to a bona fide dynasty as the division era has seen.

Despite sinking in 1990 to their lowest depths ever (sixth place), the Royals persist as a model—for the financial insanity that gathered steam this winter.

What do you suppose possessed since-departed general manager John Schuerholz to dish out \$19 million for the Davis Boys? Storm (7-10, 4.74) had merely been an opening act for Dennis Eckersley in Oakland, and Mark (six saves) had “flash” written all over him in San Diego. While we’re in the debit column, Bret Saberhagen and Mark Gubicza broke down on new contracts totaling \$16.3 million like a just-past-warranty toaster.

Not that the Royals lost their sensibilities overnight. Remember those “lifetime” contracts given to Willie Wilson (gone), Dan Quisenberry (long gone) and George Brett (OK, so they got one right) at the peak of the glorious decade? No wonder developer Avron Fogelman bailed out after seven years as co-owner; he sought sounder ventures, such as investing in Atlantic City casinos with Donald Trump.

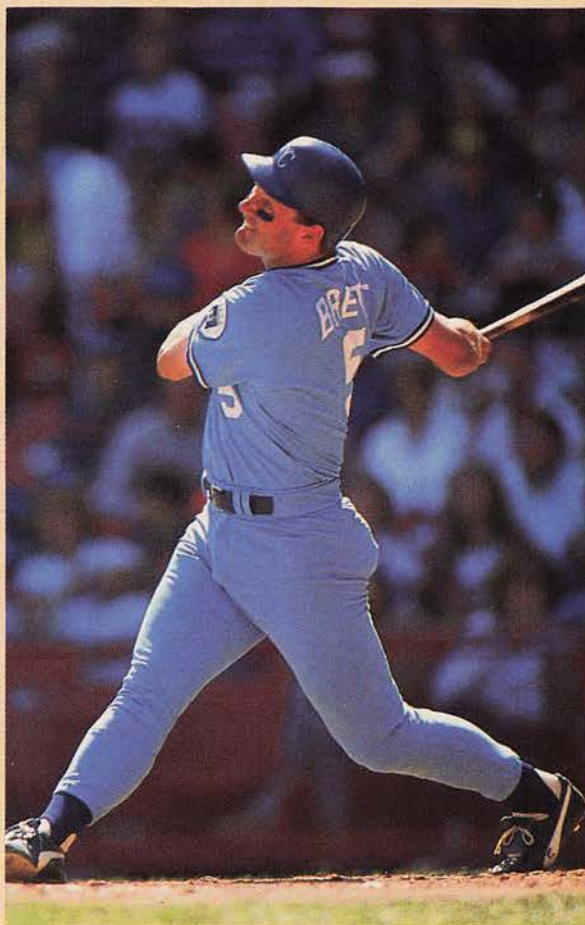
Bottom line: Kansas City comes off a season in which it led the majors in payroll (\$23,617,090) and grief. Now it tries to dig itself out with the same means that worked—and didn’t work—in the past. And there is a lot to be said for consistency, both in approach and personnel: Ewing Kaufman has owned the team since its 1968 expansion conception, Herk Robinson is only the second GM in 10 years, and John Wathan lost 86 games but not his job.

Robinson cracked the Royals’ front office 18 years ago as director of stadium operations, prompting



5

## KANSAS CITY ROYALS



**George Brett's role: Win another batting title for the Royals' back-to-the-future '91 edition.**

some snickers that the other finalist for the GM role was famed groundskeeper George Toma. Such in-house promotions, however, are a team trademark. Herk started out by signing another pitcher (Mike Boddicker) for another \$9.2 million. Gutsy

move. Then it was Herk and Kirk, as in Gibson. Interesting move.

Place the Boddicker investment in the Try, Try Again file. Gibson, fragile legs and all, fits in the Back to the Future category. What else can the Royals do but (overlooking the setbacks) build on pitching and speed, the only meaningful staples in Royals Stadium? Boddicker is the hedge against Storm Davis' continuing futility and Gubicza's rushed return. Gibson, if you can believe it, stole 26 bases in 28 attempts in his half swan season with the Dodgers.

Wilson led the '90 Royals with 24 grudging steals. He didn't want to run for Wathan and became a conspicuous victim of the manager's triumphant power play, which also had a bearing on the release of Frank White, the team's Opening Day second baseman for 15 years. Those two were considered chinks in the Royals' mental armor. A third, Danny Tartabull, is sure to follow.

So don't dwell on Gibson's battered legs or the scary image of him trying to cope defensively on Royals Stadium's fast rug. Robinson bought his attitude. Batting champ Brett has a matching passion for winning, but he had been an orphan in the locker room. Together, Kirk and George can make beautiful mayhem.

The irony of the Royals' recent free-agent lemons is that, for the most part, the team persists as one of the staunchest proponents of player development. With imports Gibson and Tartabull likely to trade places in

right field, Kansas City's lineup remains six-eighths homegrown.

That is where a portion of the high payroll comes in; the Royals have repelled raids on their talent by waving their own checkbook. But we suggest they hide it from future free agents if Boddicker turns into another bad deal. Instead, next time have Robinson whip out his American Express. That'll test its Buyer Protection Plan.



The Angels are the Brand X on the grocery shelf of baseball. Like a product whose packaging always changes but its contents do not, they are perpetually marked "New And Improved." But anything that must always appeal through improvement cannot, by definition, ever be good enough.

And so it is with California, 0 for 30 years in pennants, a lifetime dubious achievement record. The Angels are still playing one-step-forward, two-steps-back. Three times in their history, they have broken through futility for more than 90 victories. Each surge was followed by a sub-.500 season. Such a convincingly damnable trend is no accident.

The Angels are incapable of targeting a plan and then faithfully sticking to it. When it comes to concentrating on a program, they have the attention span of Bart Simpson in class. They'll swear allegiance to young prospects, then place deadlines on them clocked by an egg timer. Then they'll reach for the next free agent and discard a prospect. The Angels throw in more towels than a poolside attendant; they lack conviction and perseverance. Put it this way: If the Angels had been at Kitty Hawk, we'd now all be collecting Frequent Rider miles on Amtrak.

Contrary to popular impressions, the Angels have never really sworn off buying players on the open market. What they have occasionally done is join Free Agency Anonymous.

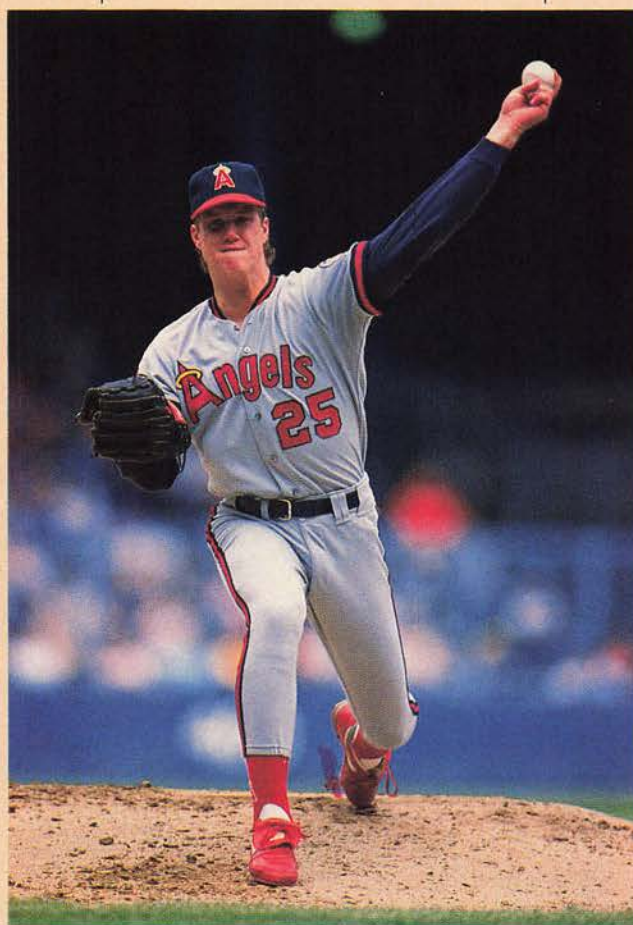
Shopping Spree No. 1 (Joe Rudi, Bobby Grich, Don Baylor) brought the first division title, in 1979. Two .400 seasons later came Spree No. 2 (Reggie Jackson) and titles in 1982 and 1986. Another ebb, another cash flow (Chili Davis, Mark Langston). But no immediate payoff this time.

For that, blame the powerful Oakland A's? Angels manager Doug Rader knows better. He blames all the organizational vacillations of the past



6

CALIFORNIA  
ANGELS



Jim Abbott's task: Stay steady on an ever-changing Angels team.

for today's hodgepodge.

Rader is a throwback in the area of player relations (the team that rags together, stays together), and he's no genius innovator. His three-step program for a solid foundation is scouting, player development and increased emphasis on Latin Ameri-

can talent. The first two are downright archaic, and the last has keyed the successes of certain organizations—Pittsburgh, Brooklyn-L.A., Toronto—since the early '50s.

And darned if the Angels didn't undergo a Latino makeover in the off-season. Their pivotal acquisition was a package of Junior Felix and Luis Sojo from the Blue Jays. They'll join Luis Polonia, placing three Latin American-born players in a lineup that has had one such regular (Rod Carew) in the last 12 years.

See how the Angels tend to go about things? When deciding on a new approach, they attack full-bore. No groundwork or gradual implementation for this team.

There's no continuity save venerable owner Gene Autry, whose name has grown synonymous with O'Malley in the patriarch league. There's no sentiment, the leadoff requirement for any team tradition. Never mind the cool severance of Nolan Ryan, 12 years and 135 wins ago. Look at today: A team of migrants finally had a chance to deal honorably with a dean; instead, 13-year Angel Brian Downing was slapped atop the bench for the first half of last season (and hit .338 for a month when unchained), then released after it.

One other thing the Angels don't have is an incentive to win. Cuddled in the corporate lap of opulent Orange County, this is one weirdly blessed franchise. One of the most astounding things we've ever seen in baseball were the 33,000

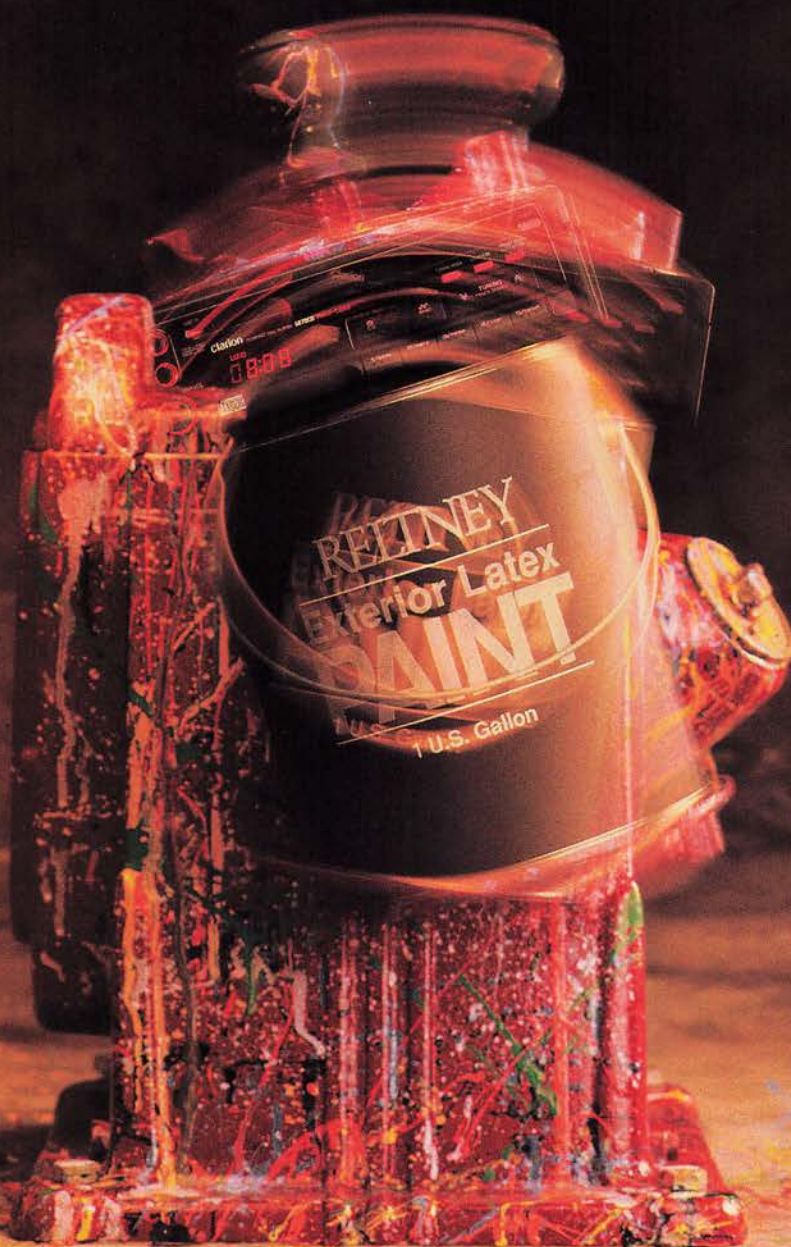
fans regularly flocking to Anaheim Stadium in 1987, when a dreary last-place team actually *outdrew* the previous year's exciting division champions by 40,407. Of such insanity is born the complacency unabashedly projected by all, from the front office down to the clubhouse.

Gene Autry's passion for baseball nirvana aside, there's simply too much fool's gold for the Angels to ever grab the brass ring.

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Baseball fans, don't let your bankers grow up to be club owners. Gene Autry's wife, Jackie, was one, and look what's happened to the Angels. Twins proprietor Carl Pohlad is one, and look at the ashy remains of a team that only four seasons ago was a World Series champ.

The hang-up that bankers have with baseball is they like to make money. Even if they don't need the income. A bee makes honey, and a banker makes money. It's a natural instinct. But everyone knows you can't make a baseball buck and remain competitive at the same time. Given that choice, a banker will take seventh place any day.

Profit and pennants certainly are mutually exclusive in a small market such as the Twin Cities, which antes precious little local broadcast fees into the salary pool. Attendance, even with its astounding history in the cozy Metrodome, only bankrolls the going rate for incumbent talent. For the improvements required to keep pace with the competition, Pohlad would have to dig into his pockets.

And we already know a banker will eat worms before he does that.

The Twins' previous longtime owner was Calvin Griffith. In all fairness, Pohlad isn't even in the same tightwad league. Cal, bless his traditional and miserly heart, couldn't adapt to baseball's changing economics or even stomach them. His policy on players moving into big-buck territory—arbitration, free agency—was to negotiate, all right. Negotiate a trade.

Pohlad, at least, has tried. In 1984, he undertook a team about to bolt apathetic Minnesota and turned it into the AL's first three-million-fan gate attraction a mere four years later. And Pohlad's regime, implemented by boyish general manager Andy MacPhail, fought valiantly to sustain the success on the field and at the gate.

It was a doomed project. The Twins, swallowing hard, consented



## 7 MINNESOTA TWINS



**Kirby Puckett's fate: All-around excellent play on a cellar-doomed Twins team.**

to offer market-price contracts. But they had to be selective. The marquee names in a batting order perceived as the team's calling card—Kirby Puckett, Kent Hrbek, Gary Gaetti—got them. Bert Blyleven, Frank Viola, Jeff Reardon—pitchers, always considered an accessory in the Matchboxdome—didn't.

Inevitably, the Twins turned into the Buster Douglas of their sport. Only they couldn't retire into wealth on that one lucky 1987 punch. Attendance fell nearly 800,000 in 1989 and another 500,000 in 1990. With such a harrowing loss of revenue, the Twins couldn't match the escalating market when Gaetti was blessed with new-look free agency, forcing even the core of the team to begin to unravel.

Factor a dry farm system into the Twins' inability to compete with the free market, and their prospects for soon escaping the cellar are dim indeed.

The leading hope for 1991 is more like a prayer: Can Reardon Lightning strike again? Minnesota leaped in one giant step from have-not to heaven in 1987 after it accepted Montreal's relief excess and rode The Bearded One's 31 saves to the top. Is *deja vu* possible now with Steve Bedrosian?

Don't count on it. Reardon had filled the Twins' only obvious weakness. Shoot, Minnesota had a 32-save man last year, Rick Aguilera. All Bedrosian does is free Aguilera to switch to the rotation, where he'll have to prove himself all over again.

If manager Tom Kelly and MacPhail regarded 1987 as an offensive triumph, they grossly missed the point. Blyleven and Viola were the pivots. Today's pitching is a mess beyond Kevin Tapani, a 12-game winner, and Scott Erickson, whose 5-0 September raised visions of a strong, young one-two punch.

The other type of punch? The Twins fell all the way to the bottom of the league in homers (100). *And that was with Gaetti.* The injury-prone Hrbek tends to make guest appearances in the lineup, and there's serious doubt about Puckett's ability to ever again impersonate a power hitter. Journeymen such as Brian Harper, Dan Gladden and Shane Mack round out the lineup. For true Twins fans, those Homer Hankies whirled during the 1987 World Series have turned into crying towels.

MITCHELL B. REIBEL



They'll have to find a new nickname for Pat Gillick. Stand Pat just won't stand up anymore.

The Blue Jays GM, a long-time refusenik to the world of swaps and signings, became a wheeling-and-dealing monster this winter, busting up his club with a "four-star" blockbuster trade with the Padres, a four-player trade with the Angels and bulking up with three free-agent signings—their first *in seven years*.

When the smoke cleared, the Blue Jays were minus outfielders George Bell and Junior Felix, shortstop Tony Fernandez and first baseman Fred McGriff. They were plus outfielders Joe Carter and Devon White, second baseman Roberto Alomar, DH Pat Tabler, and pitchers Ken Dayley and Willie Fraser.

The big question is: Why did Gillick finally pull the trigger? The likely answer is: Gillick, like everyone else in Toronto, just (1) tired of having the best talent in the division for years but winning only twice in 14 seasons (and never making it to the World Series); (2) became fed up with the players' constant bickering and complaining; and (3) sickened of all the late-season folds.

"Our parts fit together better now," he says. "We have better defense and speed and a little more leadership. We've won a lot of games over the years, I know, but sometimes you need a recharge."

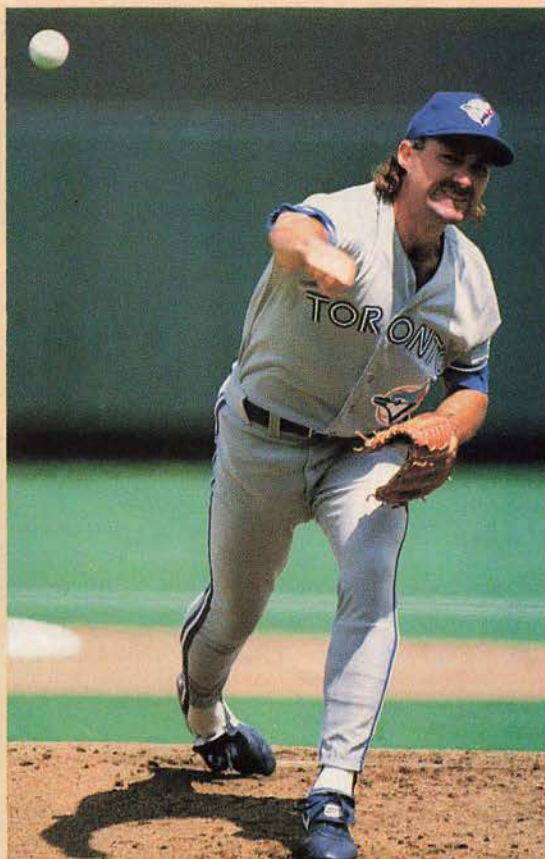
The Blue Jays, winners of at least 86 games in each of the last eight seasons, are a perfect example of how attitude and chemistry win more division titles than pitching and defense. How else to explain why the Jays finished as also-rans so often while less-talented teams stole the division crowns.

The hushed word around the league for years was that the Jays had "weird chemistry" and "bad attitudes." Insiders said there were too many disruptive influences, too many introverts, too many whiners, too many cliques. The result was a team that, emotionally more than physically, wore itself down by mid-



1

TORONTO  
BLUE JAYS



Dave Stieb's goal: Remain the ace on a better all-around Toronto team.

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season, then tore itself apart down the stretch. The Blue Jays didn't choke all those Septembers; their nerves were just shot.

Mild-mannered manager Cito Gaston, who calmed the team's self-destructive tendencies in '89 to win the division, didn't have enough push to prevent a slide in 1990. His team's pitching and hitting were depressingly inconsistent, his outfield defense incredibly weak, and the players treated the execution of fundamentals like an execution—with their eyes closed. They missed signs, screwed up bunts, messed up hit-and-runs and ran themselves into big outs in big innings.

They did all the big things: leading the league in runs scored, slugging percentage, total bases; they were second in homers. But they forgot the smallest of all the little things—coming in dead last in sacrifice hits with an unfathomable total of 18.

But with the mad flurry of acquisitions, all this changes significantly.

The outfield loses its worst fielders (Bell and Felix) and adds one magician (White) and one who's above-average (Carter). The lineup loses power but adds two switch hitters who can also bunt and run (Alomar and White). The bullpen adds one of the best left-handed set-up men in the business (Dayley).

Moreover, the trading of McGriff opens the way for last year's impressive rookie part-timer, John Olerud, to get 500-plus at-bats as the everyday first baseman, and the acquisition of Dayley allows left-handed reliever-turned-starter David Wells to stay in the rotation. Many scouts think Wells is a sleeper who'll win big in '91, if not become the eventual ace of a group that includes Dave Stieb.

Yes, Gillick filled all the holes and then some, producing a team so gifted and balanced that they should win the division by at least 10 games. But if they don't, if they underachieve their way to second place again, then Machine Gun Gillick will just do some more busting up next winter.



The Red Sox were the King of the Mediocrities last year, drilling home the point with absolute finality that you don't need to be very good to win the AL East. You just need an unbeatable starter, something they had in abundance with Roger Clemens.

Even with Clemens (21-6 and a major-league-leading 1.93 ERA), the Red Sox won the division with the lowest winning percentage (.543) ever by an AL East champ and beat the crestfallen Blue Jays by a measly two games. But without Clemens, Boston was an ugly 67-68.

Pitching coach Bill Fischer described last year's starting rotation, aside from Clemens and the since-departed Mike Boddicker, as "Elmer's Glue, bobby pins and Band-Aids," and less than a month before clinching the title, catcher Tony Pena referred to his teammates as a bunch of quitters.

Now does this sound like the stuff of champions?

To their credit, and in deference to Pena's untimely blurt, the Red Sox did what they had to: they beat up on the East (50-28), won at home (51-30) and won the close games (48-34 in games decided by two runs or less). They just didn't have enough to beat the clearly out-of-their-league A's, who swept them in the ALCS for the second time in three years—and outscored them, 20-4.

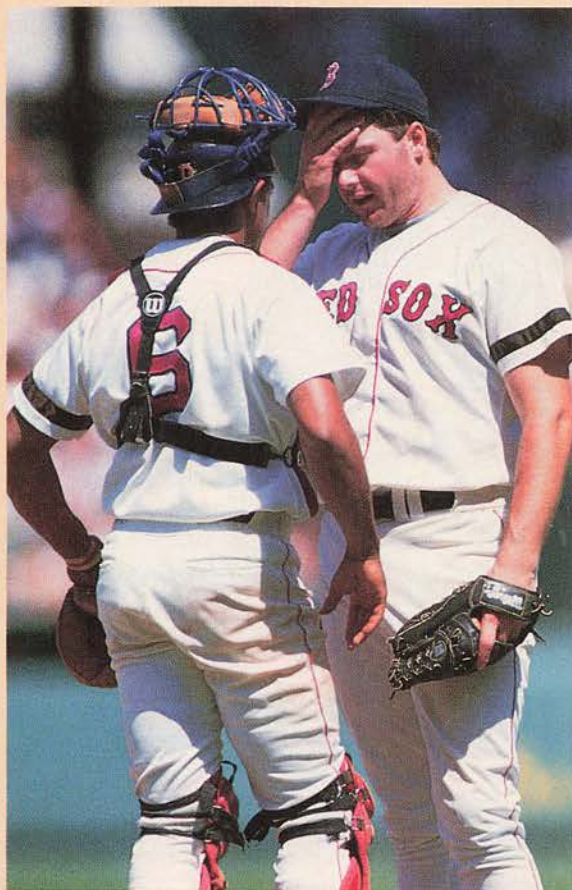
Despite signing three high-priced free agents (Jack Clark, Matt "Don't Call Me Cy" Young and Danny Darwin), the Red Sox come off as slightly more inferior after failing to re-sign Boddicker, their super reliable No. 2 starter.

After losing Boddicker to the Royals early in the off-season, they scrambled the rest of the winter to replace him, eventually spending more than \$18 million for Darwin and Young.

Manager Joe Morgan drooled over the Young deal as if it were the signing of the Magna Carta. Could someone please explain Young's appeal and why so many teams panted over him during the Winter Meetings? In



## 2 BOSTON RED SOX



**Roger Clemens' thoughts: Remind the world what he really is—Boston's automatic 20-game winner.**

eight major-league seasons, with three different teams, Young has an utterly unattractive career record of 51-78. So what's the deal?

"He's a guy who's ready to turn the corner," Morgan says with a straight face. Turn the corner? Say it ain't so, Joe. Young is 32 years old!

On the flip side, the 35-year-old Darwin is a useful pitcher coming off back-to-back 11-4 seasons with the Astros. Used mostly in relief those last two years, he went 9-3 in 17 starts last season and finished with the NL's best ERA (2.21).

In the bullpen, Jeff Reardon, who saved 21 games last season despite missing more than a month with back problems, and late-season pickup Larry Andersen formed a gritty and effective 1-2 punch. But Andersen left the club through free agency and Reardon is prime for a breakdown (35 years old and less than eight months removed from back surgery). Add to this the fact that

their best left-handed reliever, Rob Murphy, was 0-6 with a 6.32 ERA, and you have to wonder whether they'll have enough depth to withstand the late innings.

The real strength of the Red Sox is offense. They may run in slow motion (the team leader in steals, Ellis Burks, had a grand total of nine), but they can flat out hit—from top to bottom.

Wade Boggs, even in an off year, hit .302; Jody Reed hit .289 and tied for the major-league lead in doubles (45); Mike Greenwell, hampered by a sore ankle all season, still hit .297; Carlos Quintana, in his first full season, hit .287; and Burks, the closest the club has to a power-speed threat, hit .296 with 21 home runs.

They easily finished with baseball's best batting average (.272), and by having Tom Brunansky from the get-go this season and adding both new-look free-agent basher

Clark and highly touted first baseman Mo Vaughn (.295, 22 homers at Triple-A last year), they promise to exhibit more brute force.

This unyielding attack, combined with Clemens' automatic 20-plus victories, will keep the Red Sox in the hunt until the end. The rest of pitching staff, which somehow averted impending disaster last year, will finally succumb to the Laws of Nature and invariably drop-kick the team into its rightful second-place spot.

BRYAN YABLONSKY



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The Orioles concentrated so hard on duplicating their winning formula of the 1970's (pitching and defense), they nearly forgot about Earl Weaver's all-time favorite weapon—the three-run homer.

The Orioles, in lieu of guys such as Boog Powell and Frank Robinson, Bird Belters of summers past, were again set to try and frighten people with the likes of Cal Ripken Jr. and Randy Milligan, a combination that only mustered enough power for a brownout.

But late into the off-season, the cavalry charged over the hill in the form of Astros slugger Glenn Davis, coming over in a trade that sent starter Pete Harnisch, reliever Curt Schilling and outfielder Steve Finley to Houston.

Davis, one of baseball's five best power hitters, instantly transforms the Orioles from a scrawny, third-place also-ran into a muscular title contender.

Ripken needed the Davis trade as much as the Orioles did. Even though he led the club with 21 homers last season, he saw his batting average sink to a career-low .250, and he later referred to 1990 as his "toughest, most frustrating" year at the plate, the result of trying too hard to do too much for too long.

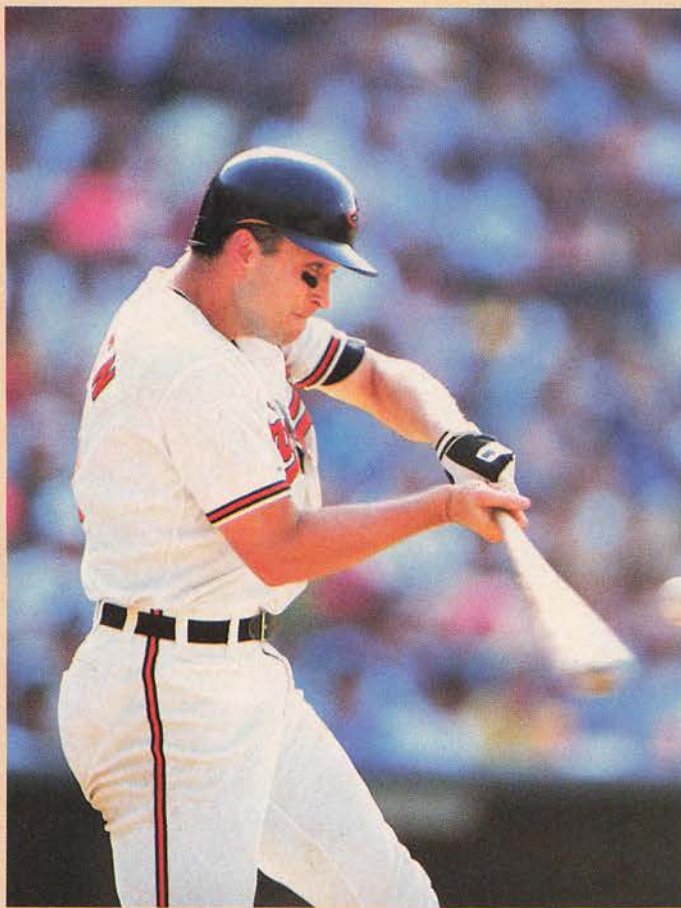
Clearly headed for a burnout, Ripken couldn't tolerate another season with Milligan as his sole protector in the lineup. And beyond Milligan, another option wasn't going to emerge. The three outfielders—Finley, Joe Orsulak and Mike Devereaux—combined for a piddling 26 homers; the leading DH, Sam Horn, hit only 14; third baseman Craig Worthington hit eight; second baseman Billy Ripken hit three; and catcher Mickey Tettleton (now with Detroit) dropped from 26 homers in '89 to 15.

Ownership's tightfistedness kept the club from making any real headway this winter, passing on a slew of



3

## BALTIMORE ORIOLES



Cal Ripken Jr.'s relief: Glenn Davis should take some of the power pressure off his shoulders.

high-priced free-agent boppers—George Bell, Jack Clark, Rob Deer and Tom Brunansky—while lamely settling for a bargain-basement one (\$1 million for one year) in 39-year-old Dwight Evans. His chances of surpassing that this season are slim.

The Orioles also had, as their last resort, third-base prospect Leo Gomez, who hit 26 homers and drove in 97 runs at Triple-A Rochester last year. But that was too iffy. Says Robinson: "We can't expect a thing out of Gomez until he does something on the major-league level. He hasn't even made the lineup yet."

If they had to, the pitching and defense were prepared to act as bodyguards for this "97-pound weakling" offense. It's the same pitching and defense that made the Orioles the surprise team in 1989 (an amazing turnaround from a 107-game loser in 1988 to an 87-game winner). Except add to the equation one Ben McDonald, the gifted and wildly publicized No. 1 draft pick in June '89.

With only 15 major-league starts behind him, the 23-year-old McDonald is already the ace. By the end of '91, he'll be the second-best starter in the division, behind only Roger Clemens.

"The kid has five pitches but needs only one working on any particular day to win," Robinson says. "Now that's talent."

Big Ben towers over an up-and-coming rotation that has an average age of 27—Bob Milacki (26), Jeff Ballard (27), Jeff Robinson (29) and Dave Johnson (31). Jose Mesa (24) and Anthony Telford (25), two guys who pitched well down the stretch, are ready to move into the first available crack. The only problem is they're all

right-handed.

Even their two best relievers—closer Gregg Olson and Mark Williamson—are right-handed. But in McDonald and Olson, they have the keys to a division title, if not a pennant: legitimate stoppers in both the rotation and bullpen.

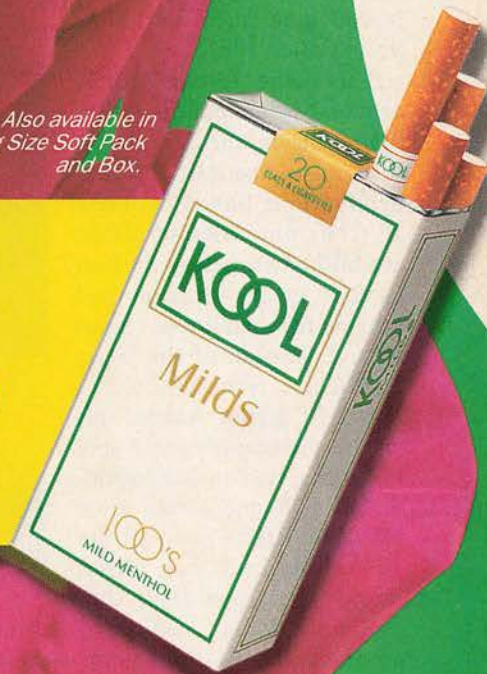
The Orioles probably don't have enough depth to beat the Blue Jays, but they're going to be a tough sparing partner till the last round.





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Those poor Indians.

They keep trading big-name players (Julio Franco in 1988, Joe Carter in 1989, Cory Snyder in 1990), they keep finishing in the back of the division (no better than fourth place in 22 years, no pennants in 36 years), and they keep coming up with new headaches.

In the last couple of years, the Indians' problems have completely flip-flopped. Their pitching staff fell from the league's fifth-best (3.65) in '89 to 13th (4.26). Offensively, they were forced to take a new initiative, building a reasonably effective but highly unpredictable action attack of hit-and-runs, squeezes and stolen bases.

At the core of this energetic offense was speedster Alex Cole, who was acquired from the Padres at the All-Star break last season and moved almost immediately into the leadoff spot. In a flash of only 63 games, Cole accumulated a season's worth of numbers, hitting a surprising .300, reaching base at a .379 clip (fourth best for an AL leadoff man) and stealing 40 bases (including a club-record five in one game). He gave the club their first legitimate leadoff man since Brett Butler left after 1987.

Three other former Padres, acquired seven months earlier than Cole in the Joe Carter deal, also brought inflated production: Sandy Alomar Jr. (.290, nine HRs, 66 RBIs) established himself as the best catcher in the division and became the unanimous choice for AL Rookie of the Year; DH Chris James (.299, 12 HRs, 70 RBIs) hustled his way to the league's ninth spot in batting; and rookie infielder Carlos Baerga (.260, seven HRs, 47 RBIs), a small but powerfully built gap hitter, improved in leaps along the way.

But the Indians' offense this time around will have to get along without homers. With Snyder traded to the White Sox and Candy Maldonado, who led the club with 22 homers and 95 RBIs, gone via free agency, the Indians are left with Brook Jacoby, a



4

CLEVELAND  
INDIANS



**Doug Jones' ranking: The Indians' closer is one of the league's five best.**

borderline power hitter with only 14 homers last year, as their leading threat.

That means the Indians will re-

quire even more imagination (far more than outdated manager John McNamara is capable of giving them). That also means if the Indians are going to win, they'll have to do it by scores of 4-3 and 3-2. Which then means the pitching will have to perform a lot better than it did last year.

And that may be asking too much.

The bullpen is strong with closer Doug Jones, one of baseball's five best relievers. But the once-promising rotation of Bud Black, Greg Swindell, Tom Candiotti and John Farrell has fallen apart at the cross-seams. Black was traded last September to Toronto, then he rejected the Indians' free-agent advances and signed with the Giants; Swindell,

though rarely healthy for a full season, doesn't live up to expectations when he is; Candiotti, at 33, has already started to miss turns with injuries; and Farrell, projected as a 20-game winner three years ago, spends more time these days on the DL than on the mound.

The addition of 26-year-old right-hander Eric King, who came to the club with mediocre middle reliever Shawn Hillegas in the Snyder deal, only brings another young pitcher who can't seem to log innings. Granted, King has an exceptional career record (42-28), but he has never pitched more than 159⅓ innings in any one of his five big-league seasons.

"We may not have the most talent, but what we have is a group of young, aggressive players who really love to play," McNamara says. "And that accounts for something."

No doubt Cole will cause a stir with his running amok on the base paths, Alomar and Baerga will continue to improve with experience, and

Jones will save upward of 35 games. But at season's end, the Indians will be in the same predicament: buried near the bottom of the division and burdened with yet another headache (zero power). And the future's dimming, since they're running out of big-name players to trade.

RON VESELY



Entering the second year of Sparky Anderson's three-year plan (respectability/contention/first place), the Tigers seem more poised for entry into the Senior League than a run at the division title.

They aren't getting any better; they're just getting older.

Just check out the ages of these guys: Lou Whitaker and Alan Trammell, the middle of the infield, are 33; outfielder Chet Lemon is 36; catcher Mickey Tettleton is 30; outfielder Lloyd Moseby is 31; and the starting rotation—not including 37-year-old Frank Tanana, who can't really pitch anymore—has an average age of 32.

Third baseman Travis Fryman (22) and first baseman Cecil Fielder (27) are the only regulars under 30, and other than outfielder Milt Cuyler and starter Scott Aldred, *there's not a prospect in sight.*

You have to wonder, even should these guys stay in the race, if they'll have enough fire for the September stretch. And what about 1992 and beyond?

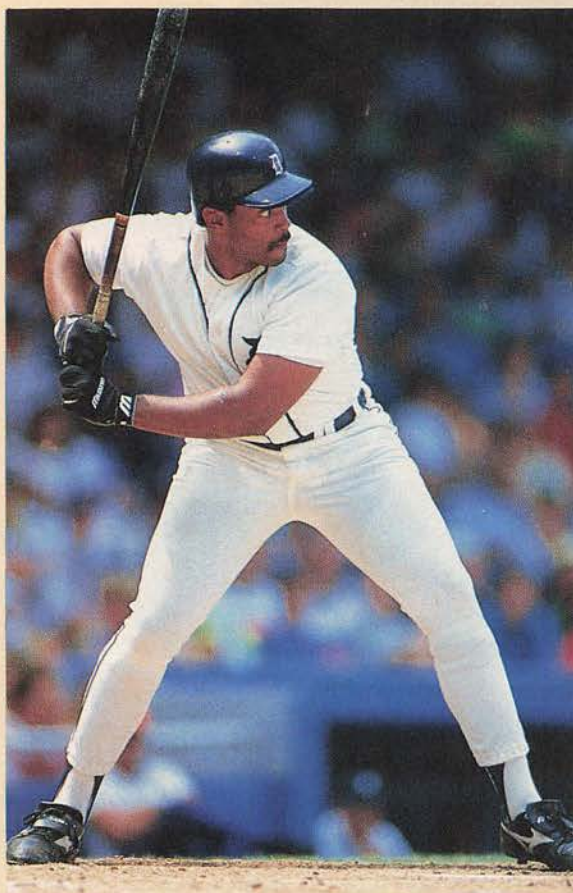
"I'm not concerned about our age," says Anderson, the managing Methuselah.

But if his growing gray-beards don't bother him, then the pitching staff must—even with the addition of free-agent starter Bill Gullickson, who hasn't won more than 10 games in the majors since 1987. The staff isn't just old; *it's bad.* The team ERA has been the highest in the league for two straight seasons.

The rotation consists of a bunch of retreads and has-beens whose ERAs read like something off a Richter scale (none had an ERA under 4.45 last year). Right-handed ace Jack Morris, the winningest pitcher of the '80s, made an early move on becoming the losingest pitcher of the '90s, going 15-18 with a 4.51 ERA. Dan Petry (4.45) and the once-promising Jeff Robinson (5.96 ERA), now with the Orioles, both eked out 10-9 seasons. And Walt "The Terrible" Terrell, picked up last year after the Pirates released his 2-7 record, and Brian DuBois (3-5, 5.09) not only



## 5 DETROIT TIGERS



**Cecil Fielder's encore: Nobody's expecting 51 dingers; but then again, nobody was last year either.**

have journeymen stuff, but they have wince-provoking numbers to back it up.

The fragile bullpen committee of Mike Henneman, Jerry Don Gleaton and Edwin Nunez, which worked overtime last season to save their inept starters from disaster, should

shatter now that Nunez has bolted through free agency.

The only thing going for the pitchers is they'll have plenty of runs with which to work. Last year, Detroit scored a whopping 750 runs, third highest in the major leagues.

The offense was mostly Fielder, a failed Blue Jay during his first major-league stint who returned from a year's stay in the Japanese League to hit a major-league-leading 51 homers and drive in 132 runs. But is Fielder the real thing or just another product made in Japan?

The Tigers, anticipating a Fielder tail-off, bought some power insurance, as well as lineup protection for Fielder, by signing free-agent dinger meister Rob Deer, who led the Brewers in homers the last five seasons. Fielder and Deer, the all-or-nothing-at-all twins, should combine for nearly 70 homers—and 350 strikeouts. But with Trammell, who experienced a renaissance last year (.304, 89 RBIs), the trio forms the most fearsome meat of an order in the division.

But the lineup, which tilts even further to the right than last year, still doesn't have a reliable leadoff hitter or a consistent left-handed threat. Whitaker, the core of the club's left-handed attack for years, hit 18 homers but saw his average dip to .237.

"All in all, I feel good about our club, but I don't feel positive," Anderson says. "We just can't compete with the talent of some of the other teams."

Usually given to wild hyperbole, Anderson showed terrific restraint last season by predicting a middle-of-the-pack finish for 1990. But what he

ended up with was a level better: third place and an encouraging 20-win improvement over the previous dismal season. Still, as Sparky puts it, "Improving on improvement won't be easy."

So where do the Tigers go from here? Can they buy more time for their guys way, way down on the farm? Can the Over-Thirty Club keep from keeling over? Or is this the decaying portrait of Dorian Gray?



# Some options

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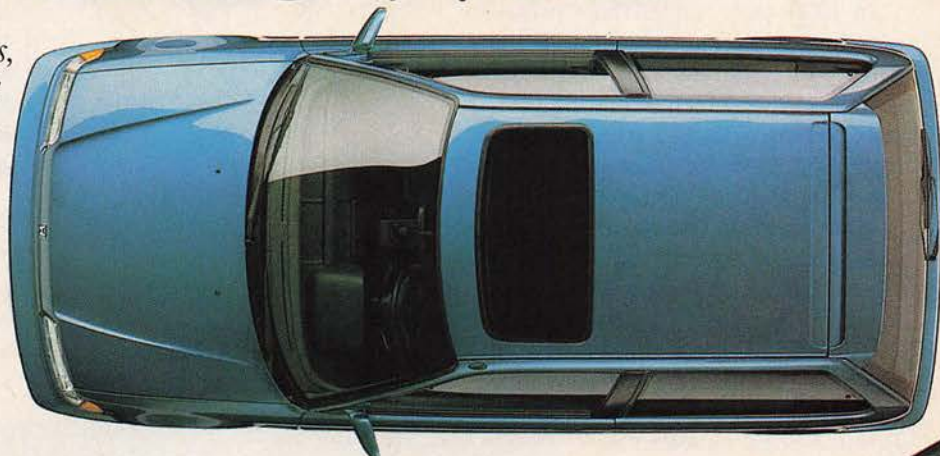


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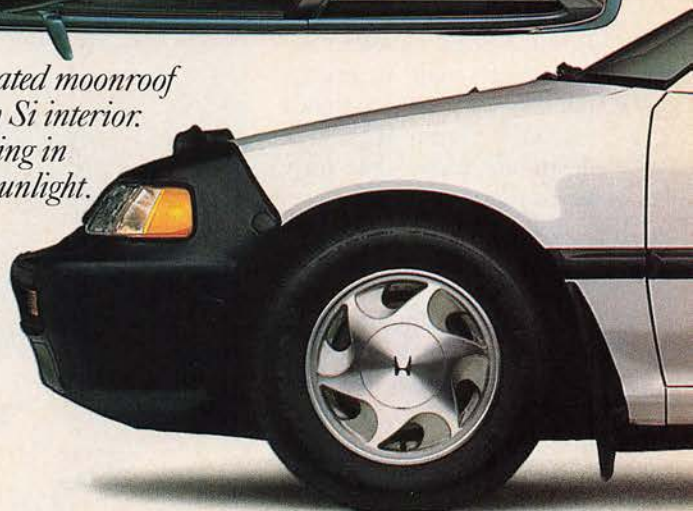
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just want to stay home  
and wash the car.*



People often say that baseball, despite its complex physical demands, is a simple game. All you do is throw the ball, hit the ball and catch the ball.

Try convincing the Brewers.

In 1990, they turned those principles into something resembling the Theory of Relativity, hitting a rally-killing .259 with men in scoring position, coming within 13 errors of averaging one error per game and allowing a league-high 760 runs to score.

And during the winter, they chilled, doing nothing but preserving the status quo. They signed free-agent outfielder Franklin Stubbs, which only covered up the loss of free-agent outfielder Rob Deer; they signed free-agent set-up man Edwin Nunez, a good reliever but far from an impact pitcher; and they re-signed ace starter Teddy Higuera, a desperate move that only keeps them out of last.

Once the division's up-and-coming team of the '80s, with a lauded farm system loaded with prospects, the Brewers have become the down-and-out team of the '90s, thin on both the major- and high minor-league levels and on a steady downward spiral since 1987, falling from 91 victories to 87 to 81 to 74.

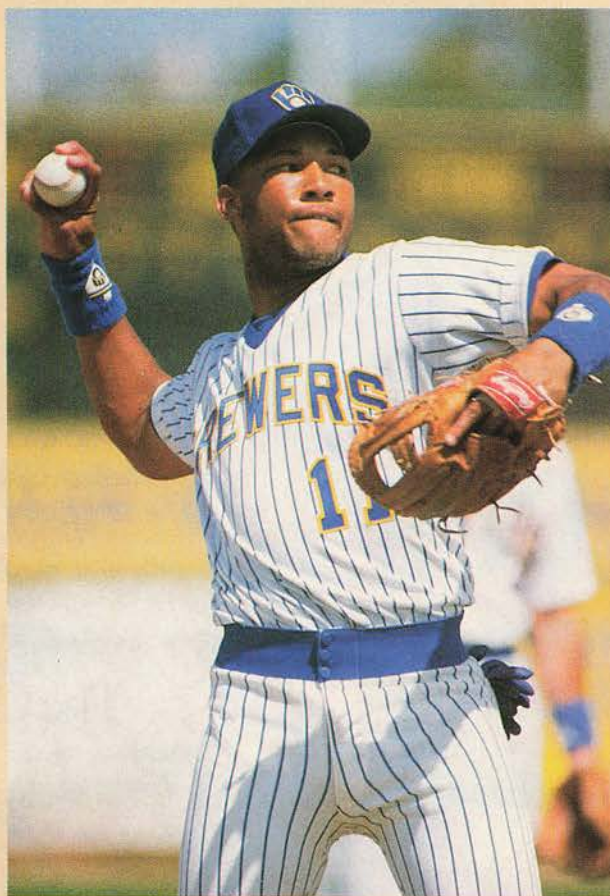
The most flagrant flaw of this flawed team is the defense. The Brewers play defense leading with their chins, producing the league's worst fielding percentage for two straight years. The main culprits are third baseman Gary Sheffield (25 errors) and the shortstop tandem of Bill Spiers and Edgar Diaz (26 errors combined), but even the most casual of finger pointers can spot the thumbs all over the field.

"The defense is killing us," manager Tom Trebelhorn says. "It's burying us early in games and botching the close ones late."

While not excusing his fielders, Trebelhorn thinks the horrid defense is mostly the result of inconsistent pitching.



## 6 MILWAUKEE BREWERS



**Gary Sheffield's shoulders: They're weighted with the burden of high expectations.**

"If we could locate pitches better and have more advantageous counts, our fielders wouldn't be so out of synch," he says. "We're constantly fielding balls in the hole and throwing off balance."

The pitching starts with Higuera, who, if healthy, is a legitimate ace.

Problem is, he hasn't been healthy for two seasons, suffering from a bruised knee and groin pulls, so he's won only 11 games. Beyond Higuera, there's not a single starter who's a lock for double-digit wins. Chris Bosio can't win a game after April (3-0, 1.39 in April last year, 1-9 after that), and the rest of the rotation—Ron Robinson, Jaime Navarro, Mark Knudson and Bill Wegman—is as inspiring as flat beer.

The rotation actually began falling apart three years ago, when Juan Nieves, the team's brightest pitching prospect, blew out his shoulder. Nieves, who pitched a no-hitter in '87 and won 25 games in his first two seasons, could've been the ace by now. Instead, released by the club during the off-season, he's now throwing lame 70-mph fastballs and seems on the verge of retirement.

The once-tough bullpen of left-handed ace Dan Plesac and right-handed set-up man Chuck Crim was expected to bail out the starters but instead was responsible for blowing too many games in the late innings. Plesac blew 11 of 34 save opportunities, and Crim could barely get an out in the first half.

Offensively, guys such as Robin Yount, Dave Parker, Paul Molitor and Sheffield bring considerably more potential. But, like the pitching staff, there's not a sure thing among them. Yount (1989 MVP) is coming off his worst season ever (.227 with men in scoring position, .247 overall), Parker (.289, 21 HRs, 92 RBIs) turns 40 in June, Molitor (.285) is returning from another injury-riddled season and Sheffield (.294) is given to bouts of moodiness.

So what's the lowdown?

Well, the Brewers have always been a tough club to gauge. Pick them first, they finish third. Pick them third, they finish fourth. But, in the last couple of years, they have leveled off into predictability. It's safe now to pick them for sixth and never look back.

PAUL JASIEŃSKI



You'd think with George Steinbrenner expunged from their system, the Yankees would enjoy their newfound liberation and flex their withered muscles to the max.

But noooooooo.

Instead of taking a smart and firm direction of regenerating this cadaverous franchise with youth (now that they have the chance), the Bombers simply continue crisscrossing to nowhere, their upper offices more chaotic than ever with the underlings of different mindsets—GM Gene Michael and VP George Bradley—tearing at Steinbrenner's lost power.

The result is a split decision: one foot stuck into rebuilding with youth (the logical track) and the other into contending with veterans (an insanity that's nothing less than a lingering infection of Steinbrenner's win-every-season-at-all-costs mentality).

Even a conservative estimate has the Yankees at least six players (two starters, a closer, third baseman, shortstop and catcher) away from being a front-line club. So what's the point of pretending to contend, guys?

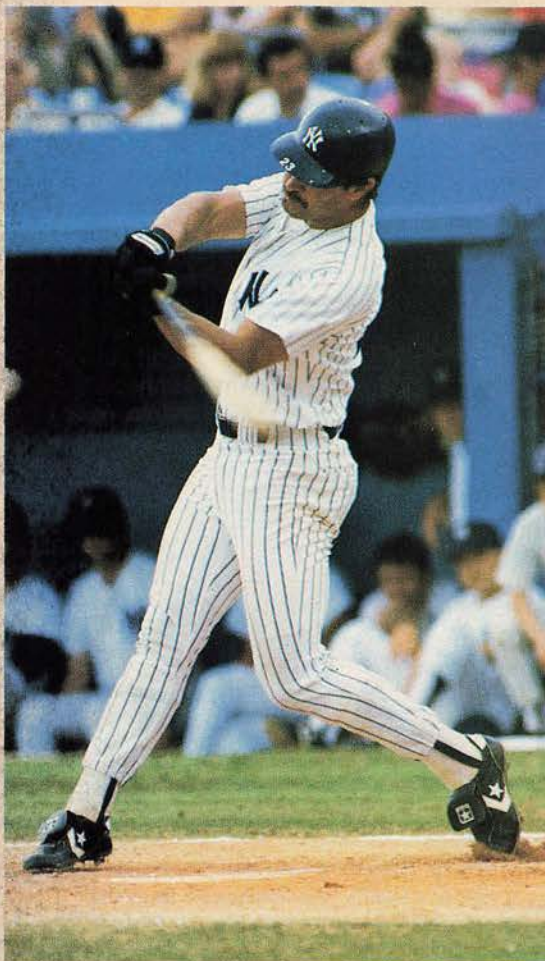
The starting arms, for one, are the shortest in the league. Re-signed free-agent right-hander Tim Lary, a 19-game loser with only one winning season in his nine-year career, is the ace-by-default. Mike Witt, who's coming off elbow problems and hasn't had a good season since 1987, is the paltry No. 2 man. Then, between the other starting wanna-be's (Chuck Cary, Andy Hawkins, Greg Cadaret, Dave Eiland, Pascual Perez and free-agent signee Scott Sanderson), they'll be lucky to squeeze out 30 victories.

And if the pitching is more than suspect, the hitting should be arrested. The Yankees' offense can be downright *offensive* most of the time, a lineup dragged down by clutchless hitters who apparently never learned the lesson of "a walk's as good as a hit." Their walk and run totals were the lowest in the league, their on-base percentage the lowest in the majors, and they hit a psyche-crushing .234



7

NEW YORK  
YANKEES



Don Mattingly's comeback: What's left of the pride of the Yankees depends on it.

with runners in scoring position. All of which translated into a lot of solo homers, a lot of empty two-out hits and a lot of futility.

Michael promises a smarter of-

fense, if not an improved one. "We'll learn to get on base, or else," he says. "We won't tolerate guys wild-swinging anymore. We're going to instill in these guys, early in spring training, the value of patience and knowledge of the strike zone."

The problem extends from leadoff man Roberto Kelly to ninth-place hitter Alvaro Espinoza, both of whom act like they're middle-of-the-order hitters. And cleanup man Jesse Barfield, who swings at anything in fair territory, strikes out too often in big situations.

Faithful to Yankee tradition, the hope of the offense lies in a pair of left-handed strong men—Don Mattingly, who's coming back from a severe back injury and his worst season ever, and Kevin Maas, the runner-up for last year's Rookie of the Year Award. If Mattingly, who missed 60 games, can return with his usual numbers (.300, 25 HRs, 110 RBIs instead of last year's .256, five HRs, 42 RBIs), and if Maas can closely duplicate his debut performance (21 HRs in 254 at-bats), then the lineup might scare some people.

The strongest part of last year's team was the bullpen; surprisingly, this is where the Yankees underwent their biggest change during the winter, albeit weakening it in the process *and getting older*. They allowed 32-year-old free-agent Dave Righetti, the team's closer since 1984, to leave for the Giants, taking with him 30-plus saves. Then they aggressively secured 34-year-old free-agent Steve Farr from the Royals. Farr, versatile but unspectacular, will set up new closer Lee Guetterman, 32, who has only 15 saves in his six-year career. Meanwhile, Allan Mills, the 24-year-old closer in waiting, continues to wait.

It's not a pretty picture, even without the hovering, interfering presence of Boss Blowhard.

Anything more than 70 wins this year will be a moral victory; anything better than last place will be a minor miracle.

And it might stay that way for quite a while.



Throughout last winter's free-agent feeding frenzy, the Giants had the best table manners. Sure, they gorged themselves as much as the next guy—spending \$33 million of owner Bob Lurie's money on three American Leaguers—but they did it with decent discrimination and *savoir faire*. By the time it was all over, GM Al Rosen had brought home a first-rate reliever, last season's NL batting champion, a solid starter, two super prospects and an NL West flag.

So why do the Giants have a reputation as bunglers? Here's a team that's going to win its third division crown in five years, powered by a triumvirate of RBI kings and led by the undisputed best manager in the league—and they get no respect.

Maybe it's because nobody likes Candlestick Park and every proposal to replace it fails. Maybe it's the way the A's mauled them in the Series two years ago. Maybe it's because Jeffrey Leonard used to play for them.

Whatever it is, it has nothing to do with current reality. The Giants keep doing things right, *including* the Bud Black signing. The erstwhile KC/Cleveland/Toronto left-hander's four-year, \$10 million deal gained a fame of sorts as the supreme symbol of the owners' off-season excess. The idea of a 33-year-old journeyman getting \$2.5 million after winning only one more game than he'd lost over an unspectacular career offended the fans' sense of fair play. His very name turned sour. *Bud Black*.

But Rosen wasn't interested in equity; he was interested in a healthy left-hander who can get batters out. If you're going to spend \$10 million, spend it on what you need, not on who deserves it. Hell, *nobody* really deserves it.

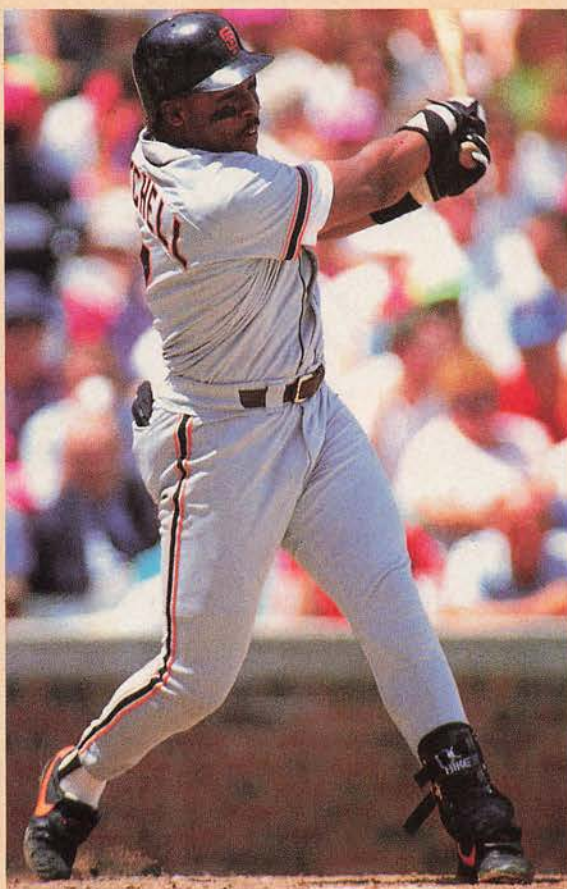
Besides, Roger Craig has turned much worse pitchers into winners. "There's no reason in the world why he can't win 14 or 15 games for us," the Giants manager says.

Now there's a statement that says a lot about what you expect for \$2.5 million these days. But it also accu-



1

## SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS



Kevin Mitchell's pals: Will Clark and Matt Williams join Mitchell to form the most dominant power trio in baseball.

# NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

rately reflects the kind of staff that's good enough to win the division for San Francisco.

"We don't have a Hershiser or a Clemens or a Stewart," Craig says. "So we need some 14- or 15-game winners—a lot of them, actually."

Craig's pretty sure he has three. Besides Black's 15 (that's \$166,667 per victory, if you're counting), Scott Garrelts and John Burkett should chip in their share. Garrelts is just a year removed from an ERA crown, and Burkett emerged nicely last year, notching 14 wins as a rookie.

The other starters will check out from the Roger Craig Home for the Aged and Infirm, the most likely candidates being the once-promising Kelly Downs and the always-surprising Rick Reuschel. The beauty of it, though, is that the addition of Dave Righetti as a co-closer to go along with Jeff Brantley has taken the pressure off the second-line starters. There's another right move: The Giants' brain trust glanced two notches up the standings, saw what the Dibble/Meyers combo accomplished for the Reds, and *did* something about it.

And the Giants did other right things. They didn't bicker when Brett Butler high-balled them; they just let him go and replaced him with another good-hitting, fleet center fielder: Willie McGee. And don't overlook what they got for Ernest Riles; Darren Lewis is 23, a decent hitter and a true leadoff type. If Kevin Bass can't make it back, you might see Lewis starting in center and McGee moving

to right.

The high-priced additions will complement the most potent power trifecta in baseball. Kevin Mitchell, Will Clark and Matt Williams have taken turns winning the NL RBI crown the last three years, and none has shown any signs of slowing down. In fact, Williams is just taking off. The Giants will score runs in bunches, and everybody on the team can catch the ball. Those things will make any pitching staff better, even one led by Bud Black.



You'd think after "upset" World Series victories by Kansas City, Minnesota and Los Angeles in three of the five previous years, the opinion hawkers and professional pundits of the press would have learned to control themselves. You'd think they'd recognize that one team making it to the Series can't be all *that* much better than the other one. You'd think that after the sure losers kicked tail three out of five times, the seers would at least reconsider the wisdom of identifying sure losers.

No such luck. They had to make it four out of six. If you had a TV or a newspaper subscription, you went in to last October's Series wondering why the Reds would bother to take the field. Most sports sections ran features on what the Reds would have to do to beat the A's, with the clear implication that it would have to border on the supernatural. Not one analyzed what the A's would have to do to beat the Reds, the implication in this case being that showing up would suffice.

The only question to be decided was whether the A's should be considered a dynasty.

Can we ever expect the Keepers of the Word to spare us the predigested contests and let us judge events as they unfold? Probably not. But surely it's not too much to ask for them to accept what happens *after it happens*. This they have yet to do. The Reds swept the Athletics, but we weren't supposed to admire them for it; we were supposed to be shocked. The first thing Cincinnati manager Lou Piniella was asked after each victory was whether he was surprised. For the record, not once did Lou answer: "Hell, yes, I'm *dumbfounded*. We never expected to beat those guys. We're just National League champs, and they're a bleepin' *dynasty*."

Since the pundits can't admit that they were irresponsible, the Series result is almost never referred to as "the Reds' sweep of the A's," and almost always referred to as "the Reds



2

CINCINNATI  
REDS



**Barry Larkin's declaration: The Reds were the best team in 1990 and could be again in 1991.**

upset over the A's." Get the hint here? The "experts" weren't wrong; it's the A's who botched up.

Let's get something straight, right now. The Reds swept the A's because they were the best team in baseball. Or, more accurately, the Reds were the best team in baseball because

they swept the A's. The Reds won the close games in the Series, and they won the blowouts. They won with the long ball, and they won on the bases. They beat Stewart, and they beat Eckersley. What else were they supposed to do?

They could win it again. If anything, they're better. Hal Morris will tote his mean bat (.340 in 107 games) to the plate for a full season. Mariano Duncan will most likely duck the question of whether he's really a .306 hitter by giving way to the more sure-handed Bill Doran, who seemed rejuvenated in a Cincinnati uniform. And Eric Davis *will* show that he's not really a .260 hitter, assuming his kidney and ego have healed.

The left side of the infield is even more solid than the right, with the incomparable Barry Larkin and the incomprehensible Chris Sabo.

The Reds are the kind of team that can lose a Danny Jackson and not feel it. GM Bob Quinn resisted all offers for Chris Hammond, the 25-year-old left-hander (15-1 with a 2.17 ERA and 149 strikeouts in 149 innings at Triple-A Nashville) who will join World Series MVP Jose Rijo, All-Star Game starter Jack Armstrong and perfect-game alumnus Tom Browning on the best staff in the West. Rob Dibble and Randy Myers have no bullpen peers but each other, and swingman Norm Charlton should fit into the picture somewhere.

Finally, a clarification. Last year, we implied that the Reds had the best talent in the NL West but would fall short because they had an embarrassingly boorish and tightfisted clown for an owner. What we should have said was that the Reds would win it all *despite* having an embarrassingly boorish and tightfisted clown for an owner.

Were it not for the Giants and the sheer difficulty of repeating in the NL West, the Reds and their embarrassingly boorish and tightfisted clown of an owner could do it again.



Used to be that the Dodgers stayed away from pricey free agents. Having been Goltzed badly in 1980, they decided to let homegrowns and judicious trades do the work. And the strategy converted to four division titles and two world championships in the '80s.

Now look at them. Fred Claire and company bulled their way through baseball's winter bazaar, grabbing what was there and leaving the sorting out for later. When Mike Scioscia (who will probably be the only everyday Dodgers starter left from the championship team of a mere three seasons ago) surveys his comrades from behind the plate, he'll only see guys he was trying to get out just a few months ago.

The Dodgers signed for need (Brett Butler), for glory (Darryl Strawberry) and for as yet undetermined reasons (Kevin Gross). They traded for pitching depth (Bobby Ojeda). They even kept two of their own free agents—one out of hope (Fernando Valenzuela) and one because they couldn't get rid of him (Juan Samuel).

When the sound and fury subsided, Los Angeles still had solved only two of five problems, with Butler being the two solutions. If he comes close to the kind of year he had with the Giants (.309, 51 steals and that always lovable energizing quality), he'll give the Dodgers the leadoff hitter they've lacked since the divorce of Steve Sax and the true center fielder they've lacked since Willie Davis left for Montreal in 1973.

But Butler can't pitch short relief. L.A. will probably concede that category to the other two contenders. Barring a late trade for a Dan Plesac-like closer—or a major conversion of one of their extra starters—the Dodgers will hope for the best from Jay Howell, Jim Gott and Tim Crews. Some perspective here: Using mostly those guys, L.A. was last in the majors with 29 saves in 1990.

Butler can't play second base either, although cynics suggest he could do it better than the incumbent. Samuel's defensive horror show



### 3 LOS ANGELES DODGERS



TOM DIPACE

**Eddie Murray's consistency: His usual 25 homers and 90-something RBIs will help offset a curious Dodgers pitching staff.**

and his refusal to adjust his game to suit his talents has soured the Dodgers on him. It would be an upset if he logged another 143 games at second.

Third base is an open audition, and it's not hurting for candidates. The platoon of Mike Sharperson and Lenzy Harris worked well last year, hit-

ting better than .300, and one theory says if it ain't broke don't fix it. Another theory holds that Jeff Hamilton's right-handed bat would come to life alongside all that left-handed Dodgers power. A third idea is rookie Dave Hansen. The most Dodgers-like approach would be converting Stan Javier (homeless now that Butler and Strawberry have moved into the neighborhood).

You can't consider the Dodgers pitching staff a problem, but it *is* a curious situation. L.A. emerged from the winter with 10 starters. The good news is that the crowd includes two Cy Young winners (Orel Hershiser and Fernando Valenzuela), a Cy Young runner-up (Ramon Martinez) and a potential Cy Young candidate (Tim Lincecum). The bad news is that only the amazing Martinez is a sure thing. Hershiser, after missing almost all of last year with what used to be a career-ending shoulder injury, isn't expected to appear before June; he wasn't throwing as hard as Jim Palmer in early workouts. Belcher is also coming back from injury, and Valenzuela's extended comeback has been marked by thrills (a no-hitter last season) surrounded by frustration. The rest of the mix includes Ojeda, whose junk should be effective if Belcher and Martinez are firing smoke before him; Gross, a career loser with a universally admired arm; Mike Morgan, who keeps sticking around; youngsters Mike Hartley and Jim Neidlinger, who impressed last year; and youngster John Wetteland, who didn't.

That seems like a lot of confusion for a contender, but here's the good part: The power pack of Kal Daniels, Eddie Murray and Darryl Strawberry is formidable, with Strawberry bringing a certain mental impact to the party that could benefit the team beyond his numbers—or ruin it. The Dodgers scored more runs than anybody in their division last season. They'll score even more this year. Whether that's enough to catch their competition depends on how all those pitchers shake out.



Thank goodness we don't have to begin again with the Braves' everlasting "talented young pitching prospects." These guys have been the hope of Atlanta for so long now that they're not so young any more and, in many cases, not that talented. A lot of them are gone anyway, being talented young pitching prospects someplace else.

No, the news in Atlanta this year is a pair of sluggers, two guys who've already made the South forget Dale Murphy. NL Rookie of the Year Dave Justice brought his sweet swing to the plate enough times in 127 games to notch 28 homers. His cohort in the outfield, NL Comeback Player of the Year Ron Gant, hit four more than that while batting .303, driving in 84 runs and stealing 33 bases. That's star stuff, and it's happening in Atlanta, folks.

The third outfielder, Lonnie Smith, keeps reading his obituaries . . . and keeps hitting better than .300. In fact, the Braves are suddenly full of players with credentials. Catcher Greg Olson was an all-star, though he'll probably lose his job this year—if not sooner to Jimmy Krimers then later to Kelly Mann. Free-agent signee Sid Bream brings recent division-crown experience with him to the first-base job, and new third baseman Terry Pendleton has a Gold Glove on one hand and a couple of NL pennant rings on the other.

For the first time in memory, Atlanta actually has some logjams at certain positions. Nick Esasky, who hit 30 homers two years ago but missed almost all of last season with a vertigo condition, says he isn't ready to cede his first-base position. "He has good days and bad days," says Braves skipper Bobby Cox, and he sounds a lot less optimistic than Esasky.

At second base, Jeff Treadway is doing what managers like—he's improved his batting average in each of his three full seasons. He got up to .283 last season.

Then there's catcher/first baseman Francisco Cabrera, a Toronto-system refugee who's much too good a hitter



4

ATLANTA  
BRAVES



**Dave Justice's bat: Capable of bashing 30-plus homers and lifting the Braves into fourth place.**

to stay on the bench.

So if these guys are so good—good enough to finish fourth—how come they keep finishing last?

For one thing, the hitting is just now gelling. Despite leading the division (and trailing only the Mets) in homers last season with 162, the Braves were 10th in the league in hitting. They were dead last in steals

and will probably have to trade (another obituary for Lonnie Smith?) if they want to get somebody to run with Gant.

But the real problem was when the other team was up. The Braves were the worst fielding team in the league, and their pitching staff had the highest of all ERAs. Cox is convinced that the addition of glove men Bream and Pendleton on the corners will not only cut down on the errors but also help make the Braves' pitchers better.

The two erstwhile young phenoms who have graduated to still-pretty-young pitchers are John Smoltz and Tom Glavine. They're not a bad nucleus for a team that hopes to turn things around in 1991, though Cox's description of Smoltz and Glavine ("as good a pair of starters as there is in the league") needs to be proven. They did win 24 games between them last year for a team that won only 65.

The third starter is Steve Avery, who won't be 21 until his second start this season. Avery, a left-hander with such glowing credentials that he made *SPORT*'s list of the 15 most influential men in baseball last year, went through the same hell last season that Glavine and Smoltz suffered a few years earlier. That hell consists of losing big-time in the majors when you should be winning big-time at Double-A. But Cox says Avery's here to stay, and nobody will be shocked if he turns his 3-11 record upside down in 1991.

Pete Smith is of the same vintage as Smoltz and Glavine, but he hasn't hit black ink yet. Charlie Leibrandt is the steadying influence at age 34, and he's the only starter who turned in a respectable ERA (3.16). The bullpen is also depending on breakthrough years by young pitchers. Either Kent Mercker or Mike Stanton will emerge—probably whoever is healthier.

"We're planning on being a contender," says Cox. He gets paid to say things like that. But at least they're moving in the right direction.



Without an iota of doubt, the San Diego Padres were the most entertaining team in baseball last season. They were also one of the most disappointing, finishing in a tie for fourth with the Astros after having been picked by many preseason publications, including this one, to win the division.

Unfortunately for Padres fans, the entertainment to which we refer didn't take place during the games. Some teams win ugly; the Padres lost boring. They were a miserable defensive team and had no particular offensive flair. San Diego was right around the middle of the pack in batting average, home runs, stolen bases and ERA. Their notorious second-half surge never happened.

But before and after the games, that's another story. The season started with a massive front-office housecleaning, continued that way with the departure of manager/GM Jack McKeon and ended with another housecleaning, this one of all-star-caliber players.

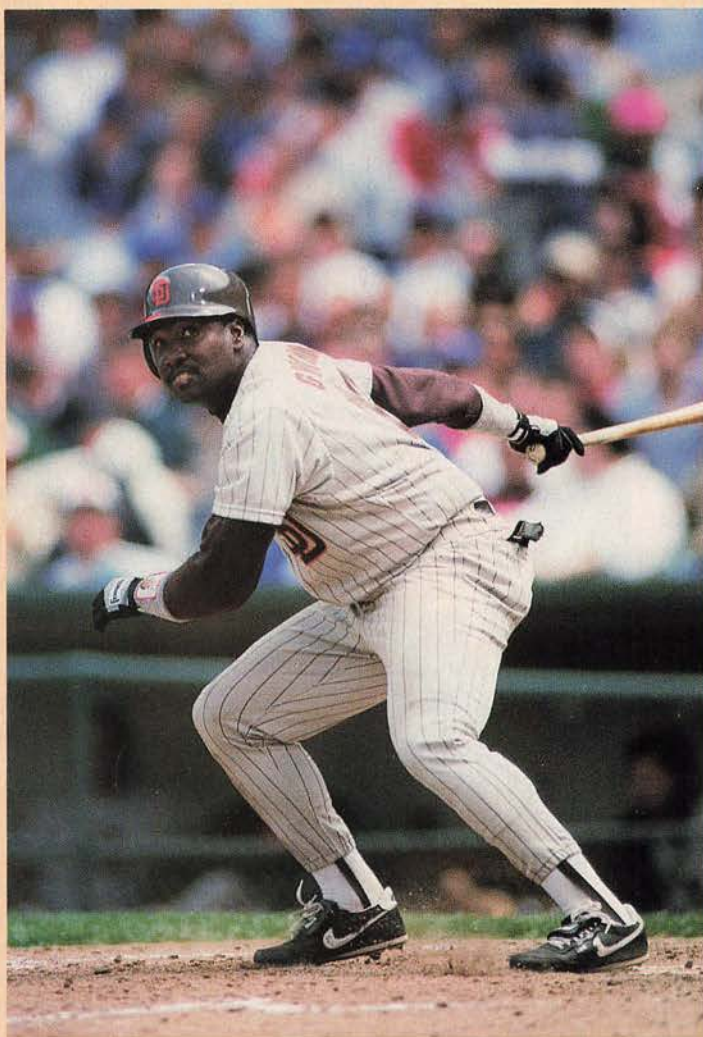
In between, we had all kinds of treats. Ask anybody what they remember most about the Padres' season, and they'll cite Roseanne Barr's ambulance-siren rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner," with a crotch grab for an encore. As if that alone weren't enough, the performance engendered weeks of talk-show blathering by blue bloods who measure their patriotism by the strictness of their standards when it comes to interpreting the national anthem. Even President Bush got into the act, and the Padres got more attention than they did all season.

Then there was the Tony Gwynn/Jack Clark feud, which was in the same model-citizen-vs.-free-spirit mold as the classic Steve Garvey/Don Sutton fracas. The props included maimed effigies in the dugout,



5

SAN DIEGO  
PADRES



Tony Gwynn's headache: Last year it was Jack Clark; this year it'll be a lack of support in the Padres lineup.

which might have tainted the otherwise hilarious show had the target of the voodoo not seen fit to post a photo of the offending doll prominently

on his locker. But it was Clark, not Gwynn, who exited at season's end. His account of the episode can be found elsewhere in this issue.

Eric Show's constant whining about not being allowed to bring his 5.76 ERA to the mound more often added to the entertainment. Show's off to Oakland (where his inflated ERA might be good for 15 wins), but he'll always be remembered in Southern California as the player who preached the philosophy of the John Birch Society and thereby developed a reputation for unusually *high intelligence*. Jonathan Swift should have lived long enough to cover baseball.

The big finale came at the Winter Meetings, when new GM Joe McIlvaine traded the team's two best players (other than Gwynn) to Toronto for Fred McGriff and Tony Fernandez. It was a trade that seemed to confirm McIlvaine's presence more than it improved the team. McGriff is every bit the power hitter that Joe Carter is, and Fernandez is more of a leader than Roberto Alomar. Call it a push. But the arithmetic still doesn't work. Gone is the run production of Clark, Carter and Alomar. McGriff and Fernandez aren't going to make up for it alone. Neither will any combination of Bip Roberts, Scott Coolbaugh, Jerald Clark, Shawn Abner and Thomas Howard.

Manager Greg Maddux is going to have some riddles to solve, but at least his pitching staff seems set with starters Ed Whitson, Bruce

Hurst, Andy Benes, Greg Harris and Dennis Rasmussen, and relievers Craig Lefferts and Larry Andersen.

The Padres have positioned themselves to be the surprise team of 1991. This time, though, if they surprise the pundits, it will be a good thing rather than the usual disappointment.

MITCHELL B. REBEL



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6RKT7/ps



It's hard to evaluate a team when its main objective is to get itself sold. To make themselves a more attractive buy, the Astros have spent the last year jettisoning talent rather than collecting it. If an inexpensive, last-place team was the goal, it's been accomplished.

Remember when Garry Templeton told the world 12 years ago that he wasn't going to try his best for the team because he was upset about his contract? He was blasted for that, and with good reason. But if an owner doesn't try his best for financial reasons, we're all supposed to accept it because he owns the team and, after all, baseball is a business.

This is the kind of horseshoe thinking that ruins the game. Owners such as Houston's Dr. John McMullen are supposed to be bound by a social contract: They try to field a winning team, and if they do, the fans will come out and spend lots of money. But here we have the Houston faithful getting screwed so that a couple of millionaires can make things easier for each other.

The only up side for non-Astros fans is the perverse pleasure of witnessing such a thorough self-destruction of a team. It's a lot like that forbidden excitement you get while watching a building burn down. You're not supposed to enjoy it, but it's so awesome you can't help it.

Gone via free agency are bullpen ace Dave Smith, signed by Chicago over the winter; Danny Darwin, whom Roger Craig termed "the best pitcher in baseball" once he became a starter last season, to Boston; outfielder/first baseman Franklin Stubbs, who was rewarded for his breakout season (.261-23-71) with a \$2 million-a-year contract by Milwaukee; and Juan Agosto, winner of 23 games as a set-up man the last



## 6 HOUSTON ASTROS



**Craig Biggio's lament: The Astros are little more than a minor-league outfit, thanks to their winter fire sale.**

ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN

three years, to St. Louis.

That's just a partial list, but you get the idea. The Astros weren't picky about who they discarded. Astros legend Terry Puhl signed with the Mets. Bill Doran, one of the

team's most popular players, was peddled off cheap to the Reds late last season. He'll start there. And the one bona fide big-time intimidator in Space City, Glenn Davis, is now in Baltimore.

The unceremonious dumping of Davis was the backbreaker, the living proof that what's going on here is not a youth movement but a fire sale. It's not that the Astros got nothing for Davis, who'll tear up the American League. Pete Harnisch is a promising right-hander who'll help salvage some respectability on the decimated staff. That's assuming Mike Scott and Jim DeShaies come back at all

from bad years and Mark Portugal doesn't commit hari-kari after what the front office did to his run support. Steve Finley is the kind of semifast, powerless, Dome-type outfielder the Astros keep coming up with. Curt Schilling, a 24-year-old right-hander with good size, could very well emerge as the bullpen ace. With 69 career innings pitched, he's a veteran compared to his principal competitors, rookie Al Osuna (about whom the Astros rave) and Brian Meyer.

But the unloading of Davis had little to do with Harnisch, Finley and Schilling. It had little to do with "rebuilding with younger players," which is the party line (Davis is only 30). It had everything to do with his impending free agency. The message is clear. The Astros aren't going to pay for good players. But they're not going to

lower the ticket prices either.

Houston will start Eric Yelding over Rafael Ramirez at shortstop and Gerald Young full time in the outfield. The idea is to turn up the go-go thing to make up for the lack of power. That brings up a frightening statistic: The Astros hit only 94 homers last season, and Davis and Stubbs hit almost half of them (45). Have fun.



They have the National League Most Valuable Player in left field, the MVP runner-up in right field and an MVP candidate in center field.

They have the league's Cy Young Award winner, a Gold Glove second baseman, the manager of the year and perhaps the best clubhouse chemistry in baseball.

They also have some serious business to clear up.

"Winning the division [last year] was special," says the aforementioned manager of the year, Jim Leyland, whose Pirates rode past New York but couldn't make it through Cincinnati in order to reach the final destination of Oakland.

"But all it does, is make you hungry to go further."

After years of crafting a contender, the Pirates finally smashed the shadow cast by the Mets (NL East champs 1986, 1988), Cubs (1984, 1989) and Cardinals (1985, 1987). By winning the East last year, the Pirates got a taste of euphoria. But the aftertaste (losing the NL playoffs) was bitter.

"We got over one hump," Leyland says. "Now it's time to get over another."

They can—and will, says one NL scout. "All the Pirates needed was to break through and win it once. They were on the verge for a couple years but didn't have the confidence. Now *they* know they can win. Sometimes that's the difference between winning—and losing—the division."

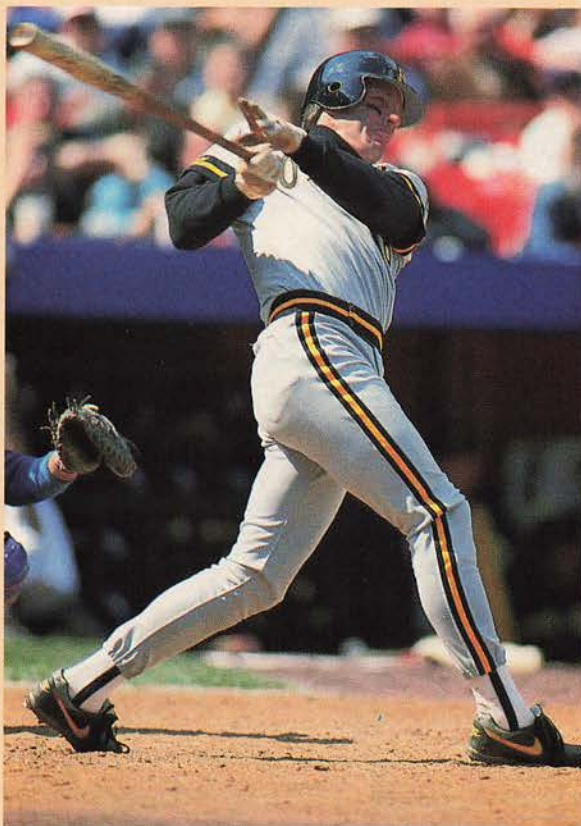
With MVP Barry Bonds, MVP runner-up Bobby Bonilla, all-star Andy Van Slyke, Cy Young winner Doug Drabek, two of the NL's top left-handers in John Smiley and Zane Smith, acrobatic second baseman Jose Lind and 1990's surprises Jeff King and Jay Bell, the Pirates obviously have the nucleus to repeat.

"Repeat?" Leyland says, nearly choking on the word. "It's tough enough to win it once, let alone twice." He's right, of course. No one's repeated in the NL since 1977-78, when the Phillies did it in the East and the Dodgers in the West.



1

PITTSBURGH  
PIRATES



Andy Van Slyke's concern: Can the Pirates repeat without Sid Bream's bat and R.J. Reynolds' off-the-bench production?

NATIONAL  
LEAGUE  
EAST

Repeating won't be easy, of course, not only because the Bucs lack an ace bullpen closer, but because they lost Sid Bream's bat, Wally Backman's grit and R.J. Reynolds' versatility to free agency. The Pirates signed less than half of their 10 free agents—yet they did corral the key one in Zane Smith. But losing Bream to Atlanta was costly—and "stupid," to use Leyland's expression.

"Even without Bream, they're still deadly," says Montreal manager Buck Rodgers.

Bill Landrum—the most underrated short reliever this side of Montreal's Tim Burke—is the closest thing the Pirates have to a closer. He saved

26 games in '89, prompting Dodgers manager Tom Lasorda to say, "nobody realizes how good this guy is." Last year, however, Landrum suffered from an assortment of injuries, saved only 13 games and forced Leyland to go the old Whitey Herzog route—a bullpen by committee, which Leyland utilized brilliantly, coaxing 43 saves out of it.

There are benefits to a bullpen committee. "When you put all your marbles on one guy and he fails a few times, it could be devastating," says Pirates pitching coach Ray Miller. "But if you spread it around, everyone gets a chance to be successful—and that's great for chemistry, which is something we have and other teams don't. Sure, you're comfortable if you have an Eckersley out there, but we really like our [bullpen] situation."

That means they must love their starting rotation—especially if Smiley resembles his '89 form (2.81, 12 wins). Last year, Smiley fractured his left hand, which is why he was 9-10 with a 4.64 ERA.

"Re-signing Zane Smith was vital [to Pittsburgh's title hopes], and if Smiley rebounds, look out," says an NL scout. "With Drabek and the two lefties, the three sluggers in the outfield, *that manager* and one of the best defenses in the league, they're the team to beat."



No one—repeat, no one—has gone without a pennant longer than the team America loves to love, the Cubs. *Not even the Cleveland Indians.*

Naturally, if the California Angels or Seattle Mariners were around as long as the Cubs, then the Cubs probably wouldn't hold that distinction. But who said the Cubs have ever been lucky.

For the record, the record of pennantless seasons is 45. *That's right—45.* The last time the Cubs represented the National League in a World Series was 1945.

Shoot, talk about futility—the Cubs have played over .500 *only twice in the last 18 years.* Even the Atlanta Braves, Indians and San Diego Padres have been better than that.

Well, the Cubs won't have to worry about playing better than .500 this year—not after their off-season explosion of free-agent signings that rocked baseball: one-time American League MVP George Bell, ace closer Dave Smith and one of baseball's premier left-handed starters (when he's healthy), Danny Jackson.

With Bell, Ryne Sandberg, Andre Dawson, Mark Grace and Shawon Dunston, the Cubs now boast a truly devastating lineup for the '90s. But without pitching, and especially a topnotch closer, the Cubs had a slim chance of halting their pennantless streak. That's why the acquisitions of Smith and Jackson were imperative. Now all the Cubs have to do is pray that their starters stay healthy because if they win, it'll be because of pitching, not hitting.

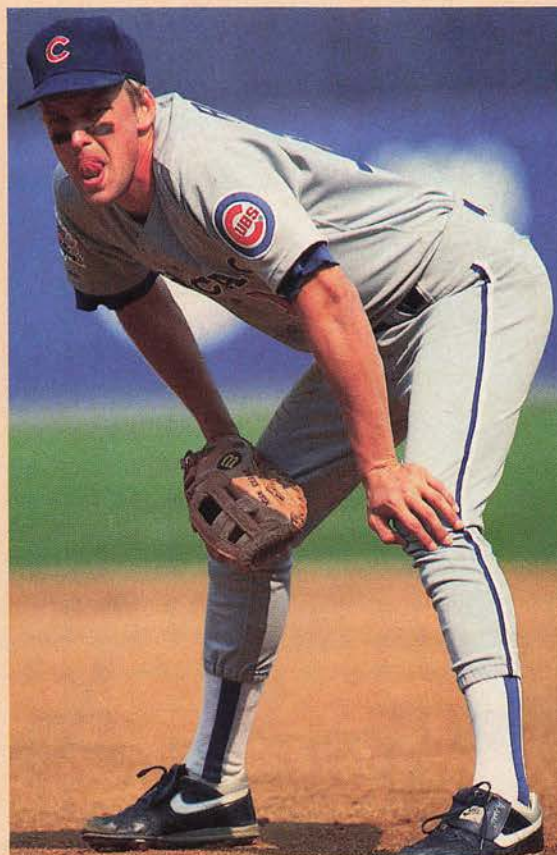
Looking for proof? Consider this: In 1989, the Cubs had a 3.43 ERA, a .261 team batting average, and they finished first with 92 wins. In 1990, they had a better batting average (.263), a much higher ERA (4.34 ERA), and look where they wound up—next to last with only 77 wins.

The difference? Pitching. *The lack of it.*

Go back to '88, and you'll find more of the same: The Cubs won the



## 2 CHICAGO CUBS



Mark Grace's happiness: George Bell joining Ryne Sandberg and Andre Dawson in the Cubs lineup.

team batting title but ranked 10th in pitching. Result? Fourth place, 77 wins.

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it?" says Cubs GM Jim Frey. "For us to win, we have to get outstanding pitching. If we get the pitching we did in '89, we might just do what we did in '89."

The arms are there: Mike Harkey,

a 12-game winner who was dominant at times as a rookie in '90; Greg Maddux, who's won 52 games the last three years; gritty veteran Rick Sutcliffe, the former Cy Young winner who won 16 games as late as '89; the fiercely competitive Jackson, who helped pitch Cincinnati into the playoffs; and rising star Shawn Boskie.

Problem is, every one of them had physical problems last year.

If the Cubs' staff is healthy, "beware." Says one NL pitching coach: "They might just be the best team, not only in the division, but *in the league.*"

Even though Bell had a stormy eight-year career in Toronto, he's a prime-time stud who'll help the Cubs—particularly since they were No. 2 in hitting but No. 6 in runs. That means one thing: They lacked another clutch-hitting run producer.

With Toronto, Bell averaged 25 homers, 92 RBIs and had a year for the ages in '87 (47 HRs, 134 RBIs), the season he won MVP. The problem in Toronto was that he was *the* focal point, the leader of a classic underachieving team, and with his volatile nature, it was a bad mix. Now, with Sandberg and Dawson around, Bell won't have to worry about being a leader. All he has to do is hit.

Dave Smith, though, may be the final piece of a championship puzzle. OK, so he's 35. Big deal. The guy's still one of the best closers in history, and he's got a few more 25-save seasons in that right arm of his. The bottom line in the Smith acquisition is that the Cubs

couldn't envision Mitch Williams (too wild) or Paul Assenmacher (get serious) as closers anymore. As one Cubs official put it, "I wouldn't let Williams close my kitchen door." As for Assenmacher, forget it; he blew half of his save opportunities last year.

"The Cubs did so much to improve themselves," says Montreal's Buck Rodgers, "that they could actually *be better* than they were in '89."

Only if the pitchers stay healthy.

BRYAN YABLONSKY



OK, let's get right to the point. No beatin' around the Strawberry bush.

If the Mets didn't win the division last year *with* Darryl Strawberry, what makes anyone in his right mind think they can win it with *Vince Coleman*? Remember, it was Strawberry, *not* Coleman, who bashed 37 homers and knocked in 108 runs.

OK, so Coleman gives the Mets a dimension they haven't had since the Days of Dykstra—a *real* leadoff man with speed who can ignite Shea Stadium and drive opposing pitchers and defenses downright batty. *But 37 homers and 108 RBIs*? How in the world are the Mets ever going to compensate for that?

"No question, we're a different team without Darryl," says manager Bud Harrelson. "We're gonna have to scrap and manufacture runs now. We won't be waiting for that three-run homer anymore."

Harrelson doesn't mind that one bit. The new-look Mets, after all, reflect his personality: pesky, intrepid, tricky. "We'll be scrappy," he says. "We'll hustle and bunt and run. We'll always be on the move."

They may not miss Strawberry either. OK, so it sounds a little wacky, but don't be one bit surprised if the Mets rally around Darryl's departure and not only prove they can win the East *without* him but prove they *didn't* win because of him. Don't laugh. There's some logic behind it.

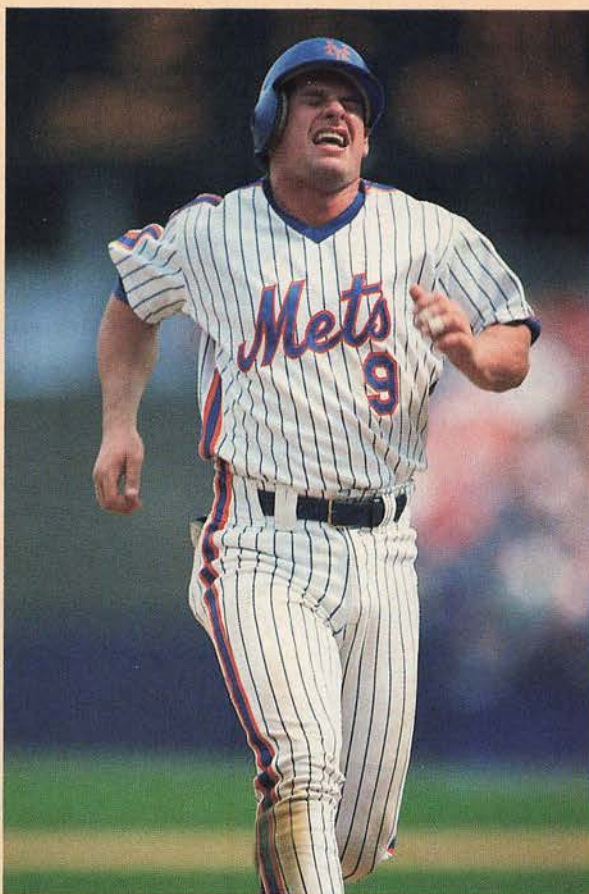
First of all, the Mets weren't all that wild about Darryl and his Flushing-size mouth and ego, his 2½ months of thundering offensive exploits and 3½ months of .220, and his knee-slapping defense and excuses. His act was old. His clubhouse speeches were hardly inspiring. Respect for him disappeared—especially after *he disappeared* in the waning stages of the divisional race last year with a bad back for which he didn't even seek help. Let's face it, not many tears were shed when the Strawman fled.

Secondly, the Mets relied too much on Darryl. He was their



3

NEW YORK  
METS



Gregg Jefferies' pain: Losing Darryl Strawberry and his 37 homers and 108 RBIs.

crutch, the guy they leaned on, the guy they always looked toward to drive in the key run, to hit the game-winning homer. When someone couldn't get the job done, they'd simply say, "That's OK, Darryl will."

No more.

Howard Johnson, Gregg Jefferies, Kevin McReynolds and Co. can no longer lean on Darryl's big, fat bat. They now have to step to the forefront and do it themselves. "Which they will," says Harrelson.

Now don't think for a New York second that the Mets can't win the East. They still have the best pitching staff on earth. They have five—repeat, five—legitimate Cy Young Award candidates in starters Doc Gooden (19-7), Frank Viola (20-12), David Cone, Sid Fernandez and closer John Franco (33 saves). They still have a star-studded lineup: Johnson (23 HRs, 90 RBIs, 37 doubles, 34 steals), McReynolds (24 HRs, 82

RBIs), Dave Magadan (.328), Jefferies (NL-leading 40 doubles, .283) and Hubie Brooks.

And now they have Coleman to jump-start the whole thing.

Grabbing Coleman—only the second free agent the Mets have ever signed—is something GM Frank Cashen insists he would have done whether Strawberry stayed or not. But is Coleman what the Mets need to win? Sure, he can run (six straight NL stolen base titles), but he can't walk (he drew only 35 last year). He can swing (.292), but he misses a little too often (88 strikeouts).

"Obviously, he isn't the impact player Strawberry is," says one NL coach, "but it was time for the Mets to make a change, give themselves a new look."

They weren't knockin' anyone dead anyway, that's for sure. The Mets, in fact, have been big-time underachievers.

Over the last seven seasons, no one's won more games than the Mets, but all they have to show for it is one NL pennant. How come?

"It's tougher to win in New York than in, say, St. Louis or Pittsburgh—or any other city for that matter," says a former Met. "There's more pressure, more distractions."

Still, the Mets will contend. Maybe they'll even do a little more. Like win the division—and prove something to dearly departed Darryl.



Every year—*every single year*—the Expos lose a key player or two or three, and everyone figures there's absolutely no chance of them competing, that they're a shoo-in to help someone (usually the Phillies, now the Cardinals) hold up the bottom of the division.

Yet every season—*every single season*—there they are: three games out in mid-September.

Amazing, isn't it?

Last year was typically typical, beginning with—what else?—an off-season exodus of free agents that reached dynamic proportions. First, Hubie Brooks walked (signing with L.A.). Then Bryn Smith (St. Louis). Then Pascual Perez (Yankees). Then Mark Langston (Angels).

After the exodus, no one in his right mind gave Montreal a chance to contend. Absolutely no one.

But the Montreal Express rode on.

Nine new pitchers rolled off the minor-league assembly line, producing—get this—*30 wins and a 3.34 ERA*.

With ace Dennis Martinez (2.95) and Oil Can Boyd (2.93) supporting the new additions (Chris Nabholz, Brian Barnes, Mark Gardner, Bill Sampen), the Expos—not the pitching-rich Mets or Dodgers—won the NL ERA crown. Their 3.37 ERA was second best in the majors. Their bullpen—anchored by the underrated Tim Burke—tied Cincinnati's Nasty Boys for the NL lead in saves with 50.

Take that Langston, *et al.*

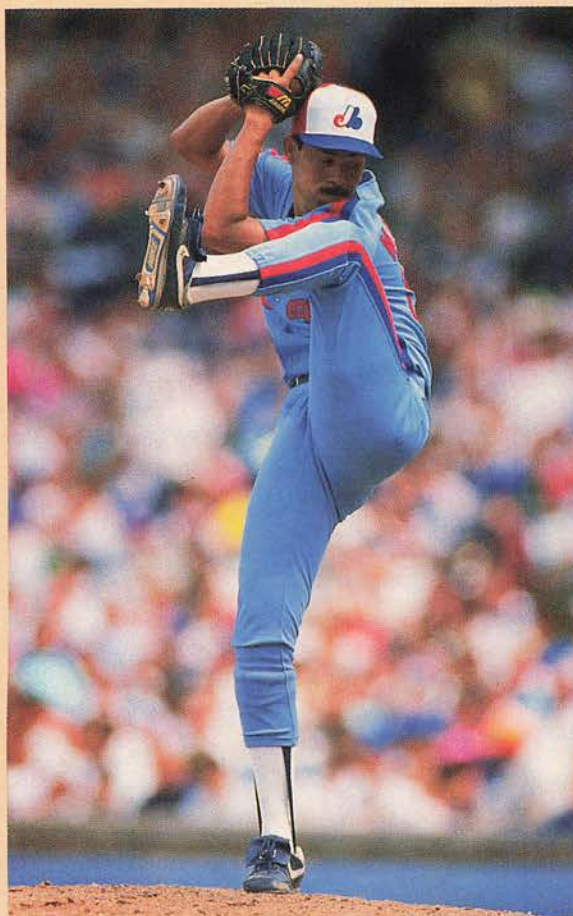
There were also three rookies—fleet ones with superb defensive skills—cracking the starting lineup: second baseman Delino DeShields, right fielder Larry Walker and center fielder Marquis Grissom. All they did was help the Expos lead the majors in stolen bases and rank among the leaders in defense.

So with no one in the world giving them a chance, there were the Expos, sitting atop the division by the time June 23 rolled around. On September 20, they were a mere  $4\frac{1}{2}$  games from



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## MONTREAL EXPOS



**Dennis Martinez's loyalty: He's one of the few veterans not to join the exodus from Montreal.**

first place. When it was over, they had 85 wins and finished third for the sixth time in nine years—"and they might have won the damn thing if they hadn't traded Zane Smith," says one NL coach.

Maybe. After all, Pirates manager

Jim Leyland says, "Without Zane Smith, I don't think we could have won the division."

Well, there wasn't a mass exodus in Montreal this past off-season. Only one free agent fled—pitcher Kevin Gross—and the Expos were glad to be rid of him. And before Martinez, the stud of the staff, could become a new-look free agent, he was re-signed. But the tranquil off-season ended when Tim Lincecum had finally been traded—something Montreal had been trying to do for several years.

The problem with the deal is that the Expos really didn't get what they were originally seeking—a left-handed slugger and clutch run producer

they could stick between righties Tim Lincecum (.296, 21 HRs, 98 RBIs) and Andres Galarraga (20 HRs, 87 RBIs). Maybe Ivan Calderon and Barry Jones were the best the Expos could do, which just shows how far Lincecum's stock had dipped. Ivan isn't so terrible though; he's three years younger than Lincecum, has more power, drives in more runs and stole 32 bases to Lincecum's 49.

Anyway, the Expos might've decided that Walker can be that left-handed bat they desperately crave. He did, after all, hit 19 homers—and steal 21 bases. Then again, he did knock in only 51 runs, strike out 112 times and hit .241. "He's made strides though," manager Buck Rodgers says. "If he hits 25 homers and knocks in 90, then we found our man."

What the Expos have done is find a way to win regardless of how trying the circumstances. Bank on it again in '91. Just check the standings come Sep-

tember.

"They're an amazing organization," says one National League GM. "Just when you think they have no chance, they're right there on your tail. You gotta tip your hat to them. I know everyone in this league does. They've got the best minor-league system in the game today; they churn out standout players at an astronomical rate; and they've got one helluva manager in Buck Rodgers."



Pity those poor Phillies. No one wants to trade with them. No one at all.

When Phillies general manager Lee Thomas wants to talk trade, his counterparts scurry in different directions. Why? Simple. Baseball's GMs have learned their lesson: Deal with Thomas now, regret it later.

The Mets did. All they did was supply the Phils with an all-star center fielder and leadoff man (Lenny Dykstra) and one of the top closers in the league (Roger McDowell). The Mets got the shaft, er, Juan Samuel, who's virtually unwanted.

The Giants were victims too. They supplied Thomas with two starting pitchers (Terry Mulholland and Dennis Cook, who was traded to Los Angeles for a solid catcher, Darrin Fletcher) and his starting third baseman (Charlie Hayes). All the Giants got was closer Steve Bedrosian and an insignificant minor-leaguer.

Don't dare ask the Royals or Padres or Braves what happened when they dealt with Thomas. They're still trying to forget.

(For the record, Thomas got Dale Murphy and reliever Joe Boever from Atlanta for reliever Jeff Parrett and two minor-leaguers; starting pitcher Jose DeJesus from Kansas City for .155-hitting Steve Jeltz; and .291-hitting John Kruk and dependable Randy Ready from San Diego for Chris James.)

So is it any wonder the Phillies were unable to swing a deal for the starting pitcher they so desperately need? Shoot, they were willing to part with Von Hayes, a 20-homer, 85-RBI man. But no one took the bait. So the Phillies are just going to have to get by with what they've got.

Which isn't enough.

OK, so the outfield is pretty darn good with Hayes (17 HRs, 73 RBIs) in left, Dykstra (.325, 35 doubles, 33 SBs, 106 runs) in the middle and Murphy (24 HRs, 83 RBIs) in right. When Hayes is ultimately dealt, Wes Chamberlain (whom Thomas acquired through Pittsburgh GM Larry Doughty's highly publicized waiv-



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## PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES



**Lenny Dykstra's grit: His resolution is boundless, but it's not enough to catapult the Phillies into contention.**

er-rule blunder) will take over in left. All he did was hit .342 when he started last year.

The rest of the talent is spread out: There's McDowell and his 22 saves in the bullpen, and behind the plate, there's emerging star Darren Daulton.

The biggest holes are in the power

department (Murphy and Von Hayes are the only established home run men) and in the pitching staff; they lack a true horse, such as a Drabek or a Ramon Martinez, and a left-handed set-up man who could be used as a closer when McDowell needs a breather. Thomas tried to pry Joe Magrane away from St. Louis (for—who else—Von Hayes) and was outbid on Tom Browning and Danny Jackson.

When slugger Jack Clark became available through new-look free agency, the quest for satisfying the power shortage was staring the Phillies smack in the kisser. But Thomas passed, nonchalantly saying,

"We don't have a spot for him."

Probably just a nice way of saying, "We don't need the extra baggage he lugs with him."

As for pitching, when your leading winner—Pat Combs—has 10 victories and 108 strikeouts, well, you're obviously in trouble. But there are bright spots: No. 1 starter Ken Howell was 8-3 before his season ended with arm troubles; Mulholland had a no-hitter and a 1.99 ERA in his last 10 starts; DeJesus had a 3.74 ERA and was 3-0 against the Mets; and Jason Grimsley was 2-0 with a 1.57 ERA in his last four starts. Since Thomas couldn't get a Magrane or a Browning, he scooped former Cardinal Danny Cox off the retread pile, hoping he'd regain the touch in spite of not pitching for almost two years because of elbow woes. We're talkin' Longshot City here.

"We don't have anyone you can consider an ace," says manager Nick Leyva, "just a group

of competent young men." Young men who needed more relief help than anyone in the league, that is. Young men who weakened Leyva's arm by forcing him to wave to the bullpen every other inning.

"The best thing we've got going is that this club believes in itself," says Leyva. "When you believe in yourself, you're ahead of the game."

Problem is, the Phillies are still way behind the favorites in this division.



No more Vince Coleman. No more Terry Pendleton. No more Willie McGee.

Times have changed dramatically in St. Louis, the league's model franchise that not so long ago produced winning season after winning season. For the first time in 72 years, the Cardinals hit bottom. They finished in last place last year—and they're a heckuva good bet to finish there again this year.

If there was ever a team in a rebuilding stage, it's the Cardinals. Sure, they could have re-signed their own free agents and even nabbed a few more in the marketplace; they certainly have the bucks. But that's not the Cardinal Way. They don't have the New York Yankees or California Angels mentality—diving into the free-agent market and throwing the entire organization into total chaos. Why do that when you have a farm system—and a history of shrewd trading—that churns out batting titlists, MVPs and ERA champs?

OK, so these Cardinals may look a little like the *Louisville Cardinals*, with Ray Lankford and Bernard Gilkey patrolling the outfield, Todd Zeile at third and Tom Pagnozzi behind the plate. But, hey, *this team* could surprise a person or two.

"Someone's gotta be the surprise team of 1991, just like the White Sox were last year and Baltimore was the year before," says Joe Torre, the former Cardinals all-star who's taken over the managerial reins. "So why not us?"

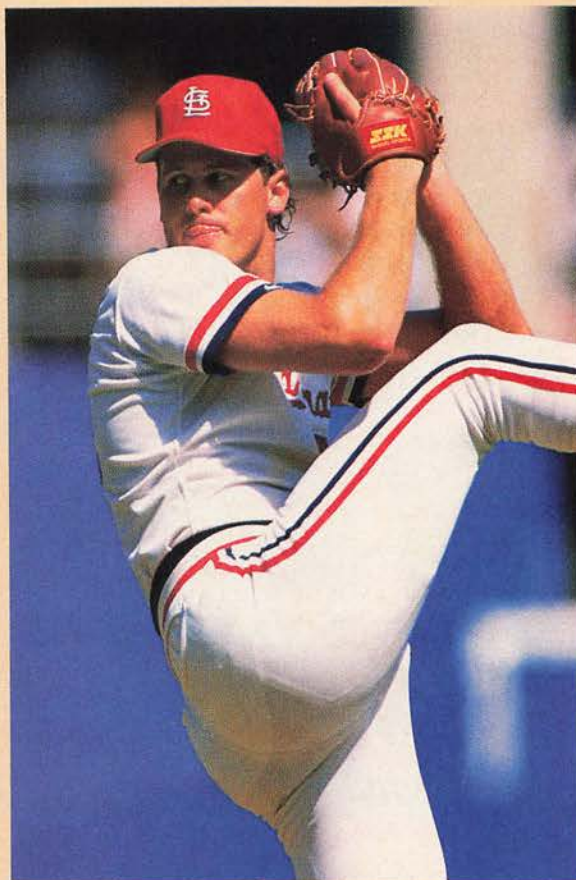
Why not them?

They still have one of baseball's top sluggers in Pedro Guerrero, who's in the mood to produce one of his monster-type years. They also have one of the best closers in the business—Lee Smith (and Todd Worrell will be back by midseason). They still have one-time 18-game winner Joe Magrane, the pro's pro Ozzie Smith and a bevy of young talent that could glisten: Zeile, who hit a club-high 15 homers as a rookie; Jose Felix, a potential 15-20 home run hitter



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ST. LOUIS  
CARDINALS



Joe Magrane's return: For the Cardinals to pull off a surprise, it's essential.

acquired in the McGee swap; Lankford, a McGee clone with less power; and Gilkey, the new leadoff man who's a .300-type hitter.

"We've got talent, but we're prepared to take some lumps," says Torre. "I hate to think about below .500—or even .500. We'll lose games

through inexperience, but I honestly feel we'll surprise a few people."

To do that, the starting rotation—specifically Magrane and Jose DeLeon—must get its act together.

"If Magrane and DeLeon don't turn around, I don't see us turning around," Torre says candidly. "I assume they will."

They better. They certainly can't be any worse than they were in '90, when Magrane lost 17 and DeLeon 19.

"Pitching," says Torre, "is the one area that makes a team presentable. Without good pitching, even good-hitting teams can look bad. With pitching, a weak-hitting team can look great. The White Sox certainly didn't do what they did [last year] with hitting. They did it with pitching."

Magrane and DeLeon aren't the only ones who have to do an about-face. It'd be nice if Ken Hill's head caught up with his live arm; scouts are still scratching their heads over this wasted potential. "He simply needs to be more aggressive, not fall behind so much and mix his pitches up a little," says Torre.

Is that all, Joe?

The bigger—and more intriguing—question in Cardinals Country is this: Can Zeile make a successful transition from catcher to third? Let's get one thing straight: He doesn't want to play third, but he has no choice. He's tried to talk Torre out of it, and when Torre told him, "I did it without any problem," Zeile caught him by surprise by responding, "Yeah, but at least you caught for eight years before moving."

Though some people have their doubts Zeile can make the switch, Torre doesn't. "Physically, it'll be no problem," Torre says. "It's a less demanding position than catcher. Actually, I think Todd will be thanking me in September, when he'd be worn out and tired if he caught."

By September, the entire city of St. Louis might be worn out—from watching the Cardinals. Then again, maybe they'll surprise someone. ★



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# TOYOTA



1991

	WEST						
	AT SEATTLE	AT OAKLAND	AT CALIFORNIA	AT TEXAS	AT KANSAS CITY	AT MINNESOTA	AT CHICAGO
SEATTLE		April 12*, 13, 14 August 5*, 6*, 7	April 22*, 23*, 24 Aug. 2*, 3*, 4	May 30*, 31* June 1*, 2* Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*	May 20*, 21*, 22* Sept. 13*, 14*, 15	April 25*, 26*, 27, 28 August 20*, 21*, 22	June 24*, 25*, 26*, 27 Sept. 27*, 28*, 29
OAKLAND	April 19*, 20*, 21 Aug. 12*, 13*, 14*, 15		April 15*, 16*, 17*, 18* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11	July 2*, 3*, 4* Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	July 5*, 6*, 7 Sept. 30* Oct. 1*, 2*	April 22*, 23*, 24 Aug. 16*, 17*, 18*, 19*	May 31* June 1*, 2*, 3* Sept. 17*, 18*
CALIFORNIA	April 9*, 10*, 11 Aug. 16*, 17*, 18, 19*	April 26*, 27, 28 Aug. 20*, 21*, 22		July 5*, 6*, 7* Sept. 17*, 18*, 19*	June 24*, 25*, 26* Sept. 26*, 27*, 28*, 29	April 12*, 13*, 14 Aug. 12*, 13*, 14*, 15*	May 28*, 29*, 30 Sept. 20*, 21*, 22
TEXAS	May 24*, 25*, 26 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25	June 25*, 26*, 27 Sept. 26*, 27*, 28, 29	June 28*, 29*, 30 July 1* Sept. 9*, 10*, 11*		June 4*, 5*, 6 Aug. 22*, 23*, 24*, 25	May 21*, 22*, 23 Sept. 20*, 21*, 22	June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23 July 31*, Aug. 1
KANSAS CITY	May 27, 28*, 29 Sept. 19*, 20*, 21*, 22	June 28*, 29, 30 July 1* Sept. 23*, 24*, 25	July 2*, 3*, 4* Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	June 17*, 18*, 19* Aug. 30*, 31* Sept. 1		May 24*, 25*, 26 Sept. 16*, 17*, 18	June 14*, 15*, 16 Sept. 2*, 3*, 4*, 5
MINNESOTA	April 15*, 16*, 17* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11	April 9*, 10*, 11 Aug. 2*, 3, 4	April 19*, 20*, 21 Aug. 5*, 6*, 7	May 27*, 28*, 29* Sept. 12*, 13*, 14*, 15	May 30*, 31* June 1*, 2 Sept. 9*, 10*, 11*		July 5*, 6*, 7 Sept. 30* Oct. 1*, 2*, 3
CHICAGO	July 2*, 3*, 4 Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	May 23*, 24*, 25, 26 Sept. 9*, 10*, 11	May 20*, 21*, 22* Sept. 12*, 13*, 14, 15	June 10*, 11*, 12*, 13* Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	June 7*, 8*, 9 Aug. 26*, 27*, 28*	June 28*, 29*, 30 July 1* Sept. 24*, 25*	
MILWAUKEE	June 7*, 8*, 9 Aug. 26*, 27*, 28*	June 4*, 5*, 6 Aug. 23*, 24, 25	June 10*, 11*, 12 Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	April 8*, 10* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11, 12*	May 17*, 18*, 19 July 23*, 24*, 25*	May 14*, 15*, 16 July 26*, 27*, 28	May 7*, 8* July 19*, 20*, 21, 22*
DETROIT	June 13*, 14*, 15*, 16 Sept. 2, 3*	June 10*, 11*, 12 Aug. 30*, 31 Sept. 1	June 7*, 8*, 9 Aug. 26*, 27*, 28	May 13*, 14*, 15* July 26*, 27*, 28*	April 29*, 30* May 1* July 19*, 20, 21	May 9*, 10*, 11*, 12 July 29*, 30	April 18, 20, 21 Aug. 19*, 20*, 21*
CLEVELAND	May 7*, 8* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	May 3*, 4, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17	April 30* May 1* July 18*, 19*, 20*, 21	April 26*, 27*, 28 Aug. 5*, 6*, 7*	April 8, 9*, 10 Aug. 9*, 10*, 11	June 7*, 8*, 9, 10* Sept. 2, 4*	June 18*, 19* Aug. 29*, 30*, 31* Sept. 1
TORONTO	July 5*, 6*, 7 Sept. 16*, 17*, 18*	May 20*, 21*, 22 Sept. 20*, 21, 22	May 24*, 25, 26 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25	April 30* May 1* July 18*, 19*, 20*, 21*	May 2*, 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*	June 25*, 26*, 27 Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	May 17*, 18*, 19 July 23*, 24*, 25
BALTIMORE	May 10*, 11*, 12* July 29*, 30*, 31*	May 7*, 8 July 11*, 12*, 13, 14	May 3*, 4*, 5, 6* July 15*, 16*	April 12*, 13*, 14 Aug. 19*, 20*, 21*	June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23 July 17*, 18*	June 3*, 4*, 5* Aug. 30*, 31* Sept. 1	April 22*, 23*, 24* Aug. 2*, 3*, 4
NEW YORK	May 3*, 4*, 5, 6* July 15*, 16	April 30* May 1 July 18*, 19*, 20, 21	May 7*, 8* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	June 14*, 15*, 16* Sept. 2, 3*, 4*	April 12*, 13, 14 Aug. 19*, 20*, 21*	June 11*, 12*, 13* Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	April 26*, 27*, 28 Aug. 6*, 7*, 8
BOSTON	June 10*, 11*, 12 Aug. 30*, 31* Sept. 1	June 7*, 8, 9 Aug. 26*, 27*, 28	June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 23*, 24*, 25	May 17*, 18*, 19 July 22*, 23*, 24*	April 26*, 27, 28* Aug. 5*, 6*, 7*	April 30* May 1* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	May 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17*

\* NIGHT GAME

HEAVY BLACK FIGURES DENOTE SUNDAYS

NIGHT GAMES: ANY GAME STARTING AFTER 5:00 P.M.



# 1991 AMERICAN LEAGUE SCHEDULE



## EAST

AT MILWAUKEE	AT DETROIT	AT CLEVELAND	AT TORONTO	AT BALTIMORE	AT NEW YORK	AT BOSTON
June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23 July 17*, 18	June 4*, 5*, 6 Aug. 23*, 24, 25	May 14*, 15*, 16* July 26*, 27, 28	June 28*, 29, 30 July 1 Sept. 10*, 11*	April 29*, 30* May 1* July 19*, 20*, 21	May 17*, 18, 19 July 23*, 24*, 25	June 18*, 19* Sept. 5*, 6*, 7, 8
June 14*, 15*, 16, 17* Sept. 3*, 4*	June 18*, 19* Sept. 5*, 6*, 7*, 8	May 17*, 18, 19 July 23*, 24*, 25*	May 28*, 29*, 30* Sept. 13*, 14, 15	May 14*, 15*, 16* July 26*, 27*, 28	May 10*, 11, 12, 13* July 29*, 30*	June 20*, 21*, 22, 23 July 31* Aug. 1*
June 18*, 19 Aug. 30*, 31* Sept. 1, 2	June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23* July 31* Aug. 1	May 10*, 11, 12, 13* July 29*, 30*	May 31* June 1, 2 Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*	May 17*, 18*, 19 July 23*, 24*, 25*	May 14*, 15*, 16* July 26*, 27, 28	June 14*, 15, 16, 17* Sept. 3*, 4*
April 23*, 24*, 25 Aug. 2*, 3*, 4	May 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17	April 16, 18* Aug. 16, 17*, 18	May 7*, 8* July 11*, 12*, 13, 14*	April 19*, 20, 21 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15*	June 7*, 8*, 9 Aug. 26*, 27*, 28*	May 9*, 10*, 11, 12 July 29*, 30
May 10*, 11*, 12 July 30*, 31* Aug. 1	May 7*, 8 July 11*, 12*, 13, 14	April 22*, 23*, 24* Aug. 2*, 3*, 4	May 13*, 14*, 15* July 26*, 27, 28	June 11*, 12*, 13* Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	April 19*, 20, 21 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15	April 16, 17, 18 Aug. 16*, 17, 18
May 2*, 3*, 4, 5 July 15*, 16*	May 17*, 18, 19 July 23*, 24*, 25*	June 14*, 15*, 16 Aug. 26*, 27*, 28*	July 2*, 3*, 4 Sept. 27*, 28, 29	June 17*, 18*, 19 Aug. 23*, 24, 25	June 21*, 22*, 23, 24* July 31* Aug. 1	May 7*, 8* July 18*, 19*, 20, 21
April 30* May 1 July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	April 12*, 13, 14 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15*	June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 23*, 24, 25*	May 9*, 10*, 11, 12 July 29*, 30*	April 8, 10* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11, 12*	April 15, 16*, 17 Aug. 16*, 17*, 18	May 13*, 14*, 15* July 26*, 27, 28
	June 25*, 26*, 27* Sept. 20*, 21*, 22	July 4*, 5*, 6*, 7 Oct. 1*, 2*, 3*	April 11*, 12*, 13, 14 Aug. 20*, 21*, 22*	April 26*, 27*, 28 Aug. 5*, 6*, 7*, 8*	May 31* June 1, 2 Sept. 16*, 17*, 18*	May 20*, 21*, 22* Oct. 4*, 5, 6
May 27, 28*, 29 Sept. 12*, 13*, 14*, 15		May 31* June 1, 2, 3* Sept. 17*, 18*	April 25*, 26*, 27, 28 Aug. 6*, 7*, 8*	July 1*, 2*, 3* Oct. 4*, 5, 6	April 22*, 23*, 24* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11	July 4*, 5*, 6, 7 Oct. 1*, 2*, 3*
May 23*, 24*, 25, 26* Sept. 10*, 11*	June 28*, 29, 30 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25*, 26*		June 21*, 22, 23, 24 July 31*, Aug. 1	May 27*, 28*, 29* Sept. 12*, 13*, 14*, 15	July 1*, 2*, 3* Oct. 4*, 5, 6	April 11, 13, 14, 15 Aug. 19*, 20*, 21*
April 19*, 20, 21 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15	April 15*, 16*, 17 Aug. 16*, 17*, 18	June 11*, 12*, 13* Sept. 5*, 6*, 7, 8		June 6*, 7*, 8*, 9* Aug. 26*, 27*, 28*	June 3*, 4*, 5* Aug. 29*, 30*, 31 Sept. 1	April 22*, 23*, 24* Aug. 2*, 3, 4
April 15, 17*, 18 Aug. 16*, 17*, 18	May 20*, 21*, 22* Sept. 27*, 28, 29, 30*	June 25*, 26*, 27* Sept. 20*, 21, 22	June 14*, 15, 16 Sept. 2, 3*, 4*		July 4, 5*, 6, 7 Oct. 1*, 2*, 3*	May 30*, 31* June 1, 2 Sept. 16*, 17*, 18*
June 28*, 29*, 30 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25*, 26*	April 8, 10, 11 Aug. 2*, 3*, 4, 5*	May 20*, 21*, 22* Sept. 27*, 28, 29, 30*	June 18*, 19*, 20* Aug. 23*, 24, 25	May 24*, 25*, 26 Sept. 9*, 10*, 11*		June 25*, 26*, 27* Sept. 20*, 21, 22
July 1*, 2*, 3* Sept. 27*, 28, 29, 30*	May 23*, 24*, 25*, 26 Sept. 10*, 11*	April 19*, 20, 21 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15*	April 8, 9*, 10* Aug. 9*, 10, 11, 12*	June 28*, 29, 30 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25*	May 27, 28*, 29* Sept. 12*, 13*, 14, 15*	

JULY 9—ALL-STAR GAME AT TORONTO

### HOLIDAYS

Memorial Day—May 27  
Independence Day—July 4  
Labor Day—September 2

### CANADA:

Victoria Day—May 20  
Dominion Day—July 1  
Labor Day—September 2



# TOYOTA

*"I love what you do for me."*



# TOYOTA



1991	EAST					
	AT CHICAGO	AT MONTREAL	AT NEW YORK	AT PHILADELPHIA	AT PITTSBURGH	AT ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO		May 31*, June 1*, 2 Aug. 19*, 20*, 21* Sept. 20*, 21*, 22	May 21*, 22*, 23* Aug. 2*, 3*, 4, 5* Sept. 18*, 19*	May 17*, 18*, 19* Aug. 6*, 7*, 8 Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*	April 18*, 19*, 20, 21 June 25*, 26*, 27* Sept. 16*, 17*	April 22*, 23*, 24* July 5*, 6*, 7* Sept. 27*, 28, 29
MONTREAL	May 24, 25*, 26 Aug. 13*, 14, 15 Sept. 13, 14*, 15		April 11*, 12*, 13, 14 June 25*, 26*, 27 Sept. 9*, 10	May 27*, 28*, 29* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11, 12* Sept. 11*, 12*	April 8*, 9*, 10 July 5*, 6, 7* Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	April 26*, 27*, 28 Aug. 6*, 7*, 8* Sept. 23*, 24*, 25*
NEW YORK	May 27, 28*, 29 Aug. 9, 10, 11*, 12 Sept. 11, 12	April 19*, 20, 21* July 1, 2*, 3*, 4* Sept. 16*, 17*		April 23*, 24*, 25* July 5*, 6*, 7 Oct. 4*, 5, 6	April 15*, 16*, 17* Aug. 16*, 17*, 18 Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*	May 31*, June 1*, 2 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15* Sept. 13*, 14*, 15
PHILADELPHIA	April 15*, 16, 17 Aug. 16, 17, 18 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25	May 21*, 22*, 23 Aug. 1*, 2*, 3*, 4 Sept. 18*, 19*	April 8, 9, 10* June 28*, 29*, 30 Sept. 27*, 28, 29		May 24*, 25*, 26 Aug. 13*, 14*, 15* Sept. 20*, 21*, 22	April 18*, 19*, 20*, 21 June 25*, 26*, 27 Sept. 9*, 10*
PITTSBURGH	April 12, 13, 14 July 1*, 2, 3, 4 Sept. 9, 10*	April 23*, 24*, 25* June 28*, 29*, 30 Sept. 27*, 28*, 29	April 26*, 27, 28 Aug. 6*, 7*, 8 Sept. 24*, 25*, 26*	May 31*, June 1*, 2 Aug. 20*, 21*, 22 Sept. 13*, 14*, 15		May 27, 28*, 29* Aug. 1*, 2*, 3, 4 Sept. 11*, 12*
ST. LOUIS	April 9, 10, 11 June 28, 29, 30 Oct. 4, 5, 6	April 15, 16*, 17* Aug. 16*, 17*, 18 Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*	May 24*, 25, 26 Aug. 20*, 21*, 22* Sept. 20*, 21, 22	April 12*, 13, 14 July 1*, 2*, 3*, 4* Sept. 16*, 17*	May 21*, 22*, 23* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11, 12* Sept. 18*, 19*	
ATLANTA	May 13*, 14*, 15 July 26, 27, 28	June 14*, 15*, 16 Sept. 2, 3*, 4*	June 11*, 12*, 13* Sept. 6*, 7, 8	June 17*, 18*, 19 Aug. 30*, 31*, Sept. 1	May 10*, 11*, 12 July 22*, 23*, 24*	April 29*, 30*, May 1 July 19*, 20*, 21
CINCINNATI	May 10, 11, 12 July 23*, 24, 25	June 11*, 12*, 13* Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	June 17*, 18*, 19* Aug. 23*, 24, 25*	June 14*, 15*, 16 Sept. 2*, 3*, 4*	May 6*, 7*, 8* July 19*, 20*, 21*	May 13*, 14*, 15 July 26*, 27*, 28
HOUSTON	April 30*, May 1 July 11*, 12, 13, 14	June 17*, 18*, 19* Aug. 30*, 31*, Sept. 1	June 14*, 15*, 16 Sept. 2, 3*, 4*	June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23 Aug. 28*, 29*	May 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17*	May 17*, 18*, 19 July 22*, 23*, 24*
LOS ANGELES	June 7, 8, 9, 10* Aug. 26*, 27	April 30*, May 1* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	May 7*, 8* July 18*, 19*, 20, 21	May 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17	June 11*, 12*, 13 Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 23*, 24*, 25
SAN DIEGO	June 4*, 5, 6 Aug. 23, 24, 25	May 3*, 4, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17*	April 30*, May 1* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	April 26*, 27*, 28, 29* July 30*, 31*	June 7*, 8*, 9, 10* Aug. 26*, 27	June 21*, 22*, 23, 24* Aug. 28*, 29*
SAN FRANCISCO	June 11, 12, 13 Sept. 6, 7, 8	May 6*, 7*, 8* July 19*, 20*, 21	May 3*, 4, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17	April 30*, May 1* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 23*, 24*, 25	June 7*, 8*, 9, 10 Aug. 26*, 27*

\* NIGHT GAME

HEAVY BLACK FIGURES DENOTE SUNDAYS  
NIGHT GAMES: ANY GAME STARTING AFTER 5:00 P.M.



# 1991 NATIONAL LEAGUE SCHEDULE



WEST					
AT ATLANTA	AT CINCINNATI	AT HOUSTON	AT LOS ANGELES	AT SAN DIEGO	AT SAN FRANCISCO
May 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17*	April 25*, 26*, 27, 28 July 30*, 31*	May 6*, 7*, 8* July 19*, 20*, 21	June 17*, 18*, 19* Aug. 30*, 31*, Sept. 1	June 14*, 15, 16 Sept. 2*, 3*, 4*	June 20*, 21*, 22, 23 Aug. 28*, 29
June 7*, 8*, 9, 10* Aug. 26*, 27*	June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23 Aug. 28*, 29*	June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 23*, 24*, 25	May 13*, 14*, 15* July 26*, 27*, 28	May 10*, 11*, 12 July 23*, 24*, 25	May 16*, 17*, 18, 19 July 29*, 30
June 20*, 21*, 22*, 23 Aug. 28*, 29*	June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 30*, 31*, Sept. 1	June 7*, 8*, 9, 10* Aug. 26*, 27*	May 17*, 18, 19 July 29*, 30*, 31*	May 13*, 14*, 15 July 26*, 27*, 28	May 10*, 11, 12 July 23*, 24*, 25
June 4*, 5*, 6* Aug. 23*, 24*, 25	June 7*, 8*, 9, 10 Aug. 26*, 27*	June 11*, 12*, 13 Sept. 6*, 7*, 8	May 10*, 11*, 12 July 23*, 24*, 25*	May 7*, 8*, 9 July 19*, 20*, 21	May 13*, 14*, 15 July 26*, 27, 28
May 17*, 18*, 19 July 29*, 30*, 31*	April 30*, May 1* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	May 14*, 15*, 16* July 26*, 27*, 28	June 20*, 21*, 22, 23 Aug. 28*, 29*	June 17*, 18*, 19* Aug. 30*, 31*, Sept. 1	June 14*, 15, 16* Sept. 2, 3*, 4
May 7*, 8* July 11*, 12*, 13*, 14	May 3*, 4*, 5 July 15*, 16*, 17*	May 10*, 11*, 12* July 29*, 30*, 31*	June 14*, 15*, 16 Sept. 2*, 3*, 4*	June 11*, 12*, 13 Sept. 5, 6*, 7*	June 17*, 18*, 19 Aug. 30*, 31, Sept. 1
	April 12*, 13, 14 Aug. 20*, 21*, 22* Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*	April 26*, 27*, 28 June 25*, 26*, 27* Sept. 27*, 28*, 29	April 22*, 23*, 24* July 5*, 6*, 7 Sept. 20*, 21*, 22	May 27*, 28*, 29* Aug. 15, 16*, 17*, 18 Sept. 18*, 19*	May 30*, 31* June 1, 2 Aug. 12*, 13*, 14 Sept. 16*, 17*
April 19*, 20*, 21 July 2*, 3*, 4* Sept. 24*, 25*, 26*		April 22*, 23*, 24* July 5*, 6*, 7 Sept. 20*, 21*, 22	May 30*, 31* June 1*, 2 Aug. 12*, 13*, 14* Sept. 16*, 17*	April 15*, 16*, 17* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11 Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	May 27*, 28*, 29 Aug. 15*, 16*, 17, 18 Sept. 18*, 19
April 15*, 16*, 17* Aug. 9*, 10*, 11 Oct. 4*, 5*, 6	April 8, 10*, 11* June 28*, 29*, 30 Sept. 13*, 14*, 15		May 27*, 28*, 29* Aug. 15*, 16*, 17*, 18 Sept. 18*, 19	May 30, 31* June 1*, 2 Aug. 12*, 13*, 14* Sept. 16*, 17*	April 19*, 20, 21 July 2*, 3*, 4* Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2
April 9*, 10*, 11 June 28*, 29*, 30* Sept. 13*, 14*, 15	May 24*, 25, 26 Aug. 5*, 6*, 7*, 8 Sept. 11*, 10*	May 20*, 21*, 22*, 23* Aug. 2*, 3*, 4 Sept. 11*, 12*		April 18, 19*, 20*, 21 July 2*, 3*, 4* Sept. 24*, 25*	April 15*, 16*, 17 Aug. 9*, 10, 11 Oct. 4*, 5, 6
May 20*, 21*, 22*, 23* Aug. 2*, 3*, 4 Sept. 11*, 12*	May 17*, 18*, 19 June 25*, 26*, 27 Sept. 27*, 28*, 29	May 24*, 25*, 26 Aug. 5*, 6*, 7*, 8* Sept. 9*, 10*	April 12, 13*, 14 Aug. 19*, 20*, 21 Sept. 30*, Oct. 1*, 2*		April 22*, 23*, 24 July 5*, 6*, 7 Sept. 13*, 14, 15
May 24*, 25*, 26 Aug. 5*, 6*, 7*, 8* Sept. 9*, 10*	May 21*, 22*, 23* Aug. 1*, 2*, 3*, 4* Sept. 11*, 12	April 12*, 13*, 14 Aug. 20*, 21*, 22 Sept. 23*, 24*, 25*	April 25*, 26*, 27*, 28 June 25*, 26* Sept. 27*, 28, 29*	April 9*, 10*, 11 June 28*, 29*, 30 Sept. 20*, 21, 22	

JULY 9—ALL-STAR GAME AT TORONTO

#### HOLIDAYS

Memorial Day—May 27  
Independence Day—July 4  
Labor Day—September 2

#### CANADA:

Victoria Day—May 20  
Dominion Day—July 1  
Labor Day—September 2



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\*Including occupants, equipment and cargo. \*\*With manual transmission, not to exceed GCWR of 6,900 lbs. (8,600 lbs.—One Ton). Requires additional 3,500-lb. (5,000-lb.) weight-carrying frame-mounted Class II (Class III) tow hitch. Get More From Life... Buckle Up! © 1990 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



# THE SPORT FINAL FOUR PREVIEW

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO  
KNOW ABOUT THIS YEAR'S  
COLLEGE BASKETBALL  
TOURNAMENT—FROM A TO Z

By Tom Kertes

is for **Arizona and Arkansas**, two of the primest Final Four candidates. But they're also two teams that only intermittently reached their limitless potential during the regular season. "We are capable of being much better," Arizona coach Lute Olson says. "But for that, Chris Mills will have to give us much more consistent production. So far, he's either been great or very mediocre. Excuse me, I almost forgot: Sometimes he's been terrible." Wildcats insiders also criticize sophomore center Ed Stokes' lack of progress. Sean Rooks, "our best offensive player by far," according to Olson, is another 'Cat who fails to scratch as hard on the defensive end.

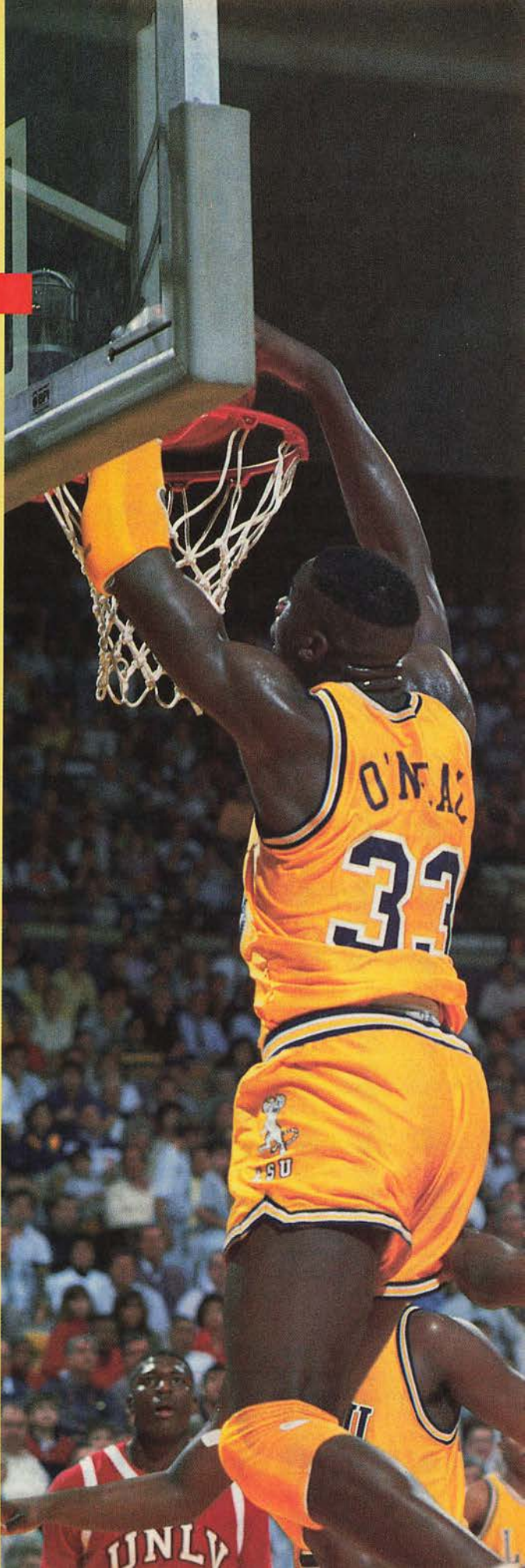
Arkansas' problems seem to be amassed in the middle. And what a mass! Center Oliver Miller is carrying so much weight that he remains a foul-prone *reacher* rather than an agile foot mover on defense. Worse, the Hogs lack the prime-time second rebounder to help the

weighty Mr. Miller on the boards.

is for the **Butler Did It**, as in Butler's 91-77 defeat of Notre Dame. What exactly did Butler do? It may have ended Digger Phelps' seemingly endless run as coach of the Notre Dame Fighting Irish. Sure, it's only one loss, but from where we're sitting, it's emblematic of the decline of the Irish. More outrageous is the regression of talented 6-foot-9 forward LaPhonso Ellis, who's gone from an NBA-looking rookie to a bored-looking semicontributor to an academically ineligible noncontributor in two scant years. "It's almost impossible to develop under Digger's system," says a TV maven, who regularly at-

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Shaquille O'Neal can be dominant enough to lead LSU to an upset victory over UNLV.





tends Irish practices. "He's so overcontrolling, the players have to look to the bench for instructions after every second dribble."

BRIAN SPRULOCK

**is for Chuckin' And Duckin'.** Recruiting is the name of the game. Since most kids want to press and run these days, even the most half-court-hearted coaches feel forced to promise they'll put a lot more run 'n' stun in their schemes. Hence Rollie Massimino's preseason talk about changing Villanova's style from a controlled offense and matchup zone defense to what he calls "chuckin' and duckin'." But, predictably, after some initial chuckin' (a 93-91 upset over LSU), Villanova was doing a lot more duckin' once the Big East games rolled around, playing games in the 70s, an area also known as The Massimino Comfort Zone. "At nutcracker time, all of us coaches tend to go back to what we know best," Massachusetts coach John Calipari says. "Rollie is the ultimate master of the half-court style, the absolute poohbah of the matchup zone. What else do you expect him to do?"

**is for Duke.** Or for Drop-a-couple-of-games-and-everybody's-in-your-face. The gloating part can be attributed to human nature ("They can't just walk out on the floor any longer," Virginia's Anthony Oliver said after bedeviling the Blue Devils). It's also misguided. When could Duke "just walk out on the floor?" Let's remember that even those Danny Ferry teams had definite weaknesses—until the NCAAs rolled around. Overall, the field is not that strong this year. Our sneaking suspicion is that Duke could easily re-crash the Final Four party.

**is for Entrenched.** Perhaps it should have been D for Disentrenched, but that letter was already taken. Either way, the hoop world is abuzz with the prospect of Louisville's Denny Crum and Georgetown's John Thompson—two of the best-known and longest-tenured coaches on the scene—leaving their jobs at the end of the season. Crum is said to be sick and tired of his constant fights with the school administration. Thompson is rumored to have a health condition (high blood pressure) that's not helped by all the sideline dancing he does.

**is for Freshman Point Guard, Era Of.** Last year, we had Kenny Anderson and Bobby Hurley. This season, Arizona's athletic Khalid Reeves, Syracuse's Adrian Autry and UNLV's H. Waldman are filling major roles on some of the nation's most prominent teams. Point guard is supposed to be the spot



Khalid Reeves of Arizona is one of those rare freshman guards who makes an impact.

where maturity counts the most. So isn't the rookie revolution at point guard a contradiction? "Not really," Houston coach Pat Foster says. "Point guard, to me, is a position of *instinct*. I don't believe it's taught. You're not going to tell me that, great coaches as they are, Bobby Cremins and Mike Krzyzewski taught Kenny and Bobby most of the things they know. [The coaches] should probably get the most credit for leaving those kids alone and allowing them to just play."

**is for Guard Play,** the No. 1 factor at NCAA tournament time. It was supposed to be a relative weakness in the Big East this season. Instead, the explosive development of three backcourtmen turned it into a Beast strong point. St. John's Jason Buchanan, your basic "average Big East guard" his first two years, spent the summer absorbing Chris Mullin's passing and shooting skills. Seton Hall's Terry Dehere, a sophomore who's shed his freshman tendencies to wildness, has become a topnotch scorer. (Even as a rookie, De-

here was one of the nation's top defenders.) The greatest surprise, however, may be Providence's Eric Murdock, an erstwhile bricklayer who's purified his shooting to the point where he's now a top scorer.

**is for Hidden Contenders.** Take South Carolina, which wins big while keeping scores small, and has an outstanding backcourt (Barry Manning, Jo Jo English). There's Nebraska, another big-time overachiever. Watch Iowa. And East Tennessee State, based on its preseason rankings, its TV exposure and its lack of big-time image, may be the sleeper sensation in the tournament.

**is for the adding of Insult To Injury.** UNLV started the season by beating all comers by 20-plus points. Then on December 20, the Runnin' Rebels added 6-11 Elmore Spencer, a big-bodied roughhouse who's also an outstanding perimeter shooter and a guardlike passer. The reaction of the nation's coaches cannot be printed.

**is for Jump Shooters Wanted.** In the fifth season of the too-short three-pointer, it's astonishing that another Steve Alford or Chris Mullin hasn't emerged. We can only hope that by the time such a purist does surface, the need for him might disappear.



# WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A GOOD BASKETBALL SHOE.



If you buy your basketball shoes to make a statement on the court, and not in the mall, then this may be the most important page you'll read in this magazine.

For 20 years, The Athlete's Foot has been helping serious athletes choose the shoe that's right for them. We hope to do some of that here. So the next time you buy basketball shoes, you'll have a better idea of what to shoot for.

## PUT A GOOD MIDSOLE BETWEEN YOU AND THE COURT.

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urethane tubing. This unique technology enables the Nike-Air® midsole to retain much of its shape and cushioning properties even after long hours on the court.

## YOUR SHOES SHOULD PLAY A SUPPORTING ROLE.

Study Nike's Air Jordan® and you'll see a shoe loaded with good stability features. Like a footframe device to support the upper and cradle the foot over the midsole. Firm, resistant heel counters to minimize rearfoot motion. And a popular



that's helpful down in the paint.

Indeed, it's a true player's shoe. Which only stands to reason since Michael Jordan is personally involved in all aspects of its design and development.

## DEVELOP A FIT FETISH.

During long periods of play, your feet can elongate and spread upon impact and can expand up to a half-size. So, never buy a shoe that's too tight in the store.

Leave a space the width of your thumbnail between the end of the toe-box and the tip of your longest toe on

your longer foot. And look for features that improve the shoe's fit. The Air Jordan offers its Dynamic-Fit™ sleeve and neoprene rubber tongue for a comfortably snug feel.



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# WHERE TO LOOK FOR A GOOD BASKETBALL SHOE.



NOBODY KNOWS THE ATHLETE'S FOOT LIKE THE ATHLETE'S FOOT.



**is for KO'd By Football.** An SEC coach said it: "College basketball has reached its peak. From here on, we're going to witness the game's decline. The NCAA presidents meet *during* the basketball season but *after* the football season. It's the same every year. As a result, the interests of football are represented at these meetings; the interests of hoops are not. Couple that with the enmity that exists between the two

sports and the jealousy of some of the presidents on campuses where the basketball coach is more famous than the president, and you're going to see oodles of legislation cutting in on our practice time, our recruiting time, our budget and even the number of games we're allowed to play. And you'll see a marked downturn in the quality of the game and the popularity of basketball."

**is for LSU, or for Less Is More.** Unless it's so much less that it's less. SEC insiders, including coach Dale Brown, theorized that less Chris Jackson and less Stanley Roberts might mean more teamwork, more focus, more Shaquille O'Neal and more victories. At times this season, the theory proved valid. At other times—this is basketball, after

all—less Jackson meant not enough perimeter shooting. Less Roberts meant no capable back-up for those tragic times when O'Neal was in foul difficulties. As a result, much like last year, the Tigers have taken turns looking unbeatable (the home crushing of Arizona) and severely flawed (the loss to Illinois).

Can Brown's matchless big-game motivation, O'Neal's phenomenal ability and hidden key Mike Hansen's shooting add up to some big moments at tournament time? Absolutely. Enough to reach the Final Four? Yes. But O'Neal must somehow find the balance between intimidating shot blocking and staying out of foul trouble.

**is for Mourning.** It's bad enough to slip from Deity as a freshman to the No. 2 inside option as a junior. But it could also be that Alonzo Mourning, he of the strained arch on his right foot, the one that's kept the erstwhile Georgetown superstar out of a large number of big games this season, is a strain in the aca-

demic area. And if so, he may have to declare early for the NBA draft, even though, with all those Shaquilles and Kenny Andersons, he'd rather not.

**is for the Neanderthal Use Of The Three-Pointer.** Want to know why the rest of the world has caught up to the U.S.? Look no further than three-point-line strategy. "There's no question that, having used it longer, the rest of the world also uses the shot *better* than we do," Calipari says. "We have to get beyond understanding that we must take a lot of three-point shots. We must study how to create *good* shots and then understand and utilize the effect of getting those good threes."

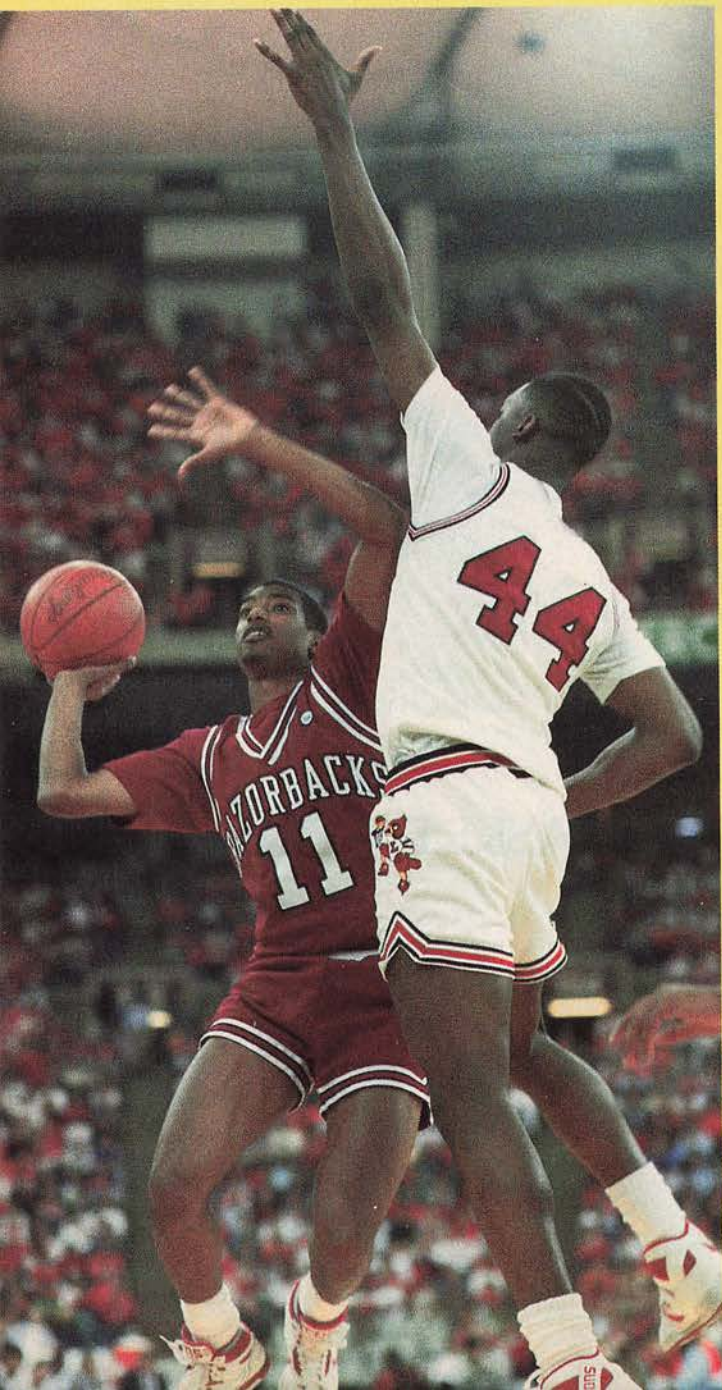
**is for the One Thing Lacking,** the one thing that will separate some of the top teams from a championship. And it's not the same from team to team. For Indiana, it's rebounding strength. For Ohio State, it's experience at crunch time. For North Carolina, it's overall experience. For Georgetown, it's guard play. For Syracuse, it's depth. For UCLA, it's that tough guy in the middle (could Keith Owens really be the answer?). For Michigan State, it's help for Steve Smith. For Houston, it's star forward Craig Upchurch's health. For Texas, it's a balance between backcourt and frontcourt play. For Oklahoma, it's size inside. For Oklahoma State, it's one more year for Eddie Sutton's genius to kick in. For St. John's, it's that one Mullin-esque player. For Southern Mississippi, it's a point guard. For Virginia, it's overall talent to round out their tough, keep-it-close style.

**is for Parents.** Specifically, Shaquille O'Neal's parents, who say they want their son to spend his junior and senior years at LSU. We wonder if the \$50 million that the pros are hungry to offer will change their minds.

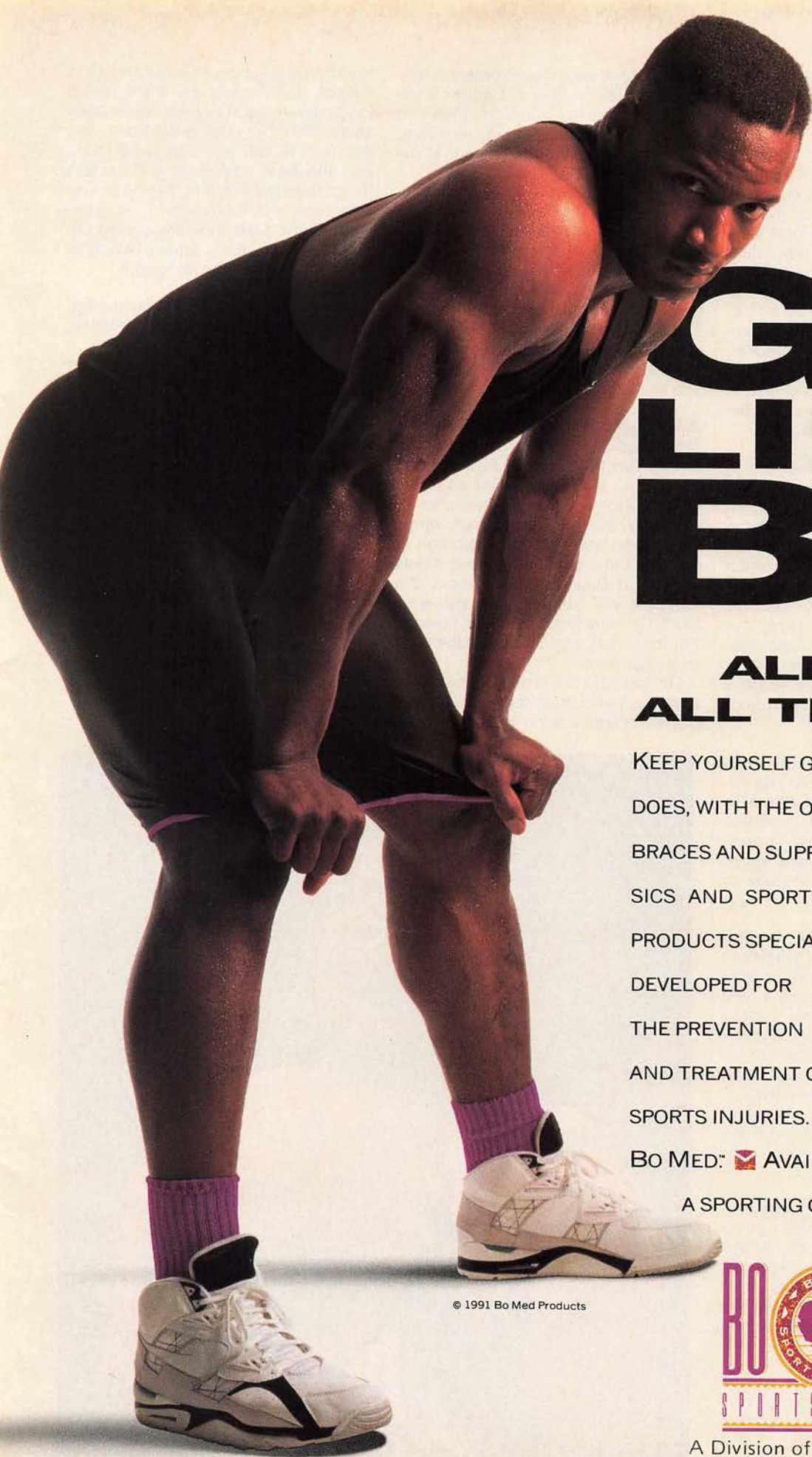
**is for the Question Of The Tournament:** "Can UNLV be beat?" The fact that it's a stupid question doesn't keep people from asking it. In a one-game-and-out tournament, any team can be beaten, even one that seems to have an edge on the field, such as UNLV. The better question is *how* this might be accomplished. For that answer, remember Ball State. In the glow of that 30-point shellacking of Duke in the title game, it's fashionable to forget that the Rebs barely got by the barely talented Cards in Sweet Sixteen play, 69-67. As the score implies, you *must* slow things down. Limit the number of possessions. Frustrate a primarily run-and-press team. Make a lot of passes. Take only good shots. Go at Vegas'

Lee Mayberry and the Arkansas Razorbacks certainly can run with the Rebels—but don't count on it.

BRIAN SPILLLOCK








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only weakness: a lack of post offense if you somehow manage to get Larry Johnson into foul difficulties.

**is for Rotten Style.** We're talking Loyola Marymount here. Let's understand one thing, and understand it well. Even with Hank Gathers, Bo Kimble and Jeff Fryer—some of the best players in the country—Loyola *rarely* beat a team ranked higher than itself during Paul Westhead's entire tenure until the emotion-driven run in last year's tournament. Now, while Westhead is getting his head handed to him in Denver, new coach Jay Hillock is trying to win some games playing the same style—and *without* Messrs. Gathers, Kimble and Fryer. Good luck Mr. Hillock.

**is for Sweet Inspiration.** Maryland, Illinois and Kentucky are ineligible this year for the NCAA party. Maryland, Illinois and Kentucky are also three of the *hardest-working, floor-burningest teams* today. Wisdom more common than wise holds that teams ineligible for the whole enchilada saunter through the season in a daze, depressed by their Final Four-less fate. "So much for common wisdom," says Houston's Foster. "Competitiveness, that indomitable will to win, comes from within."

**is for Television.** That's where most people will see the Final Four games. Including SPORT. The NCAA thinks so little of the millions of SPORT readers that it refuses to allow SPORT access. The Final Four is the only major sporting event in the *world* that thumbs its nose at SPORT readers.

**is for the Underrated Player Of The Year.** That's St. John's Billy Singleton, hands down . . . or knees down. Singleton plays on such terrible joints, you see him in warm-ups, and you want to call for a stretcher. But once the game starts and Billy's incomparable hoop instincts take over, it's a different story. You haven't lived until you've seen Singleton, who couldn't jump over your daily newspaper, score over such superleapers as Billy Owens or Brian Shorter.

**is for Victory.** That's what Jerry Tarkanian and the Runnin' Rebels got—at least for this year—when the NCAA caved in and let Las Vegas into this year's tournament. Otherwise, this whole thing would have been like the 1984 Olympics—fun but tainted without the Soviets.

**is for Warren.** His first name is Kendrick, and he obliterated the all-time VCU freshman shot-blocking record in

*his first 12 games.* Coach Sonny Smith, who molded the likes of Charles Barkley, Chuck Person and Chris Morris at Auburn, has struck again, elevating another talented but raw big man to extreme heights. Stay tuned.

**is for X'd Out As Factors.** We're talking independents. We're talking dinosaurs. Notre Dame, you know. DePaul has been an embarrassment. The rest of the indies? Don't ask. What's the problem? You can't recruit when you can't offer the challenge of conference play. Join a league before you're X'd out altogether and no one remembers you were once alive.

**is for Yeah, We're Going To Get To Our Final Four Picks.** But first, here are our four Elite Eight picks who won't go to the Final Four. Arkansas is the next-best running team in the world, after UNLV. But they're not quite where they were last season. Pittsburgh is one team that gets better when it gets Shorter. If Brian is 100 percent, the Panthers are tremendously powerful. North Carolina is the coaches' favorite. You can't bet against Duke when the chips are down.

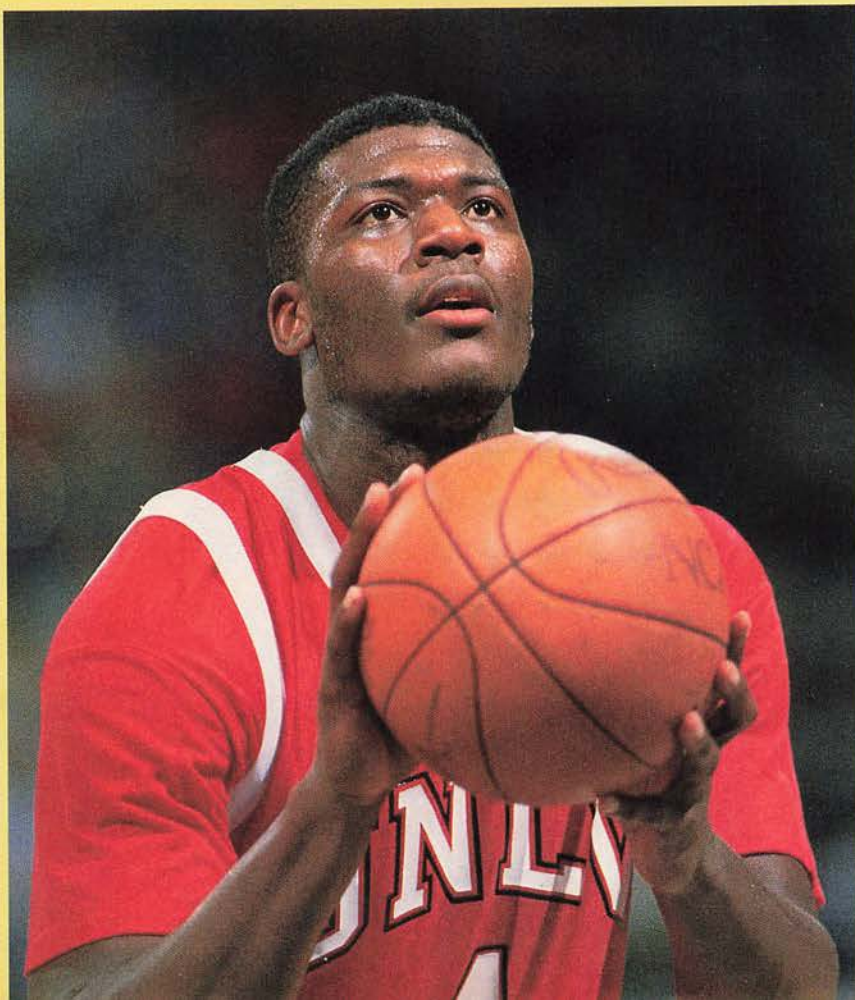
OK, here are our Final Four favorites: **UNLV** is better than last year's championship team and the most heavily fa-

vored team since the great UCLA squads of yesteryear. But there are no longer any locks in college hoops. **Arizona**, SPORT's preseason No. 1, has the most versatility, the deepest talent and the best coaching. But certain things must happen first (see "A"). The Final Four is in Bloomington. So is **Indiana**. And **LSU** has less overall talent than last year's squad—which is just the way Dale Brown likes it.

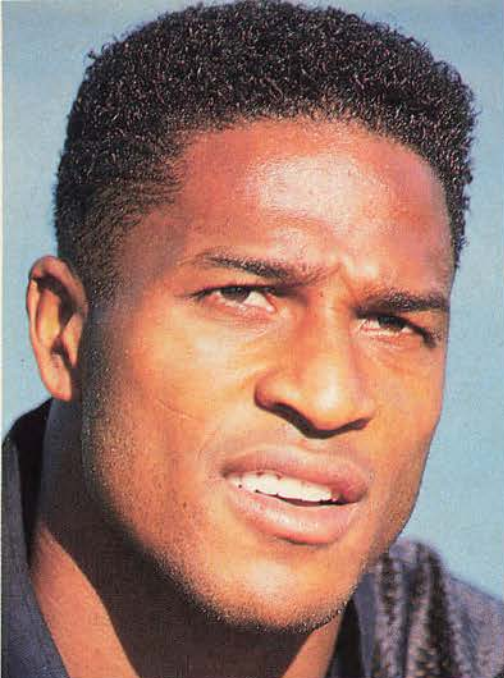
**is for Zinger**, which the American Heritage Dictionary defines as a "sudden, striking surprise, shock, revelation . . ." That's also how you'd describe an LSU victory over UNLV for the national championship. Everything would have to go right for the Tigers for such an event to occur. Hansen has to hit, and Shaquille has to do everything but pick up fouls. We're saying it will happen. Wouldn't that be more fun than another 30-point Las Vegas blowout? ★

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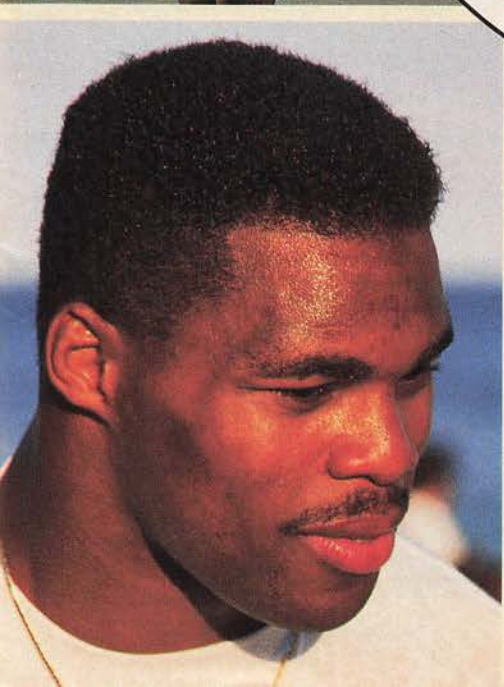
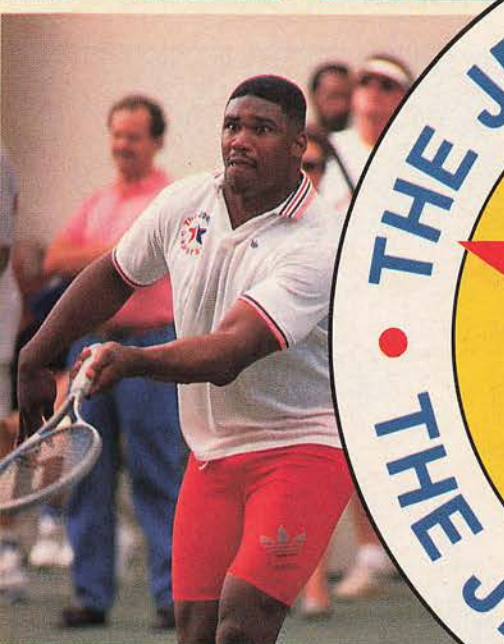
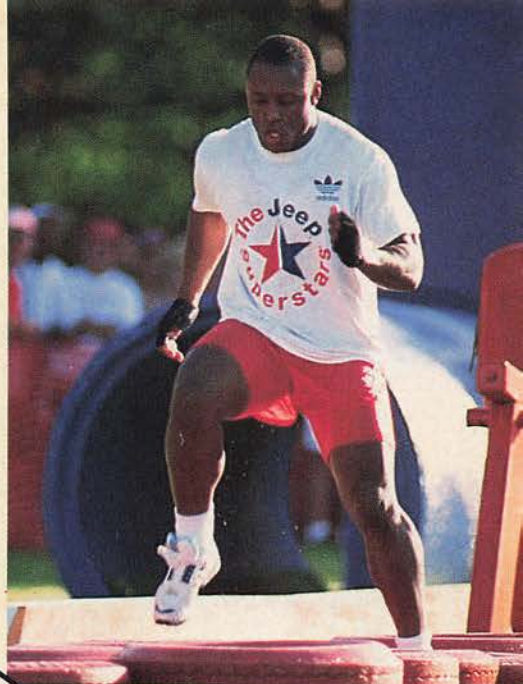
Larry Johnson and UNLV's Runnin' Rebels should be the biggest tournament favorites since the UCLA dynasty days.







WHO'S THE BEST  
ATHLETE IN  
AMERICA? THE  
JEEP SUPERSTARS  
EXTRAVAGANZA  
HAS THE  
ANSWER



In 1989 and '90, it was Willie Gault. In the two years before that, Herschel Walker was the champ. Renaldo Nehemiah came out on top in '86. And just as before, the Superstars competition will settle the issue for 1991.

The Superstars tradition took the stage 18 years ago, and ever since, it's been unrivaled in the display of pure athletic skill. Twenty of America's sports superstars go head to head in a week of muscle-busting surprises. It's dramatic... compelling... exciting. And now, for the third year in a row, it's brought to you by Jeep.





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They have four minutes to drive a Jeep Wrangler 200 feet. Sounds easy, right?

Guess again. The athletic all-stars will have to navigate over a rock bed, up a hill, through a mini-desert sand trap. Then there's the really hard part—scoring points by driving over balloons with the right front tire. No reverse and try again, no second chances. Get it right, get 10 points per balloon.

Now in its third year, The Jeep Obstacle Course Race is an exhibition event that doesn't count in the overall standings of the Superstars competition. Good thing, too. Entertaining to watch for the fans, it's one of the most frustrating and challenging events for the participants.

It's worth the trouble, though, at least for the winner. He wins... you guessed it... a 1991 Jeep Wrangler.



## ABC Scores A Winner

The Jeep Superstars will appear on ABC's Wide World of Sports. Dan Dierdorf, Lynn Swann and Bob Beattie will provide the commentary, and you'll get to see the competition from start to finish, preliminaries to finals.

### JEOP SUPERSTARS TV SCHEDULE

DATE	TIME	EVENT
March 2	4:30-6:30 p.m. EST	Preliminaries
March 9	4:30-6:30 p.m. EST	Preliminaries
March 16	4:30-6:30 p.m. EST	Semifinals
March 23	4:30-6:30 p.m. EST	Finals

(Subject to change, consult local listing.)

# SPORT

## MAGAZINE

"It's tough . . . . If you're not familiar with that kind of competition, you burn yourself out early."

—Herschel Walker



# THE SUP

It's an idea as old as the Olympics. Pit the finest athletes against each other in a variety of events . . . then get out of the way. That's what The Jeep Superstars competition is all about.

"It's tough . . . a very good competition," says Herschel Walker, winner in 1987 and '88. "You're doing one event, you get a 10-minute rest, and then you're doing something else. You jump off the bike, then you're running. If you're not familiar with that kind of competition, you can burn yourself out early."

There are 10 sports to choose from, and the athletic all-stars must each pick seven to compete in. And they can't participate in their specialties—Carl Lewis can't sprint, for instance.

They row boats, race bikes, run long, run short. There's the power of weightlifting, the finesse of tennis. You'll see them bowl and shoot hoops, navigate the swim lanes and struggle over the obstacle course. There's nothing quite like it anywhere.

Says Walker: "It's fun to go out of the realm of things you do professionally. You get to know these great athletes in other sports." And defeat them.

While beating the best is gratifying enough, winners walk away with prizes. The athletes compete for points: A first place in an event is worth 10; a fifth earns one. Each point is worth \$100. The winner of the preliminaries gets an extra \$10,000, while the overall winner collects \$15,000 and a new Jeep Cherokee Limited.

The Superstars competition began in 1973, the inspiration of figure skater Dick Button, a gold medalist in the





1948 and '52 Olympics. After recognition as America's outstanding amateur athlete, Button says, "I didn't consider myself an all-round athlete."

It led to the idea, he says, "of having a 'mini-Olympics' to discover who, among our nation's most gifted athletes, was the greatest all-around performer."

So far, the Superstars contest settles the issue. Take last year's lineup. It included Evander Holyfield, heavyweight boxing champion, and two-time Olympic gold medalists, diver Greg

besides, most notably Raiders receiver Willie Gault, the defending champion.

Walker and Gault have developed an interesting rivalry over the last few years of Superstars competition. They each have two victories, but Walker's beaten Gault twice and lost to him only once. They both have scores to settle—Walker wants his crown back, and Gault wants to even the win/loss column between the two.

"Willie and I have been competing against each other ever since we were

# ERSTARS



The Jeep Superstars competition looks like fun in the sun, but it's really just a different breed of hard athletic work.

Louganis and hurdler Roger Kingdom. The NFL was represented by Christian Okoye, Deion Sanders and Andre Ware, while baseball contributed Mike Greenwell, Kevin McReynolds and Pedro Guerrero. There were 11 others

in different high schools back in Georgia," says Walker, "and we're still competing. It'll be fun going up against Willie again one of these days. I'm one up on him, but he's a tough competitor, so he'll be ready for it."

## THE WINNING SUPERSTARS

BOB SEAGREN, .....	1973
KYLE ROTE JR., ....	1974, '76, '77
O.J. SIMPSON, .....	1975
WAYNE GRIMDITCH, .....	1978
GREG PRUITT, .....	1979
CHARLES WHITE, .....	1980
RENALDO NEHEMIAH, ..	1981, '82, '83, '86
TOM PETRANOFF, .....	1984
MARK GASTINEAU, .....	1985
HERSCHEL WALKER, ....	1987, '88
WILLIE GAULT, .....	1989, '90

## Cancun, A Tropical Paradise

It's a resort complex by the turquoise waters of the Caribbean, with ancient Mayan ruins tucked away in the surrounding countryside. It's called Cancun, and it's become one of the most popular vacation spots of Mexico. Now it's also the site of The Jeep Superstars competition.

Located on the Yucatan Peninsula, Cancun boasts world-class hotels, a calm tropical sea and year-round sunshine. Once a sleepy fishing village, over the last 10 years it's been developed into an international destination frequented by travelers from around the world.

The Superstars competition will be the highlight of the year, and Cancun will celebrate with a parade through town, featuring the event participants.

The Melia Cancun Hotel and Resort is The Jeep Superstars headquarters. Designed in the fashion of a Mayan temple, the five-star luxury hotel boasts four restaurants, serving everything from the local seafood to the most sophisticated continental cuisine. When the athletes aren't competing, they can train in the fitness center, go skin-diving through some of the most dramatic underwater scenery anywhere or play a round of golf. Nearby, a traditional-style market sells local crafts.

Despite the lavish accommodations and extensive facilities, several additions were needed to host the Superstars competition. One of the pools had to be altered for swim races, and the hotel put in a basketball court. Down by the beach, weightlifting gear appeared. A track for the running events was even built.

It was worth it, though. After all, you need a superstar location for a Superstars competition.





The Biggest Obstacle You Face In A Jeep Cherokee Shouldn't Be The Price.



The four-door Jeep Cherokee Sport with shift-on-the-fly four-wheel drive and a new 190 horsepower 4.0 litre engine:

\$15,946\*

There's Only One Jeep...  
Advantage: Chrysler



Protects engine and powertrain for 7 years or 70,000 miles and against outerbody rust-through for 7 years or 100,000 miles. See limited warranty at dealer. Deductibles and restrictions apply. \*Price includes \$500 50th Anniversary discount. \$13,343 for two-door two-wheel drive. Price includes \$675 50th Anniversary discount. MSRPs exclude title, taxes, dest. charges and options. For further information, or how to buy or lease one, call 1-800-JEEP-EAGLE. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation. Buckle up for safety.



# SPORT SCOPE

## TOP 15 SPORTS FLICKS

(BASEBALL, FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, HOCKEY AND BOXING)

RANK	TITLE	BOX OFFICE EARNINGS
1	ROCKY IV	\$127,863,560
2	ROCKY III	\$122,823,192
3	ROCKY	\$117,235,147
4	HEAVEN CAN WAIT	\$ 81,600,000
5	ROCKY II	\$ 79,209,753
6	FIELD OF DREAMS	\$ 64,431,625
7	BULL DURHAM	\$ 50,888,729
8	MAJOR LEAGUE	\$ 49,797,148
9	THE NATURAL	\$ 47,951,979
10	BAD NEWS BEARS	\$ 32,211,330
11	HOOSIERS	\$ 28,607,524
12	SLAP SHOT	\$ 28,000,000
13	WILDCATS	\$ 26,300,000
14	RAGING BULL	\$ 23,300,000
15	JOHNNY B. GOODE	\$ 17,600,000

## TOP 15 SPORTS FLICKS

(ALL SPORTS)

RANK	TITLE	BOX OFFICE EARNINGS
1	ROCKY IV	\$127,863,560
2	ROCKY III	\$122,823,192
3	ROCKY	\$117,235,147
4	KARATE KID II	\$115,103,979
5	KARATE KID	\$ 90,815,558
6	DAYS OF THUNDER	\$ 81,699,701
7	HEAVEN CAN WAIT	\$ 81,600,000
8	ROCKY II	\$ 79,209,753
9	FIELD OF DREAMS	\$ 64,431,625
10	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	\$ 58,820,746
11	BULL DURHAM	\$ 50,888,729
12	MAJOR LEAGUE	\$ 49,797,148
13	THE NATURAL	\$ 47,951,979
14	KARATE KID III	\$ 38,956,288
15	BAD NEWS BEARS	\$ 32,211,330

## NFL Divisions: How They've Done

So what's the NFL's most powerful division over the last 13 years — or since the current divisional format was established?

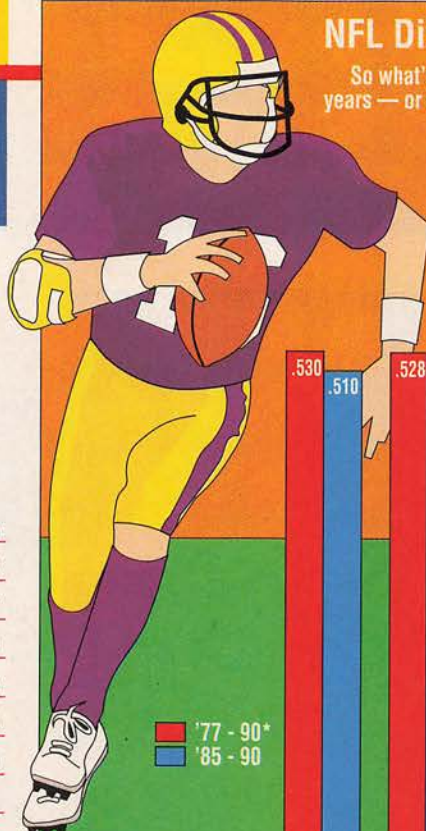
Why, it's the AFC West.

With the resurgence of the Bears in the middle '80s, we figured the fortunes of the NFC Central had changed the last five years.

Wrong.

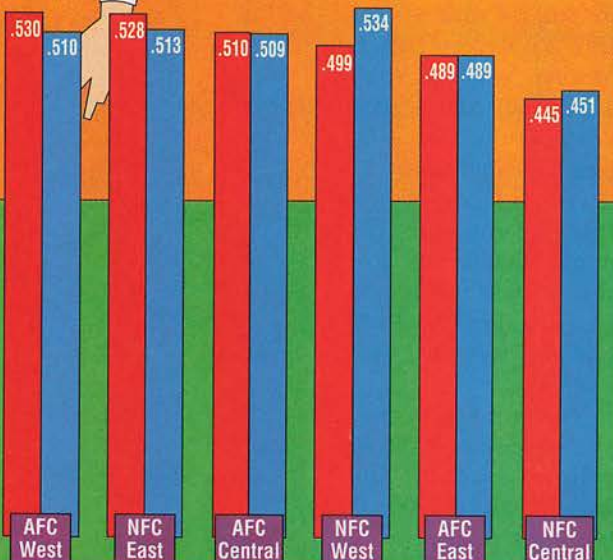
The division can still be found looking up from the bottom.

The following chart illustrates the success — or lack thereof — of the divisions.



'77 - 90\*  
'85 - 90

\*Note: current divisional team format established in '77

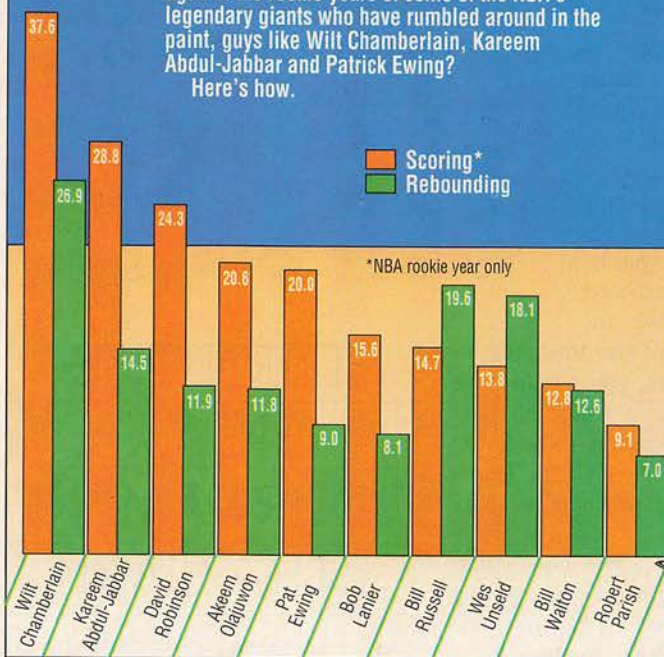


## How David Robinson Stacks Up Against the Legends

Now in his second NBA season, David Robinson of the San Antonio Spurs had a rookie year for the ages in 1989-90: 24.3 points and 11.9 rebounds per game. But where do those numbers stack up against the rookie years of some of the NBA's legendary giants who have rumbled around in the paint, guys like Wilt Chamberlain, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Patrick Ewing? Here's how.

Scoring\*  
Rebounding

\*NBA rookie year only





# SPORT ODDS

When you hear the initials M.M., what comes to mind? Mickey Mantle? You're nostalgic. Marilyn Monroe? You're a dreamer. March Madness? You're a true college basketball fan.

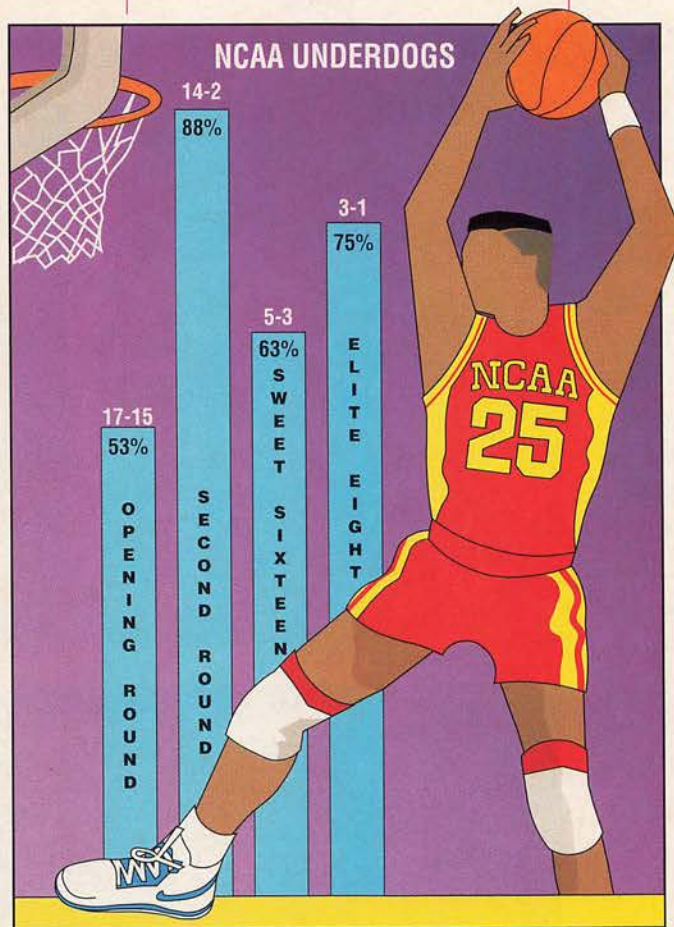
If you know the trends, you can find more tangible joy from the annual tournament—pleasing profits. M.M. can also stand for *making money*.

You won't be alone if you wager on the NCAA college basketball tournament. Since 1980, the tourney's popularity has skyrocketed, and the betting public has been part of the show. It's estimated that in 1980, about \$10 million was legally wagered on the tournament. It's now believed that more than \$75 million will be wagered legally on March Madness.

And illegally? Guess-timates go as high as \$250 million on each semifinal game and up to \$400 million on the championship game. And that doesn't count the more informal betting, such as office pools.

Last year, we advised you to stay with the underdogs throughout the tournament. As the chart shows, you would have made money if you followed that advice. Of the 63 games played, the underdog covered 39 of them. That's a healthy winning percentage of 62 percent.

But there were some curiosities. For example, I thought the opening round would be the most profitable for dog bettors. But it turned out a



The above chart indicates how well the underdogs did in each round of last year's NCAA tournament.

## MARCH MONEY

### TURN THE NCAA TOURNAMENT INTO CASH

By Danny Sheridan

ho-hum 53 percent (17-15). The other early and middle rounds were solid for the underdog—88 percent in the second round, 63 percent in the third round and 75 percent in the fourth round. That's where your profits were.

At the Final Four, the dogs stumbled though. Both the favorites (Duke and UNLV) won their semifinal games by enough to beat the spread, and I don't have to remind you how badly favorite Las Vegas pummeled Duke in the championship game.

But over the years—last year's route aside—the championship game has been phenomenal for the underdog. The dog has a 6-2 record against the spread in the last eight years—and has won the game outright four of those times.

So the advice holds. Stay with the dogs throughout the NCAA tournament.

Now that UNLV has been given a reprieve by the NCAA, Jerry Tarkanian's Runnin' Rebels will be big betting favorites in the tournament. They'll be challenged, though, by

some other "marquee" teams, including Arizona, Arkansas, North Carolina, Georgetown, UCLA, a vengeful Duke and an equally vengeful Michigan State, which lost to the Shark club earlier in the season.

Keep in mind that my theory asserts that marquee teams don't make you money in the NCAA tournament. That's one of the reasons the underdogs are so successful, especial-



ly in the early rounds. The "name" teams get overpriced.

Last year, you would have lost money betting on most glamour teams. UNLV was an exception, of course. The Rebels were 4-1 against the spread as they swept their way through the tournament. But that was men against boys. The others didn't fare so well. Georgetown was 1-1, losing to Xavier. Arizona was 0-2, getting blown out by Alabama as the favorite. Arkansas (1-4) couldn't cover as a favorite against Princeton, Dayton and Texas. Michigan State, even with superstar Steve Smith,

barely beat Murray State and ended up 1-2 against the number.

North Carolina did better. The Tar Heels were 2-1 against the spread and won outright as eight-point dogs against Oklahoma. This year, though, Carolina should be looking at heftier spreads to overcome.

Another big-time team that could prove an exception and do well is Indiana. Court general Bobby Knight is a master at teaching defense, and this year's team has the heart and desire to play it tough. With freshman sensation Damon Bailey and deluxe scorer Calbert Cheaney, the Hoosiers could find themselves playing in the Final Four at home in the Hoosierdome.

You can run into perplexing dilemmas when you handicap the NCAAs. As you know, I'm an advocate of taking the points with the dog, but I also favor the Big East over the ACC at tournament time. In

last year's tournament, the ACC and Big East matched up four times, splitting the difference. Syracuse beat Virginia, and Connecticut beat Clemson. But Duke took care of St. John's and UConn.

My problem was this: The Big East team was favored in three of those four games. So I couldn't go with my Big East theory *and* my dog theory.

As it turned out, the dogs covered in all four games. Still, this year, I'd stay with the Big East over the ACC in the tournament. But if the "Beast" is favored, I'll halve my wager. If it's an underdog, I'll double it.

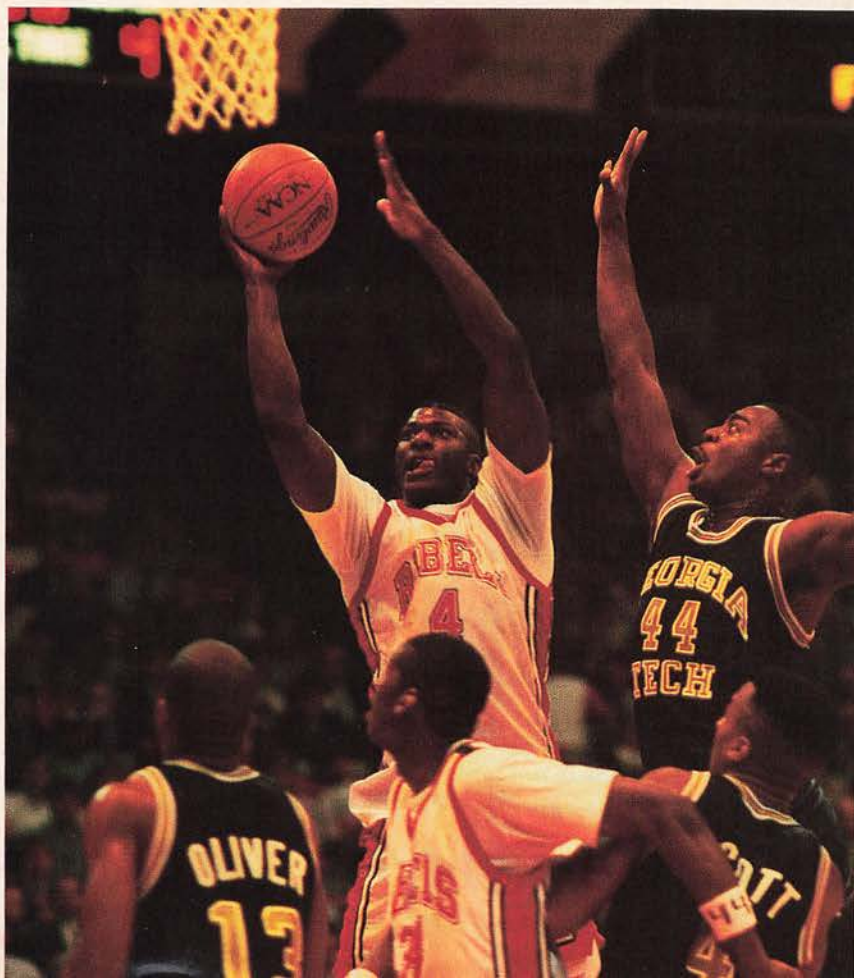
Last year, my dark-horse team was Alabama. The Tide beat Colorado State as a 6½-point favorite, then walloped Arizona, 77-55, as a six-point underdog. Against Loyola Marymount, Alabama was involved in the largest spread swing of the tournament. The Crimson Tide opened as a 3½-point favorite but ended up a one-point underdog by tip-off time. Loyola, led by the inspired Bo Kimble, nipped 'Bama, 62-60. Still, the Tide was a winner at 2-1 against the spread.

This year, I'm keeping my eye on Southern Mississippi. The Golden Eagles have one of the most dominant players in the game in Clarence Weatherspoon, and they got their first tournament bid last year. With four returning starters and 6-11 center Daron Jenkins complementing the Spoon, I think the Eagles can soar with the best of them.

To sum up my NCAA basketball tournament theories:

- Stay with the underdogs, especially very early and in the Final Four.
- Bet against the marquee teams except Indiana.
- Stay with the Big East against ACC teams.
- Fly with the Golden Eagles of Southern Mississippi. ★

**Larry Johnson and UNLV notwithstanding, betting against the marquee teams at tournament time can be profitable.**



RICH CLARKSON/ALLSPORT USA



# THE SPORT Q&A

## JACK CLARK

"I always told the truth. What you see is what you get."

*Jack Anthony Clark never has been one to seek attention or glory. You won't find him hawking goods on the airwaves or scribbling his name for five bucks a pop at autograph shows. He doesn't involve himself in clubhouse pranks, and he'd probably cold-cock anyone who dared to test him. He was raised in the old school of baseball. Sweat, dirt and an honest day's work is his calling card. He's not particularly smooth, and he certainly isn't diplomatic when it comes to interviews, but this is what makes him so intriguing.*

*People learn quickly about the man. You don't saunter into the clubhouse, wearing your suit and suspenders, and tell him how to act to please the corporate sponsors. You don't tell him what to say, because he'll say whatever he damn well pleases. And don't ever try to change the way he plays on the field.*

*Yes, he has sustained at least one major injury in six of the past eight years. Since 1982, he has been healthy enough to play in 150 games in only one season. Each injury, though, was a product of aggressive play on the field, and he'll be damned if he'll allow that to inhibit him now.*

*"You never think about getting hurt," he says. "I own my own drag racing team, so I know something about risks. They're going almost 300 mph in five seconds, but they don't think, 'I'm going to die, or I'm*

*going to get hurt.' It's just a way of life.*

*"I must be doing something right because I've hit 307 home runs. You look at the numbers I've put up, and they're pretty damn good. You get value for value with me."*

*Now, for the fifth time in his career, Clark will be playing for a new team. This time it's the Boston Red Sox. He signed a three-year, \$8.7 million contract after becoming a new-look free agent with the San Diego Padres. He never wanted to leave San Diego, but then again, he never wanted to leave San Francisco or St. Louis either.*

*This is expected to be his last stop, going to a place longing for its first World Series championship since 1918, while Clark, 35, still is awaiting his first title.*

*"I've been to the West Coast; I've been to the East Coast," he says. "I've played for winners; I've played for losers. I've been successful; I've failed."*

*"But I'm still here hacking."*

*Brace yourself, Boston. Jack the Ripper is in town, and if his track record holds true, the neighborhood will never be the same.*

**SPORT:** It's rather curious that you've chosen to take your talent to the Red Sox. They play in the American League, remember? Just a year ago, you said, "I

don't ever want to go back to the American League. I hate that damn league. Every game lasts 3½ to four hours. No wonder the fans are bored over there, because so are the players." What gives?

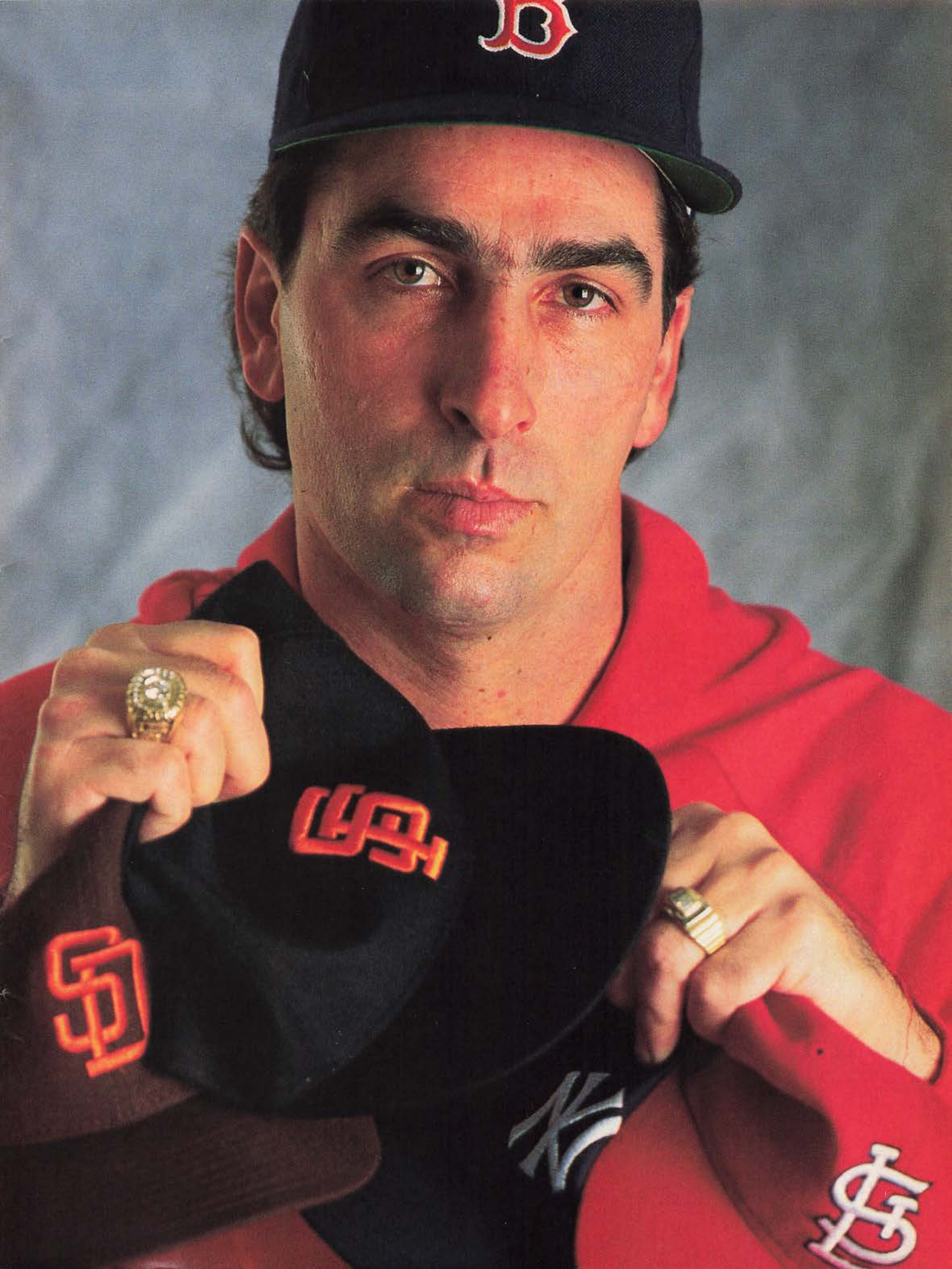
**CLARK:** I know I said some things I probably shouldn't have, but I was being asked to compare 10 years in the National League to one year in the American League. A lot of things I said were just frustration because of all the collusion stuff going on. New York wasn't exactly my first choice to play. Come on, if it had been a fair market, you think I would have gone there? I never would have changed leagues. Why do you think Rod Carew or Reggie Jackson never changed? Because once you're in a league, you want to stay there because you've got a book on the pitchers and are comfortable.

**SPORT:** OK, so if there had been no collusion in 1987, instead of signing a two-year deal with the Yankees, where would you have gone?

**CLARK:** If I had my choice, I never would have left St. Louis. I miss it, I really do. Why would I leave playing for Whitey Herzog and make a 180-degree turn to the other league?

INTERVIEW BY BOB NIGHTENGALE







**SPORT:** You tell us.

**CLARK:** It was a very ugly scene. To this day, I'll never completely understand what happened. We were all ready to sign, and then they took a four-year, \$8 million offer off the table. They just pulled it off the table. They said, "We changed our minds." I actually had [general manager] Dal Maxvill come right to me and tell me that they knew that nobody was going to make me an offer. It was like, "Oh, there's no collusion, but *you* know that nobody's going to make me an offer. How do you know that?" So they instead offered me a two-year deal for \$2.6 million. They bad-mouthed me and told me to take it or leave it. I said, "Leave it." They said, "You've got two options then. Go drive a truck or go play for Cleveland." I said, "I don't have to

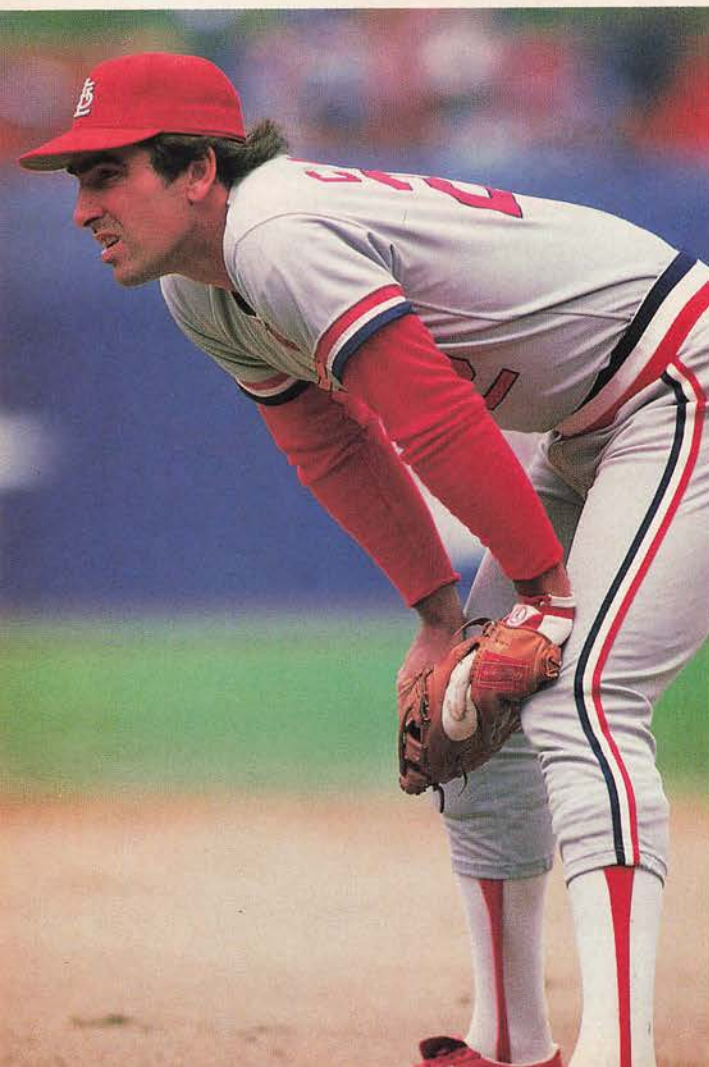
put up with this bleep." And thanks to George Steinbrenner, I left. I never even went back to St. Louis. I had somebody pack the furniture and sell the house for us.

**SPORT:** Were the Yankees the only team to offer you a contract?

**CLARK:** Nobody was supposed to offer anything, but Mr. Steinbrenner had the guts to buck the system. I'm very grateful to this day. He understood the consequences. He took a lot of heat for my deal, and I'm forever grateful to him. If he were still in charge of the Yankees, I would have gone back. I really believe that. He made my stay very comfortable. He's a good guy, and I really feel bad for what happened to him. He didn't deserve what he got. Now watch, without owners like him around, the same thing will happen again. There'll be collusion. I'm sure the owners are getting their heads together again right now. They'll do something. The owners will hold down the years and money and then make it look like we're greedy pigs.

BRYAN YABLONSKY

JACK CLARK, THE CARDINAL, 1985-87



**SPORT:** Now that you're getting \$8.7 million over three years with the Red Sox (playing incentives could kick it to \$10.2 million), could your salary be an albatross hanging from your neck?

**CLARK:** Oh, sure. It's a setup. We're all being set up in this game. If I were to go out this year and hit 30 homers, drive in 100 runs and hit .270, based on the money I'm getting, I'm a failure. They'll have all these graphs and stats and everything in the papers just to pick you apart. Unless you hit 50 homers, drive in 150 runs, hit .328, score 120 runs, and have 140 walks... that's the only way you can say you deserve the money you got. It wears on you, it really does. But at least now I've come full circle.

For the first time in my life, I got the chance to pick where I wanted to play, and I picked Boston.

**SPORT:** Considering the way you felt in San Diego about Tony Gwynn, some cynics say it'll be only a matter of time before we see you ripping Wade Boggs from coast to coast. True or false?

**CLARK:** I have no hunger or desire to get involved in any conflicts, believe me. I don't know him, but he and Tony Gwynn aren't the same people just because they hit .300 and win batting titles. You don't group people just because of their stats. I'm looking forward to playing with Boggs. He's a tremendous hitter, and a tremendous third baseman. I'm looking forward to batting fourth, having Wade Boggs standing on base 300 times, and having that Green Monster staring me in the face.

**SPORT:** Just what was it between you and Gwynn? We were under the impression that Gwynn was one of the consum-

**On Wade Boggs: "I'm looking forward to batting fourth, having Wade Boggs standing on base 300 times."**

mate professionals in all of baseball.

**CLARK:** Me and him don't get along. We never have. You hear all this talk about Mr. Padre, Mr. San Diego and all that crap. I just want to laugh. I don't buy his crap of being upset after games we win, when he doesn't have a good game. He says he does that because he gets mad at himself. That's bleep. You win as a team, and you lose as a team. To me, this stuff should have been taken care of a long time ago, but they've just let it linger. They've kind of created their own monster. There's a right way to win, and there's a wrong way to win. And I guarantee you, this isn't the right way. There are very obvious reasons why that organization doesn't win. But instead of getting rid of him, they got rid of the rest of us.

**SPORT:** You were the first player to ever publicly criticize Gwynn, accusing him of caring only about his batting average and refusing to sacrifice at-bats for the team. Why did you choose to blast him in



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Put your #3, #4 and #5 woods in the cellar. Tests show our new Controller driving iron can outthit all three by 30 to 50 yards.

And that's only half the story. The Controller automatically corrects hooks and slices! The club is so powerful, so accurate, we unconditionally guarantee it will cut 5 to 10 strokes off your score — or you owe us nothing! In fact, to prove it we'll send you one risk-free.

Test it against your #3 wood. If it doesn't give you 30 more yards (if you are a fairly good golfer), send the club back for a refund.

But it will give you 30 more yards! In fact, the Controller is so powerful many golfers use it off the tee, especially on narrow fairways.

Here is the Controller's exact distance advantage as compiled by some low-80's golfers.

CONTROLLER® .....	220 yards
#3 Wood .....	190 yards
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#5 Wood .....	170 yards

Now test the Controller's accuracy against your 3-iron. Purposely hit a shot off the *toe* of each club and watch what happens. Your 3-iron will *hook* the ball violently—the Controller will keep it down the middle! The same is true with *heel* shots. Your 3-iron will *slice* the ball violently—the Controller will automatically keep it on course!

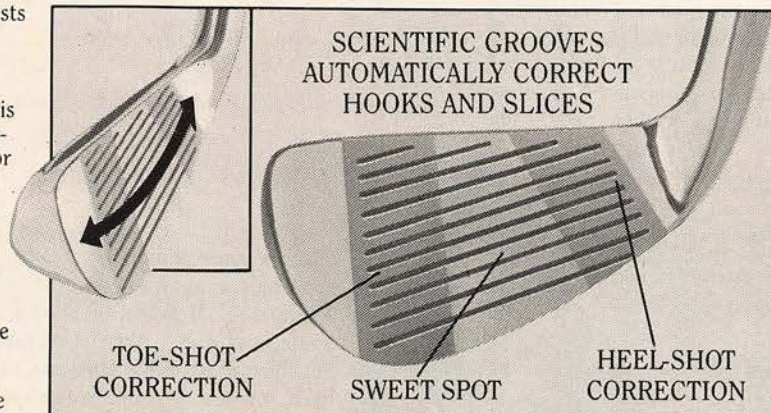
## THE GREATEST STROKE-CUTTER IN GOLF

These scientific breakthroughs make the Controller driving iron the most powerful strokecutter in golf. We believe the club will transform the game. First of all, it obsoletes fairway woods! The Controller not only hits 30 to 50 yards farther than fairway woods, it automatically corrects hooks and slices! Here's how it works.

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Now, here is the Controller's genius...here is why you could cut as many as 10 strokes off your score. Hit the ball off the Controller's heel or toe and its invisible curve will automatically impart a corrective spin to what would otherwise be a disastrous hook or slice. The ball will actually fade or draw back on course! It's an incredible sight and you can prove it to yourself with only a few test shots. **THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT GOLFING BREAKTHROUGH IN GENERATIONS. ALONG WITH THE CONTROLLER'S EXTRA 30-50 YARDS, YOU SHOULD EASILY CUT 5-10 STROKES OFF YOUR GAME!**



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- it gives you the power of a driver with the control of an iron...
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...just for trying the Controller! Keep your new power pin-high with a \$15.00 Rangefinder! It's yours to keep FREE! even if you return the Controller for a refund. **NOW YOU CAN RANGE YOUR NEW DISTANCE LIKE AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.** No batteries required. Clips to belt.



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that May 24 team meeting, knowing that this is the most popular guy in San Diego?

**CLARK:** I was asked to do it by my manager [Jack McKeon] and by the team captain [Garry Templeton]. I didn't ask to speak or call the meeting. I said, "You want to hear it from me, I'll tell you straight. You want to hear what I have to say? This is what I see." I told him, "If it

There was nothing else good to say about our team. We stunk. But don't just blame the players. There were a lot of distractions, a lot of in-house fighting. You had coaches against coaches; manager against

**On Tony Gwynn: "You hear all this talk about Mr. Padre, Mr. San Diego and all that crap. I just want to laugh."**

coaches; general manager against manager; owners against general manager. There was all kinds of stuff going on. Some guys didn't like me or talk to me, but, hey, that's OK. They can turn their backs on me. I'm not going to kiss anyone's ass to be his friend. But I still don't think everything needed to be reconstructed. I thought we could all come back, and with guys like me, Robbie Alomar, Benito Santiago, Joe Carter, I think we would have had a chance to come back. But I guess they didn't believe that.

I actually liked it there and wanted to stay, but the way things happened, I'm glad I'm not there. I really am.

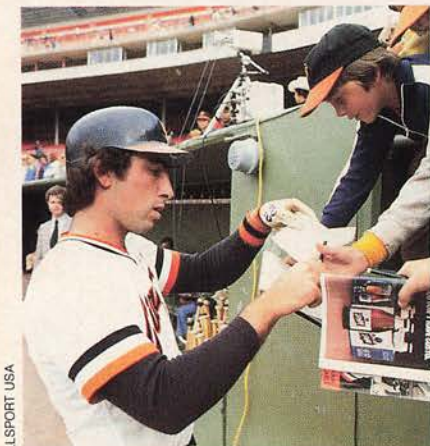
**SPORT:** It sounds like the best part about moving on is that you no longer will be playing for Greg Riddoch, whom you called a "snake" and blamed for most of the club's 31 off-season firings.

**CLARK:** The crazy thing is that I thought he was a good guy. But once he became manager, he turned out to be one of the biggest all-time snakes I've ever seen. The thing that pisses me off is that the veterans did so much to help him, especially at the start, when he was a nervous wreck. He asked for all our help, telling us to take care of the young guys. But

the more we watched him, we knew this guy didn't have a clue of what he was doing. The guy is an absolute joke. He's so overmatched, and the sad thing is, the whole team knows he's in over his head. I feel sorry for everyone who has to stay there.

**SPORT:** Your candidness throughout your career has been refreshing to reporters, but aren't you concerned about the way you're perceived publicly? You just don't find guys speaking their mind the way you do, and frankly, baseball management might consider you a troublemaker.

**CLARK:** Everywhere I've gone, there always has been a misrepresentation or misconception about me, and it follows me. But every time I go to a place, they say, "Hey, we like this guy. We want this



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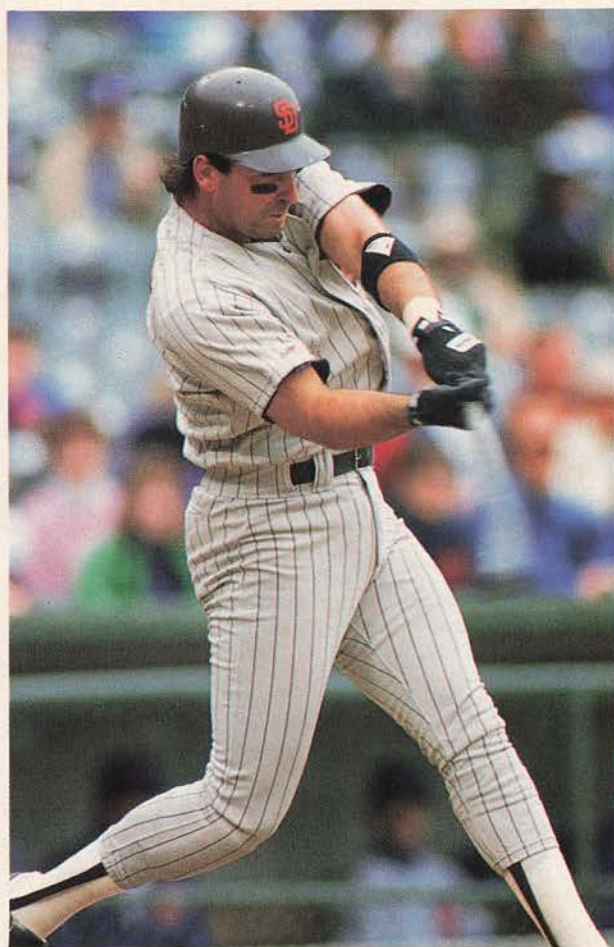
**JACK CLARK, THE GIANT, 1975-84**

hurts your feelings and it's tough to handle, that's too damn bad." I said what needed to be said, and I took the heat. I was the bad guy. I took it. But people shouldn't point fingers just at me. There was a whole lot of stuff that was going on. All of the trouble started when a few certain guys spoke out and started talking about the team meeting. That was supposed to be between the players. There's a code of ethics. You just don't do that. When you do all of that stuff, you open yourself up to other things.

**SPORT:** Was it the rift between you and Gwynn, as well as the rest of the clubhouse dissension, that was responsible for the Padres' 75-87 record?

**CLARK:** There were so many weak excuses, but the bottom line was that we weren't very good. I thought, going into the season, we were going to have an easy time of it. But what can I say? We were embarrassed. We were lousy. We got our asses kicked. It was a real sorry showing for all the talent we had on that team.

**JACK CLARK, THE PADRE, 1989-90**



BRYAN YABLONSKY



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player on our team." Go ask the Whitey Herzogs, the Jack McKeons, the Willie McGees and the kind of people whose voice counts. They'll tell you. A lot of people expect me to be in trouble all of the time and be in the news. Sure, I'm outspoken a little. But I'm not going to

didn't know about. He needs to shut up. But he didn't hurt me. He was just promoting himself for St. Louis again. But that's him. That's his game. There was Ozzie the book. There was Ozzie the movie. Ozzie the Ozzie. We had Ozzie coming out of our ears. I consider the source. Ozzie is in this only to make himself look better. That's all he cares about. He butters up the Cardinals organization, so when things go wrong, somebody else can take the fall. Guys like Ozzie are just a speck. You just dust him away. But I'll

tell you what. I may not like him, but the little dude can play shortstop better than anyone I've ever seen.

**SPORT:** It's been said that you're jealous of Giants first baseman Will Clark. It's Clark, after all, who has won the hearts and acceptance of Giants fans, something you never seemed to attain.

**CLARK:** I'm not jealous of anyone, certainly not of him. I just happen to be more of a Kevin Mitchell fan than a Will Clark fan. To me, Kevin Mitchell is a lot more dangerous. But you do hear people in San Francisco say he's the best player to ever play for them. "The Thrill." He's better than Willie McCovey? Right... you've got to be kidding me.

**SPORT:** Would you ever like to return to the Giants? After all, they're a much different team since you last played with them.

**CLARK:** Roger Craig has done a tremendous job there. He's turned that whole program around. You don't hear too many complaints. I think they'll miss Brett Butler, but when they went out and replaced him with Willie McGee, man, what a steal.

**SPORT:** In fact, weren't the Giants in the back of your mind the day you ho-

mered off the Dodgers' Tom Niedenfuer to win the 1985 NL playoffs, when Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda chose not to intentionally walk you?

**CLARK:** Do you know what that home run was all about? It was getting back at them for showing me up. It was about that statement Lasorda was making, that I wasn't good enough. A few years earlier, when I was with the Giants, Bob Welch had begged to pitch to me in that situation, and he struck me out on high fastballs. And now Lasorda was rubbing it in. Did I take that personally? Very much so. I knew the Dodgers, and I knew Lasorda and their attitude. So I thought, "If this guy wants me, he's getting me right now." That fastball looked as big as a basketball. I knew it was gone, so I didn't even bother watching it. That hit wasn't just for me. Or the Cardinals. It was for the Giants, who had always been dominated by the Dodgers. It was for everybody who had ever been dominated by the Dodgers. Lasorda showed everyone he didn't respect me or what I represented at the plate. That was what that hit was all about.

**On Ozzie Smith: "I may not like him, but the little dude can play shortstop better than anyone I've ever seen."**

**SPORT:** But you never really cared for Candlestick Park.

**CLARK:** I really can't stand the place. It's too bad the earthquake didn't take that down with it.

**SPORT:** Now that your career is winding down, for what would you like to be remembered when you retire?

**CLARK:** I'd like my peers to say, "I had the opportunity to play with Jack Clark, and it was special because he played the game a certain way on the field, in the dugout and in the clubhouse. And he hit the ball like nobody else did." That's all I want. If that happens, it'll all be worth it. ★

Bob Nightengale covers the Padres for the San Diego edition of the *Los Angeles Times*.

JACK CLARK, THE YANKEE, 1988



play politics. I never have and I never will. Maybe I've not always meshed with everyone, but I always told the truth. What you see is what you get.

**SPORT:** There have been times when people have been outspoken about you. How about when you were ripped by Cardinals shortstop Ozzie Smith, who questioned your desire to play in the 1987 World Series after you suffered torn ligaments in your right ankle?

**CLARK:** Ozzie's timing was really uncalled for. He was talking about things he

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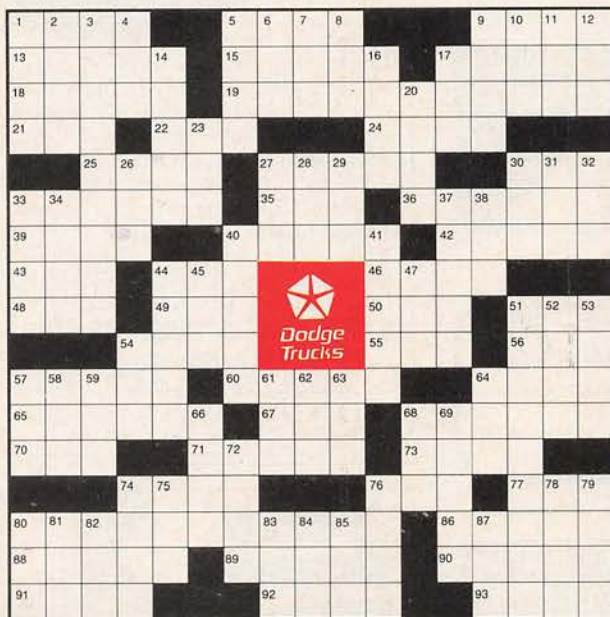
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# The Dodge SPORT word Puzzle

By Stanley Newman

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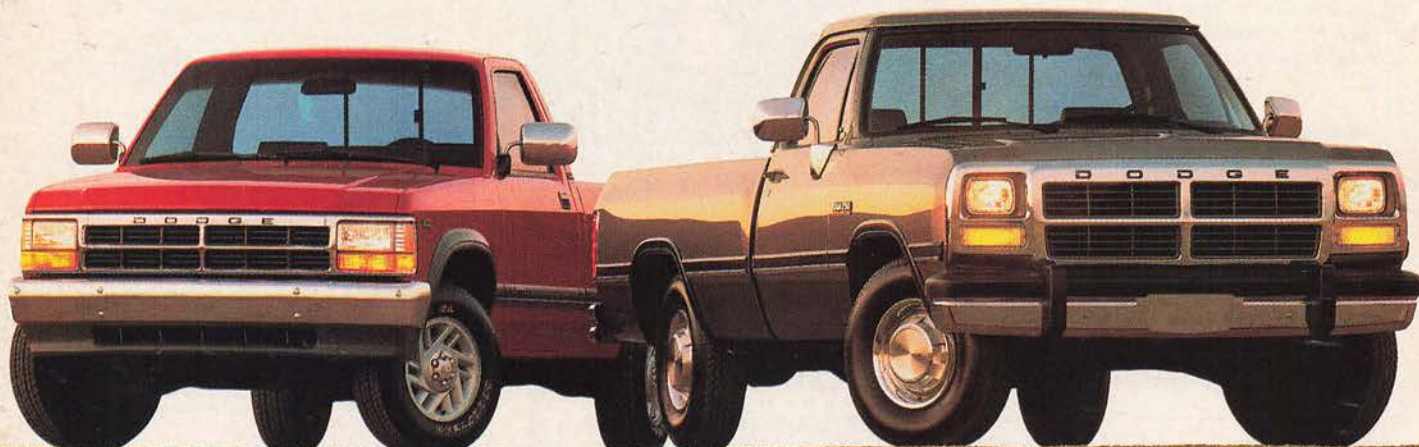
Puzzle answers on page 17

## Across

1. Part of the Angels' insignia
5. Perfect-game pitcher of '84
9. Cover ground, as an outfielder
13. Some golf tournaments
15. \_\_\_\_\_ Games (Far East relative of the Olympics)
17. Bearlike Aussie
18. Evans who won three gold medals at Seoul
19. First major-leaguer to throw four no-hitters: 2 wds.
21. Sphere
22. Bat wood
24. NL division
25. "Days of Thunder" racer
27. Reclusive actress Garbo
30. Unlikely bowl-game invitee: Abbr.
33. He pitched the only World Series no-hitter
35. Crew-team prop
36. Pitcher of two no-hitters in '52
39. Singer Paul
40. Pitcher of the first AL perfect game, in '04
42. Banquet toastmaster
43. Letters after B
44. Three-game series start day, often: Abbr.
46. Enlist again
48. What a batting-helmet flap covers
49. PGA pro with "Fleas"
50. Predecessor of the CIA: Abbr.
51. Air-gun ammo
54. Pickle flavoring
55. Some ballclub execs: Abbr.
56. Morsel for Sunday Silence
57. Outfielder Dawson
60. "ADVANTAGE: \_\_\_\_\_"
64. "Waterloo" rock group
65. First Atlanta Brave to pitch a no-hitter
67. Kite or Heinsohn
68. Athlete in the water
70. Big galoot
71. Catching equipment
73. "\_\_\_\_\_ upon a time"
74. Bunker material
76. Source of some athletes' income
77. Southeastern Conference team: Abbr.
80. First Oriole to pitch a no-hitter: 2 wds.
86. Pitcher Dock
88. Perfect
89. Banks in Cooperstown
90. Hodges' long-time infield mate
91. Final or midterm
92. Noticed
93. Football field, for short

## Down

1. Mets third baseman's nickname
2. Saves \_\_\_\_\_ (avoids bogey): 2 wds.
3. Perfect-game pitcher of '81: 2 wds.
4. Eddie Giacomini's uniform number
5. The Huskies: Abbr.
6. "Baseball \_\_\_\_\_ Funny Game": 2 wds.
7. Squash-court strip
8. Little bit
9. Lopsided victory
10. Bumbling sort
11. Tuscaloosa school: Abbr.
12. Hal Lanier's dad
14. Word in many college names
16. Volkov's refusal
17. Stats for Sugar Ray
20. Major-league pitcher for 25 years
23. Marty Howe, to Gordie
26. 1980 Winter Olympics host: Abbr.
27. Moo \_\_\_\_\_ gai pan
28. Pitcher Doug
29. Suffix for north or west
30. 1,200, in Roman numerals
31. Golfing president
32. Mao \_\_\_\_\_-tung
33. Sneaker need
34. "Three Men \_\_\_\_\_ Little Lady": 2 wds.
37. He pitched NL no-hitter in '80
38. Luciano's former job
40. Give up the right-of-way
41. Lefty in the Hall of Fame
44. Pilot
45. Family member: Abbr.
47. Sixth sense: Abbr.
51. He pitched an Opening Day no-hitter in '40: 2 wds.
52. Didrikson's nickname
53. Top-rated player
54. Gooden's nickname: 2 wds.
57. Santa \_\_\_\_\_, California
58. Barely beat
59. 1950s first baseman Fondy
61. First National Leaguer to hit 500 homers
62. Tiny circle
63. Ballclub execs: Abbr.
64. Fly ball's path
66. Home of the Hawks
68. Outfield material
69. Indy winner in '87
72. Not playing today
74. RBIs or ERA
75. Shoemaker's tool
76. Prayer ending
78. Valenzuela's assent: 2 wds.
79. Put to work
80. One of Cobb's 4,191
81. Kind of poem
82. Thumbs-up vote
83. Cecil Fielder's pride: Abbr.
84. Compass point: Abbr.
85. How the golf ball sits
87. Relay-race segment



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